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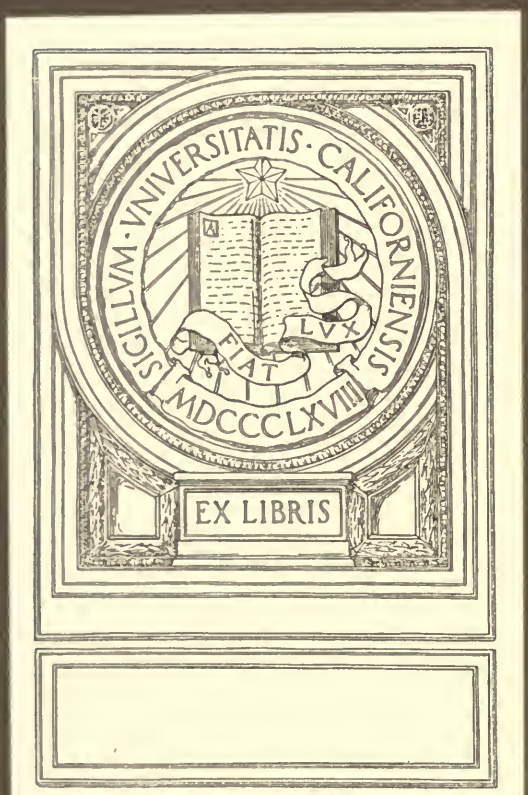
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THE WESTERN CAPTIVE;

OR,

THE TIMES OF TECUMSEH.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH

"Hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity."—WORDSWORTH.

TO THOSE OF HER SEX,

WHOM THE DESIRE FOR UTTERANCE, OR THE NECESSITIES OF LIFE,
HAVE CALLED FROM THE SANCTITY OF WOMANLY SECLUSION,
THESE PAGES ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.—FREEDOM.

"Thy birth-right was not given by human hands:
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou satt'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars." BRYANT.

THE greatness of an enterprise is to be tested, not by the splendor of its achievment, but by the magnitude of difficulties overcome in its conception. Patriots have struggled and fallen, having accomplished nothing, it may be, in their career, except to add one more impulsive throb to the great beating of the universal heart for freedom—yet time may fail to reveal how essential was that one throb to the high interests of humanity. We may deplore the fate of the individual, at the same time that we rejoice for man. History is full of illustration—slowly but surely is the race advancing to a goal where the chain shall of itself fall from the free limb; and the eye, wandering backward through the long vista of despotism and revolution, shall behold how strong men were stricken in the race, that they might become heralds and guide-marks for others. Such was the fate of Tecumseh—doomed, not to realize the high designs he had conceived, but to add one more to the list of those who have labored for the enfranchisement of a people, and to prove that, in every grade of society, the yearnings of the heart are still for freedom; and that the first and great principles of legislation have their elements in the mind itself; and therefore, the untutored savage being nearer the threshold of truth, may be better able to expound her doctrines, than the statesman, enveloped by custom and the huge intricacies of government.

Tecumseh beheld with dismay the encroachment of the white man upon the soil of his people, and saw that their system of purchase, as it was called, would soon leave them scarce a place for burial, while the infusion of vice among a primitive people was rapidly sealing their destruction. Thence, his active and powerful mind conceived the vast plan of union and peace between those western tribes, occupying the great valley of the Mississippi. He proposed consolidating them into one grand confederation, one of the principle articles of which should be, the non-bartering of their lands. Vast as was the design, it scarcely exceeded the personal sacrifices and hazards necessary to put it in execution.

At the period of the Council of Fort Wayne, in which several of the tribes ceded their lands to our Government under the agency of General Harrison, Tecumseh was absent upon a mission to the southern tribes, that he might obtain their assent to the terms of the league, which had already been obtained from all their northern brethren.

The ceding of lands, therefore, at the Council of Wayne, was in violation of a solemn pledge, and was thence not binding in itself, but also exposed the recreant leaders to the vengeance of the remaining tribes. The followers of Tecumseh and of Eliskwatawa, "the open door," or, as he is most commonly called, "The Prophet," remained at their town upon the Tippecanoe, gloomy and inactive, waiting the return of the great chief from his southern crusade. They held little communication with the chiefs of the seceding tribes, regarding them as traitors to the common cause, and unworthy to partake of the high destiny reserved, even now, degenerate and weakened as they were, for the proud and independent children of the woods. They waited impatiently the return of that remarkable man, who united in his own person the bravery and skill of an accomplished warrior, the far-seeing and truth-discerning spirit of a reformer, with the power and persuasive eloquence of the orator. The chiefs of the several tribes had bound themselves by solemn vows and severe penalties, never to part with a foot of their land to the white man, to resume as far as possible the primitive habits of their people, and thus to throw off their yoke of dependence upon the white intruders. All the tribes bordering upon the great lakes of the north, those upon the Mississippi and its noble tributaries, even to the wilderness of the far west, had bound themselves by a like oath; and now the eloquent warrior was preaching his crusade at the south, confident of returning with a like pledge from those distant and excitable people. Skilful were the weapons to be used, and persuasive the tongue which was to give utterance to the conceptions of a great mind, about to realize the hopes and expectations of a patriotism, pure and engrossing, as ever swayed the bosom of a Roman in the proudest days of her freedom. He could not fail of success, for he was a Shawanee, and endowed with even more than the ordinary share of the hardihood and talent belonging to that extraordinary people. He could bring up the traditions of their old men, when the Shawanee dwelt upon the beautiful savannas of the south, and hunted game where the wild grape hung in festoons upon the palmetto, and the moss waved solemnly in the wind, as if a gray

pall were hung upon the forest, and the white magnolia perfumed the air with its blossoms. He could tell of his mother, who was a Cherokee, and of the wondrous circumstances of his own birth. How every night, when his mother lay down to rest, a manitou, in the shape of a massasauga,* glided to the cabin door and slept beside her skins; and how the manitou disappeared only when the young mother lay dead within her wigwam, and three sons in their helplessness beside her, thereby pointing plainly to the great union of the tribes—the brotherhood of the north, the south, and the west.

The boys grew, in their solitariness, strong and beautiful; "the sun their father, the earth their mother, and they reposed upon her bosom." The Great Spirit talked with them in the strong wind that shook the forest, in the stillness of the midnight stars, and in the soft dews of the morning. He taught them to regard all the red men as brothers. The Great Spirit had, in his displeasure, permitted the whites to wrest from them a part of their land, but now he warned them to unite—to forget all animosities among themselves, and combine in one grand effort to keep the whites east of that high ridge which he had raised to guard the tributaries of the Mississippi. He would have the tribes become one, to guard sacredly the old hunting-grounds of their people, the graves of their fathers, and the ancient stones of their council-fires. He would crowd back the whites to the south and east of the Ohio, and the Alleghanies, or the time would come when the retreating tribes would stand upon the shores of the great waters that receive the setting sun, and there fight only to perish in its bosom.

The tribes met in solemn council, and the pledge that was to bind in one great confederation all the tribes of the north, the south, and the west, was given in the midst of solemn and mysterious rites; and from henceforth the Indian should dwell securely in his wigwam—should traverse the deep forest, bound over the wide prairie, and launch his canoe upon the noble stream of the west, and the white man no more should molest or make him afraid. The tomahawk should rest in the earth, or be dug up only to repel aggression. The white man should dwell in peace beyond the mountains, but only there—should his steps encroach upon the soil they were now pledged to defend, in whatsoever point, it should be common cause with the tribes; all holding themselves in readiness to resent the injury, to drive back the intruder, and preserve undivided the heritage of the tribes. They were now to be one. One in peace, one in war. Tribe should no more war with tribe, for they were all brethren.

The great mission was accomplished. Wherever the skilful orator appeared, his earnestness and address had won him the hearing and the assent of his people; for where was truth ever presented in its purity and sincerity, without hearts to respond to its utterance? They had listened to his teaching, as to the communications of an invisible spirit, whose eye beheld the past and the future. The long story of the wanderings of their people from land to land, led ever by the Great Spirit; their appearance in the mighty solitudes of the west, their divisions, their wars, their thousand suns of increase and prosperity, and the final scourge of the whites; all the past history of their nation, all the fears and hopes of the future, passed in vivid review before them. They seemed to stand with him upon a height, commanding a prospect of all the tribes, where the children sported by the threshold, and the white hairs of the aged floated in the air as they bowed themselves in the sunshine; fields of grain glanced in the light, and measureless hunting-grounds, full of game, swept away in the distance, swelling into hills or towering into mountain peaks; they heard the war of many waters, and the swaying of the old woods: they bent the ear to listen with hearts exulting in the goodly heritage of the red man. In sympathy with the fervid action of the speaker, tears rushed to their eyes—they started from their seats, and spread out their arms with him as if to embrace the whole tribes as one.

Such had been the eloquence of Tecumseh, such his success; and now he turned his steps northward, with many fears, but many hopes. He knew the nature of his people, their proneness to impulse, and reckless disregard of the future; yet it is the nature of elevated motives to inspire trust and hope, and there was that about himself that forbade dispair.

The modern rail-road, that still preserves its directness in spite of hill, valley, or interposing river, is but a more thorough illustration of the mode of travelling practiced by the savage in his long and perilous journeys through the wilderness. The experienced eye of Tecumseh discerned every feature of the immense country through which he was passing, and with no guide but his own sure judgment and unerring instinct, he could preserve his direct route with scarce the variation of a mile, even from the council-fires of the southernmost Creeks, to the head waters of the Wabash. The solitary canoe was paddled up the then silent rivers, and on the shoulders of his followers was carried around falls and dangerous rapids. He knew where the branches of different streams approximated, making what they usually termed a "carrying place;" and there it was again borne across the country, to be launched once more upon a stream whose waters should mingle with the great Lakes, take the dizzy leap of Niagara, and find their way to the ocean through the St. Lawrence; and that too, while the bark still dripped with the waters that should mingle with the Ohio and the far-off Missouri, bearing its tribute from the Oregon mountains, the melted snow of their summits, to be sunned under the citron and cocoa, to glitter in the shadow of the palm-tree, and mingle its melody with birds of the tropics.

It was mid-day when Tecumseh reached the town of the Prophet upon the banks of the Tippecanoe. His step was firm and haughty, and there was an elevation in his look and mein betokening a man whose energies are swayed by great and noble principles, and who is on the verge of realizing all the proud dreams of his imagination. Unlike the few followers who attended him, he was unadorned with a single ornament. Leggins of deerskin with a tunic of the same material, a belt of wampum, and upon his head a helmet with a tuft of the feathers of the war-eagle, indicating his rank as a warrior, and some curiously carved shells fastened upon one side, denoting the number of wounds he had received in battle, completed his costume. The followers of himself and the Prophet had thrown aside the blanket, as an innovation introduced by the whites. The appearance of Tecumseh contrasted powerfully with that of his brother, who had followed him in his southern campaign. While Elskwatawa lived in the mysterious visions of the future, practising the greatest austerity, and living apart from his fellows, as one called by the Almighty to reveal his will to his children; Tecumseh mingled so much with them as to preserve a degree of sympathy and companionship, devoting the best energies of his soul to the good of his country. Patriotism and glory were the idols of his heart, and he knelt at no meaner shrine. Unlike these, the third brother, Kumshaka, would gladly have thrown off the yoke which the loftier spirits of his brothers imposed upon him; and, disregarding the past history of the tribes, their present debasement, or future expectations; would gladly have sought the retirement of a green-wood lodge, and with some beautiful daughter of the forest, have found that peace which the dreams of ambition can never realize. But it could not be—the spell of his birth and the power of his brothers was upon him, and he followed in the path prescribed, powerless to turn aside. He was less in height and muscular development than Tecumseh, but possessed the same regularity of features, and even more of symmetrical beauty. The maidens, who could never win a smile from the one, were sure of the most approving glances of the other; and though Kumshaka's voice might be of little note in the council, where the sterner spirits of his brothers prevailed, yet in the green-wood bower, none could win greater favor from the dark-eyed daughters of the woods. He was a good hunter, and the scalps at his belt and plumes upon his helmet, betokened a warrior too. Yet Kumshaka, the admired of his people, could not submit to the stern symplicity that governed them. The gay belt, the ornamented moccasin, and deerskin robe, elaborately adorned with the quills of the porcupine, had been the labor of many fingers and were the reward of many smiles. Trinkets that Tecumseh regarded with contempt, were the envied perquisites of his brother.

They had reached the borders of the village, and Tecumseh, standing upon an elevation that commanded a prospect of the surrounding country—the wide-spread prairie, the undulating hill, dressed in verdure, the great Lakes, beaming like molten silver in the sunlight, the river, glittering like a string of gems, trailed in the solitudes of the great wilderness, and the far-off streams, giving tokens of their presence by their belt of mist rising in the distance—might have been taken for the Genius of the tribes, looking down benignly upon their heritage.

At a signal, the Prophet and his followers emerged from the village. Tecumseh's brow fell, as, file after file, a thousand warriors approached, each with his visage painted black, and arms depressed. Gloom and disaster were written upon every brow. The women and children remained in their cabins, while, solemnly and in silence, the chiefs assembled around him. Tecumseh moved not. Slowly the files opened, and the Prophet, bearing a belt before him, ap-

* A rattlesnake.

proached the chief. Raising it in the air, he wrenched it asunder, and flung the pieces from him.

Lightning seemed to dart from the eyes of the stern warrior, as this gesture of the Prophet revealed the breaking of the compact—the severing of the bonds of the confederation of the tribes.

"They shall die!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "Summon the chiefs who have drank of the strong-water of the white man, and let them die. The spirit of the red man is dead within them—let them die!"

Messengers were dispatched to the recreant tribes, calling upon them to appear in council at Tippecanoe, and answer for the crime of breaking the pledge that forbade the sale of Indian lands to the whites.

Whatever might have been the internal suffering of Tecumseh, thus to behold the thwarting of his great plans for the union and protection of his people, he showed no other emotion than what was requisite to decide upon their fate. His countenance resumed its tranquil and sad expression, for deep thought is sure to leave an impress of sadness—calm, beautiful sadness—that seems to look away from the present, far onward, into the unseen and eternal. When, therefore, Tecumseh led the way for his followers, they might have sought in vain any response to their own wild turbulence of passion. His calm, stately bearing awed them into submission, now as ever; and yet his was not the finesse of one willing to control, by practising the arts that are sure to impress the multitude; but the simple majesty imparted by purity and greatness of sentiment.

CHAPTER II.

That pale-face man came out alone
From the moaning wood's deep shade.—SEBA SMITH.

WHEN the day set apart for the meeting of the council arrived, instead of the gathering of dusky chiefs and the wise men of the several tribes, a solitary youth was seen leisurely riding in from the prairie, habited in the simple uniform of the north-west, being little more than a huntsman's frock, a low cap surmounted with a black feather, and a belt containing a knife, pistols and powder-horn.

Henry Mansfield was a native of Vincennes, where his father had built the first log house of the opening. Mr. Mansfield, being of an open generous temper, and withal, fond of the adventurous life of the back-woods, had associated familiarly with the Indians, always ready to relieve their necessities, and often to share in their hunting expeditions. Henry, his only child, had lived a demi-savage life, roving for days with the natives in the wild woods, chasing with them the fleet deer to its covert, managing the light canoe, and practising with them feats of strength and agility; then returning to the log-cabin of his parents, to con with greater zest the treasures of his father's small library, and indulge in the ease which an abundance of the good things of life afforded. He was well known, and a favorite with the youth of the different tribes; and, when General Harrison selected him to convey a message to the brothers at Tippecanoe, he could not have chosen one more acceptable. Tecumseh himself welcomed his young friend to the village, and, calling the principle warriors together, listened to the 'talk' of the white Father.

General Harrison desired the Prophet and Tecumseh to meet him at Vincennes, to make known their claims to the land sold by the Indians at the Council of Fort Wayne, and also desired that the chiefs engaged in that treaty might not be disturbed, till the white Father and Tecumseh should hold a council together: more over, it was the will of General Harrison, that no more than forty warriors should attend the brothers at Vincennes. Further, he desired that the murderers engaged in the slaughter of the Durand family, should be delivered up to justice.

Tecumseh waved his hand impatiently. "The white Father, General Harrison, is a great chief—so is Tecumseh. The land sold upon the Wabash does not belong to the tribes who sold it, but every red man has a right therein. No one tribe can sell without the consent of all. I will meet the General in council. I do not desire war. The red man has buried his talons deep in his flesh: he may be handled like the cub of the panther, when it sports among our children. It is many suns since the Durand family were slaughtered. The murderers are not with us: they belong to the Crooked Path—Winnemac. We will meet in council."

Low, guttural sounds of displeasure broke from one of the younger members of the council. Mayeerah sprang from his seat:

"While we smoke the pipe at the council of the white man, the chiefs will be saying there is no union of the tribes—it is broken—and we dare not revenge it. We are weary of rest. Show us the smoke of their cabins, that we may put it out with their blood."

A thousand tomahawks glittered in the light, and the war-whoop burst from every lip.

Tecumseh stood unmoved till the tumult had ceased.

"Chiefs, they are our brethren. The Great Spirit hath stamped the same features upon his red children everywhere. I have been where our brothers hunt the bear amid the ice of the great lakes, the buffalo by the mountains of the setting sun, and where the alligator is dragged from the rivers of the burning sky. The red man is the same everywhere. The Great Spirit made him of the color of the land he hath given us to inherit. It is ours. The white man shall not wrest it from us. We will tell their great chief so, and he will restore it. The Great Spirit is angry with us, that we slay one another. Chiefs, hear me:

"The red fox and the gray fox were originally of the same stock. The red fox wandered away, and finding the country warm and abounding in game, he did not return to his old haunts. After many suns, the foxes increased so that they often met in pursuing game; and, as the red fox had grown very expert, a treaty was agreed upon, and they were henceforth to live in unity—to hunt together, and unite in repelling the wolf, who was growing every day more troublesome. At length it was discovered that the gray foxes were selling their game to get possession of some choice meat, which the wolf only could procure. The red foxes determined upon revenge. A great battle took place. The woods were full of the slain foxes. The scent attracted their enemies, the wolves, and they poured in upon them, devouring all, without stopping to see whether they were red or gray: they were all foxes. It was too late for defence. The foxes have ever since been inferior to the wolves in power and numbers. But it taught them that cunning which has ever since distinguished them."

A smile mantled the visages of the chiefs as each one made the application, and Tecumseh slowly retired.

The tall figure of the Prophet next appeared. He bore in one hand a rude vessel of earthen, through the pores of which large drops of water were oozing, and hanging in heavy beads—looking deliciously cool in the hot atmosphere; in the other, he held two dry pieces of wood. A long deerskin robe, covered with numerous devices, swept upon the ground, confined at the waist by a belt of wampum. Hoofs of the wild deer depended in a long string from his neck, and the rattles of the massasauga fastened upon the sleeves of his robe, shook at every motion. An immense skin of the same animal, preserved with great skill—the fiery tongue still projecting, and the spiral tail borne aloft with its many rattles—was flung across one shoulder, and at the other hung the bow and quiver.

Passing slowly around the assembly, he sang in a monotonous tone: "A poison lurked in the veins of the red man, but it is passing away. It sapped the strength of our warriors, but their might shall return. Children were fading from our wigwams, and old men from the council hall. They shall sport once more at our thresholds, and the head of snow shall smoke the council-pipe."

Then raising the vessel of water aloft, he scattered its contents among the assembly.

"This was the drink of our fathers; it came leaping from the mountains, or was poured out from the hand of the Great Spirit. It made them strong. It was no burning serpent, to steal away their brains."

Rubbing the dry pieces of wood together, a flame burst forth, and he kindled a fire with the dry leaves at his feet:

"Thus did our fathers light the fire of our cabins. The musket of the white man, the flint and the steel, and the water of flame were unknown to them. Thus did they bring down the game to supply their wants."

He disengaged the bow from his shoulder, and an eagle, soaring like a speck in the thin atmosphere above, wavered in its flight, shivered its heavy wings, and fell to the ground. A cry burst from the assembly: "Let us do as our fathers did, that their strength may be ours."

Eliskwatawa stood, as the arrow had sprung from the bow, with foot advanced, his shoulders thrown back, the bow still elevated, his proud head raised to the sky; while his deep glittering eyes were fixed upon the group before him. The skin of the massasauga had slid from his shoulders, and lay like a living thing at his feet. Without changing his position, he continued in a deeper tone, with his teeth clenched in the strength of his emotion:

"Our fathers were strong men. Like the massasauga, they gave the alarm: but their blow was deadly."

His arm fell to his side, and, moving onward, he sang in the same low key with which he had commenced:

"The strong arm shall return, and the smoke of our cabins shall go up from every valley."

One after another the chiefs arose to depart, with arms folded upon their bosoms and head depressed; as men swayed by great purposes, and resolved to do all things for the furtherance of the vast scheme that was to restore the tribes to their primitive greatness and simplicity.

When Henry Mansfield retired from the council of the chiefs, the long shadows lay upon the grass, and the sun glittering through the leaves of the trees, fell upon the river as it rippled by, lighting it up as if a shower of gems were sparkling and heaving in the light. The old men had seated themselves at the doors of their wigwams, smoking, while the younger portion were disporting themselves into groups, practising games of hazard or feats of strength. Children were collected upon the area in front of the village, trying their skill with the bow, and their strength in poising the javelin. In the rear of the cabins might occasionally be seen a canoe in the progress of construction, while the women were busy in preserving beans, corn, and other seeds for the winter stock, or spreading fish upon rude flakes to dry in the sun. Though the blankets and many other articles introduced by the whites had been thrown aside, and most of the males were clad in the primitive garments of the tribe, the women still retained many of the obnoxious articles, such as rings for the fingers and arms, and a profusion of colored beads; and in more than one instance might be seen, suspended upon the breast, a plate of silver rudely chased, and of the size of an ordinary saucer.

Mansfield had determined to await the marching of Tecumseh and his guard to Vincennes, and he sauntered leisurely through the village, recognizing old acquaintances, and remarking the progress of the several amusements, well pleased when the lofty chief, Tecumseh, left him to the more companionable Kumshaka. Adopting at once the Indian mode of locomotion, which consists in always preserving a direct line, stepping one foot upon the line of the other, with no turning out of the toe, as is the case with Europeans, he kept within the foot-paths of the natives, though no wider than the foot. These were always worn to the hardness of a rock, and intersecting each other in all directions, looked like serpents gliding through the green grass. Following his companion, they reached the banks of the river as the last ray of sunset glittered a moment upon a lofty pine, that towered up above the natives of the forest; its polished spires quivering like myriads of tiny spears, and then as the light receded, softly resuming their bright green hue, and fading away to the sombre shade of the dim woodland.

Scarcely had they seated themselves upon a point projecting into the river, when Kumshaka sprang to his feet, and sent a keen glance down the river. Mansfield followed the direction of his eye, but nothing was obvious to the senses. At length a faint plashing of the water fell upon the ear, but whether from the dip of an oar or the wing of a wild duck, he could not determine. The sounds approached, and he could distinguish the measured fall of a paddle, and soon a slight curve of the river revealed to him a canoe of diminutive dimensions, propelled by a single voyager. The youth sprang forward with eager surprise, as a moment more revealed the occupant to be a young girl of surprising beauty; her slight figure gently bent, as, with the least imaginable effort, the small paddle sent the canoe rippling over the water. Filled with her own sweet thoughts, her lips were slightly parted, and her head thrown back, revealing an outline that a sculptor might envy. Her deep, expressive eyes, were fixed upon the pile of gorgeous clouds that draped the pavillion of the setting sun, and occasionally a few notes of a wild song burst from her lips, as if she sang in the very idleness of delight. "It is the Swaying Read," whispered Kumshaka.

A few strokes of the paddle brought the slight barque under the shadow of a tree, almost at the feet of the young men. Kumshaka leapt to her side, and took the canoe from the water to the green bank. A sweet, but haughty smile played for a moment over the face of the girl, and then a blush mantled her cheek and bosom as she perceived his companion. An instant her full eye rested upon his face, and then she passed on, her small slender fingers instinctively grasping the robe that shaded and yet revealed her bosom. Her dress was a mixture of the savage, with a tasteful reference to the civilized mode. It was composed of skins so delicate in their texture, and so admirably joined together, as to give the appearance of a continuous piece, the whole resembling the richest velvet. The robe reached but little below the knee, with a narrow border of the porcupine quills, richly colored. It was confined at the waist by a belt wrought in the same manner, while a like facing passed up the bust in front, leaving it partially open, and spreading off upon each shoulder, descended the arm upon both sides of the sleeve to the elbow; the two portions of which were joined together by a row of small white shells. In this way the neck and shoulders were left exposed, and the bust but partially concealed. Her hair was drawn to the back of the head, and fell in long braids below the waist; a string of the crimson seeds of the wild rose, encircling it like a coronal of rubies. She was rather above the ordinary height, delicately, and yet so justly proportioned, as to leave nothing to desire. There was a freedom and grace in her stately step, totally unlike the long trot of the natives. Mansfield was a young man, and familiar with classical allusion; and he thought, as might have been expected, of Diana and her nymphs, and the whole train of goddesses from Juno down; and concluded, by turning as if to follow in the direction of the maiden. Kumshaka arrested him.

"The Swaying-Reed is a proud maiden, and fit for the councils of our people."

"Can it be, that she belongs to the tribes? I thought she must be some white girl from the settlement, who perhaps in sport had adopted your dress."

"A white girl!" retorted the chief, scornfully; "a white girl, with a step like the fawn in its stateliness or speed, an eye that can bring the eagle from the cloud, and a hand to paddle the birch canoe over the rapids, to the very verge of the cataract!"

"Surely, surely," said the other, "she can be no Indian maid, with those soft features; and where the wind lifted the hair from her brow it was pure, as—as"—in his eagerness he was at a loss for a comparison, and the Indian laughed at his perplexity.

"She is beautiful,' resumed Kumshaka, "for she hath lived in the freedom of wood and mountain. The spring-time blossom hath slept upon her cheek, and the red berry clustered about her mouth. The brown nut hath painted her hair, and the dusky sky looked into her eyes. The wind that swayeth the young woods hath lent her its motions, and the lily from the still lake made its home upon her bosom. But the Great Spirit hath given her a proud heart, and wisdom to mix in the councils of old men."

Mansfield did not press his inquiries, for he saw that his companion was adroit in evasion; and though inwardly resolved to fathom, if possible, the history of the fair girl whose appearance had so fired his imagination; this, his first essay, had taught him the necessity of caution in pursuing his inquiries. He threw himself upon his bed of skins and slept soundly until morning, for the fatigues and excitements of the day had so predisposed him to slumber, that even the image of the Swaying-Reed, the last that dwelt upon his memory, was insufficient to drive the god from his pillow.

CHAPTER III.

When the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak;
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind
Of the white man's faith, and love unkind.—LONGFELLOW.

LEAVING Mansfield and his companion at the verge of the river, the Swaying-Reed passed onward to the tent of the Prophet, where Tecumseh, and some of the older chiefs were assembled. Pausing at the threshold with her fingers carelessly interlocked, and arms falling down before her, she said in a rich, low voice,

"The chiefs have left a woman to seek out the councils of their foes. Winnemac is too wary to be caught in the snare, or to be tracked home to the den." She pursued her way, leaving them to divine as best they might the meaning of what she had said.

It is impossible to say what vague reminiscences the appearance of Henry Mansfield had awakened in the bosom of the forest girl. When she sought the wigwam of Mother Minaree, she scarcely replied to the gratified welcome of the good woman, but throwing herself upon the skins, buried her face in her hands, and burst into tears. Minaree tried to console her, by applying the most endearing epithets of which her language was capable. "Tell me what shadow has fallen on the head of the Swaying Reed, and I will chase it away."

"Call me Margaret, dear Minaree," said the weeping girl.

Minaree sank on the skins beside her, and tears gathered in her aged eyes.

"Margaret is tired of her Indian mother. She longs to be with her own people."

"No, no, mother, but a weight is upon my breast, and the shadows of many years are crowding back upon me."

She raised herself up, and began to caress a snowy fawn that had laid its head upon her shoulder to attract her attention.

"I love you, Minaree, you have been a mother to me. I have none to love amongst my own people: I will listen to the singing of the night-bird, and my heart will be light again."

She threw a string of wampum over the neck of her favorite, and disappeared in the thick foliage that skirted the river.

The cabin of Minaree possessed many points to distinguish it from the others of the village. It stood upon the very outskirts, and a slight sweep of the stream brought the waters within a few paces of the threshold. Margaret had trained the wild rose, and the woodbine, and the delicate clematis, to the very roof, so that the dwelling could scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding shrubbery. Upon each side were patches of flowers, which she had sought in the woods and transplanted to embellish her dwelling. Where the green sloped to the river, a wild vine had draped the trees into a natural arbor, and Minaree had helped her foster-child to weave about it a lattice and seats of osier.

The interior of the cabin, likewise, combined an air of taste and comfort, which could only have been supplied by the recollections of Margaret. Minaree still spread her skins upon the floor, and seated herself upon them in a mode resembling the Turk upon his ottoman; but Margaret's couch was woven of osier, raised about a foot from the floor, and covered with skins of snowy whiteness. Small stools of the same construction occupied one side, and a bow and arrows, light paddles for a canoe, nets, strings of wampum, embroidered belts, moccasins, and rude ornaments, were suspended from the walls. A heavy skin of the buffalo concealed the entrance, which in the day time was turned upon one side, by means of a loup fastening it to a peg driven into one of the frame logs of the house.

Away from the sympathy and condolence of her foster-mother, Margaret abandoned herself to the luxury of weeping alone, in the secrecy of her own heart, with none to wonder thereat, and none to attempt the futile task of consolation, gathered, as it too often is, from the very sources that but aggravate the poignancy of grief. With instinctive gentleness of heart, she threw one arm over the neck of her favorite fawn, which looked mutely in her face, as if it sympathized in her sufferings. She bowed her head upon her hand, and wept freely; for the sight of one of her own people had awakened the deep echoes of other years, and brought back the voices of the dead, and the long-buried recollections of childhood. A new sense of solitude weighed heavily upon her, and she felt as one who had been severed from the loves and kindnesses of her race, and abanded to the wild and strange destinies of another people. Her heart yearned for the voice of kindness, for the household tones of other days, for the holy observance of an enlightened faith, and the refinements and quietude of civilized life. She would once more have nestled in the lap of affection, with the security and confidence which only peace and love can bestow.

The thick clusterings of the vine were lifted up, and Tecumseh stood in the little bower. Margaret raised her head, and arose listlessly to her feet.

"The night-dew hath weighed the Swaying Reed to the earth—can Tecumseh brush it away?" and the voice of the chief was low and musical, as he bent his brow ever the beautiful girl.

"Call me Margaret, chief; call me by the name of my childhood;" and the poor girl looked imploringly, and with an expression of utter wretchedness, into the face of the warrior. A sharp expression of pain came to the features of the chief, and he placed her upon the rude seat, while he laid himself upon the turf at her feet.

"The blossom pines for the soil in which it was first nurtured—for companionship like its own—for the long-remembered dew and sunshine of other skies. The will of the maiden is law with Tecumseh. She shall return to her people."

Margaret's hands were clasped, and her eyes fixed as one that sees, and yet regards not; and her utterance was as one that talks to himself, or murmurs in unquiet slumbering. "I behold a dwelling in the deep woods, with its vines and blossoms. I behold a stern man, wrestling in prayer; prayer to the true God, whom I have forgotten, or worship under the name of the Great Spirit. There is a sister with her bird-like voice, and brow of gentleness, and she folds me to her bosom, as the shadows of night gather around us. A pale, calm face is bending over us, with a sweet smile, but full of sadness, and she calls me child. Dreams, long—long dreams of sunshine, of peace and love are with me. There is the brook, where the gay fish leaped in the light—the bridge which my sister helped to build—the verge of the dark woods where the fox came out to bark—the pasture where we gathered the ripe berries. Hark!" and she sprang wildly from her seat, overcome with the vividness of the picture which her own fancy had brought before her; "hark! I hear yells and shrieks! The feeble woman is covered with her own blood, and the terrified eyes of the child meet mine, as it swings in the air to be dashed against the tree! The stern man is writhing and prostrate, and I am powerless!" She sank backward, pale and trembling, and the chief regarded her with that awe, with which all are inclined to listen to those suddenly bereft of reason; as if their speech were akin to inspiration—the spontaneous utterance of the divine soul.

A gush of tears came to her relief, and the chief, with native refinement, did not interrupt their flow. After a pause, in which she recovered her wonted composure, she remarked:

"The nest of the bird was riven, and scattered to the winds; but it sought a shelter in the bosom of Tecumseh."

For a moment, a melancholy smile played over the face of the girl, but it yielded to a quick expression of suffering, as painful memories had driven the blood back to her heart; and she replied with that apathy which misery alone can bring;

"A thankless boon, Tecumseh; life, only life, which we hold in common with the reptiles at our feet. A wretched boon. A breathing existence of solitude and misery."

The chief sprang to his feet, and a tomahawk glittered in the moonlight. Margaret, without life or motion, lay at his feet. He threw the tomahawk aside, and raised her gently in his arms, while he held back the thick vines, till the night-winds brought the color to her lips.

"Margaret, is life valuless? I did but jest with thee;" and then, in a deeper voice, as one whose holiest emotions have been stirred from their fountain, he went on. "Maiden, I will restore thee to thy people; I will give thee back to those who will speak thee fair, with hollow hearts, where kindness will be as water spilled upon the earth; and the poor Indian is but a beast of the woods, to be hunted down, and destroyed. Go—go, it will but take a beam of light from the eyes of Tecumseh."

Margaret bent her head as if listening to the tones of pleasant music, with her hands folded, and tears trembling upon her eye lids. Crowding back the tumultuous recollections of other days, she replied solemnly.

"No, Tecumseh, the Swaying Reed will return no more to her people. There is none left for her to love. I would this stranger had not appeared among us, for he brought back what I fain would have forgotten. It is past now, and I am again one of the red people. Their wrongs are mine: I will suffer with them—die with them."

The chief bowed his head, admiringly. "The tongue of the Swaying Reed is as the melody of a bird; it liveth on the ear, when the sound hath passed from the lips. Tecumseh has wept at the sorrows of the Swaying Reed, and her pale, proud beauty amid the dark maidens of his tribe, has always gone to his heart. She has been as a fawn deserted of its dam, and the red man has sheltered, and nourished her. In the long march he has saved her from toil, and returning from the hunt, he has laid his spoils at the door of her wigwam. She has been light, and beauty, and gladness to the heart of Tecumseh. He has wept, when the maiden wept, for her sorrows have been his own. He knoweth of the deadly vengeance of his people; that it can never slumber; but the white man first put blood upon his face. The innocent now suffer with the guilty, but the fault is his own. The Indian mother paddled her canoe upon the river; her infant slept upon her bosom, and her children dipped their fingers in the water, over its edge. The white man's rifle is sure, and deadly—the child swallowed blood for its milk, and the canoe floats idly down the stream. The old man, and the helpless maiden, are robbed, or murdered, in the wantonness of blood, and there is none to do them justice. There is no help for the poor Indian. Wrong and outrage are heaped upon him, and there is none to help. The Great Spirit hath cast a cloud of blackness about him. The stars tell of war and disaster, and the dreams of our old men are full of wo. The strong water of the white man stealeth away the brains of his red brother, and he bartereth away the village, where his children have sported; the graves of his fathers, the old hunting-grounds and council-fires, and the ancient mounds, that tell our children of the battle-grounds of warriors, and the graves of great chiefs. There is no home for the red man. His fires have gone out in a thousand vallies, and the ploughshare of the white man passeth over his bones. Like the mist that saileth off over the big lakes, he is passing away; voices call him from the Spirit Land—the night wind bringeth the sound of warriors, as they pursue their game in the spirit land. The spirit-bird sitteth all night upon the roof of our cabins, and he singeth of the spirit land. The Indian must pass from the earth. He must be as a dream that is no more."

There was a tone of the deepest pathos in the utterance of the chief; and after his voice ceased, the melody of its tones seemed to linger upon the ear. He stood with his head inclined, the flexible lip parted, and his dark eye fixed in melancholy vacancy.

Margaret was about to reply, when a slight rattling and stirring of the vines arrested her. She clung to the arm of the chief, pale with terror.

"Fear it not, maiden. It is the good manitou of the Shawanee—a noble reptile; it telleth of its presence, and striketh only when molested. The Great Spirit hath sent it to speak hope to the heart of Tecumseh. But, alas! the spirit of the red man hath departed. The Swaying Reed is wise and noble, like the manitou of the Shawanese. Did she seek out the councils of the Crooked Path?"

"Winnemac is with the white chief at Vincennes. All the chiefs that have taken of the strong water are with him."

Tecumseh's brow contracted sharply. "Said I not the spirit of the red man has departed?" He stood a moment wrapped in thought, and then taking the hand of Margaret, he led her from the arbor, passing the massasauga, as it lay coiled in the moonlight, its burnished folds gleaming and changing like a heap of gems piled on the green earth. It moved not as they went by, though Margare could plainly see its strange, glittering eyes, motionless in their repose; and she felt, as all do on looking into the eyes of the brute creation, a mixture of dread and wonder, as if one sought to penetrate the mystery of its being, learn what were its thoughts, if any it had, while looking back into the depths of a human eye. There is something so oppressive in that half-animal, half-intelligent expression, that tempts one to believe in the doctrine of metempsychosis; as if those huge and uncouth forms concealed the imprisoned souls of the unhappy, who thus look mutely from their prison-houses, to ask of us sympathy and condolence.

CHAPTER IV.

A youth as tall, as straight as I,
As quick a quarry to descry:
A hunter skilful in the chase,
As ever moccasin did lace.—HOFFMAN.

WHEN Minaree raised the entrance to her cabin the next morning, a parcel, rolled in the thinnest bark of the birch tree, and tied with wampum, lay at the threshold, with a boquet of fresh water lilies. She brought them to the couch of Margaret, saying, "Tecumseh would take away the light of my eyes."

Margaret smiled mournfully, and a blush stole upon her cheek. She undid the parcel. It was a robe of delicate feathers, exquisitely wrought. She looked upon the inside, and beheld a small turtle painted upon the lining, with a rattlesnake sleeping upon a rock. The device told her it was from the hand of Kumshaka, for the token of Tecumseh would have been the same animal in the act to spring

Minaree seemed gratified at the mistake—"Kumshaka will help to paddle the canoe, and gather in the corn—he will smile in his cabin, and talk with his children. He is a good hunter, and much venison will be found in his wigwam."

The girl reënclosed the parcel, and, sinking carelessly upon her couch, desired Minaree to carry it to the cabin of the donor. The good woman looked disappointed; but so accustomed was she to yield acquiescence to the wishes of Margaret, that she did so now mechanically.

Henry Mansfield was the first to observe the package at the cabin door of his host, and his knowledge of Indian customs at once revealed the secret.

"What! Kumshaka rejected by the maidens! Had it been Eliskwatawa, or Tecumseh, I should not marvel—or even myself; but I thought Kumshaka the idol of the girls of his tribe. Tell me the name of the cruel fair one."

The youth, though evidently annoyed at the raillery of his companion, could not resist the flattery it implied, and he walked before the door with his arms folded, occasionally glancing complacently at his own fine proportions, and the trinkets that adorned them.

"Tell me the name of the cruel fair, and she shall never have bead or ribbon from the hands of Henry Mansfield. Even the Swaying Reed, proud as she seems, could not resist a gift like this, and from such a giver."

"The Swaying Reed, like my two brothers, lives in the greatness of her own thoughts. Few would dare send gifts to her cabin. She is too proud and too beautiful for love."

So saying, he threw a quiver of arrows over his shoulder, and plunged into the forest. The day was one of unclouded beauty—the sun moving onward in its majesty, leaving, as it journeyed west, the sky of its pathway blue—intensely and beautifully blue, like a sea of azure, on which the eye rested with a sense of quiet luxury. The long, shrill notes of the locust arose like an alarum in the still woods, and was then silent. The butterfly poised itself long upon the blossoms; and the mute dragon-fly, with its mottled wings, darted everywhere over the still pools, in the very ecstasy of its bliss. The saucy squirrel sat with its tail erect upon the branches, and held its nuts with infantile dexterity, the shells rattling upon the dry leaves beneath. It was the very Sabbath of nature—its fullness of repose, when the human soul goes out in sympathy with it; and its own growth in the good and the spiritual, is as unmarked as the silent operations of the great mother, when thus she seems to rest, and yet is elaborating her beautiful creations.

Kumshaka stalked onward, the one discordant link in this chain of harmony; for even the deer had laid aside its timidity, and was reclined upon the margin of the streams where the trees clustered thickly; and a solitary panther had stretched itself upon a huge limb of an oak, its claws retracted, its head upon its paws, and its terrible eyes winking with the quietude of a cat. Instantly, as the chief perceived it, she raised her head, and began to rip the bark with her talons, for instinct had revealed the presence of a foe. The chief adjusted an arrow, without once moving his eyes from those of the beast, and, true to the skill of years, it leapt to its very heart. The panther sprang forward with a fierce and appalling roar, that waked up the silent echoes, and sent terror to the hearts of the feeble. Kumshaka had sprung to one side, and he watched the impotent rage and the frightful writhings of its dying agony with a sense of delight. In his own rage and disappointment, the repose of nature appalled him; but his own hand had produced, in its stead, a state akin to himself, and the consciousness gave him joy. If he might never win the love of the Swaying Reed, his was the power at least of causing her the pangs of suffering. If she loved not him, wo to whomsoever might win her love. The vengeance of Kumshaka might never slumber. He would pursue them with his hatred till life should be a burden of misery. For her sake, too, others of her sex should know the agony that unrequited love can inflict; and his eye kindled as he thought of one, the beauty of the tribe, who had long loved him in vain. He took an intense delight in dwelling upon all that aggravated his own sense of misery, because it assured him that Ackoree had suffered the same.

In the two days that intervened between his arrival in the village, and the departure of the chiefs for Vincennes, Mansfield found abundance of amusement among the simple inhabitants. A few trinkets and yards of gay ribbon established him as a favorite, and gave him access to every wigwam.

Observing a group of maidens seated in a thicket on the verge of the river, plaiting baskets, he joined them, and witnessed the grace and ease of their motions. At a little distance, the elderly matrons were engaged in coarse work of the kind, their children creeping about in the green grass, or crawling to the water side, where they splashed it about with bursts of noisy merriment. The air was excessively sultry, and the inhabitants were mostly gathered on the banks of the stream, where a light wind broke it into ripples. A boy of some dozen years appeared sustaining the feeble steps of a woman, nearly blind, and bowed with age. He assisted her gently to a seat in the shade, and disappeared amid murmurs of approbation. "He will be the glory of his tribe. Children shall learn goodness from him, and wisdom shall be found in his path," with similar exclamations, were on every lip.

Mansfield looked about, and almost blushed at the color of his own skin. "This is the people," he thought, "whom our nation regard with so much abhorrence, and hunt from the earth. Surely the language of the Savior may not be inapplicable to them—'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the' poor Indian 'hath not where to lay his head.' What is the value of a territory to us, compared with the infringement of rights we are bound to respect, and local attachments that ought to excite our reverence? A country based upon injustice can never prosper. The blood of the red man will call from the ground as did that of Abel of old, and wo to us when the great Parent shall demand, 'where is thy brother?'"

Oppressed with these reflections, the gaity of the girls, pursuing their light employment, grated upon his feelings, and he regarded them with emotions similar to those which a spectator must feel at the cheerfulness of one about to be led forth to execution. There was so much of ease and abandonment to the quiet happiness of the moment in all their looks and manners, that it would seem as if care and anxiety had never found entrance among them. The playful re-

mark, and low, musical laugh relieved without disturbing their voluptuous indolence, and only lent a new grace to the softness of the lip. The careless play of the small fingers seemed rather in obedience to an instinct of nature, than an effort of the will.

Margaret had just completed a small basket of exquisite color and finish, when she presented it to Mansfield, saying, "Let this remind the white man that peace is to be found in an Indian wigwam."

Kumshaka was leaning against the bole of a tree, bitterly regarding the group about him, when the action and voice of Margaret aroused him, and he turned his fierce eyes upon her, and a scowl lowered upon his brow. Margaret was unmoved, except perhaps a prouder expression grew upon her lip, and a slight look of defiance gleamed from beneath the dark lashes of her eye.

"Beautiful, mysterious girl," broke unconsciously from the lips of the youth. Margaret returned his impassioned look with one of cold indifference, and the blush that faded from her cheek gave place to a fearful paleness, and a sharp expression of suffering. Conscious of his error, awed by the simple majesty of the girl, and yet desirous to return some token of remembrance, he took a small hoop of gold from his finger, and with a manner most provokingly and unaccountably awkward, begged she would wear it for his sake. Margaret withdrew her hand, and bending her head over the osiers in her lap, replied, "The Swaying Reed takes her gifts only from the Great Spirit, but a drop hath fallen upon the fountain of her heart to remain there for ever."

Moved in spite of himself, he turned away and beheld Kumshaka bending over, as if to catch the very breathing of the beautiful girl, and his countenance expressive of the most intense pleasure. Margaret had witnessed the same thing, but she gave no token of her consciousness. A moment more, and the proud and gratified chief stood erect, and was carelessly replying to some light remark of a forest girl. Mansfield at once understood the secret of his evasion in regard to the history of the girl. When Margaret rose to return to her cabin, he followed by her side, hoping to ascertain something of her history, and certainly with an indefinite wish that she should be rescued from her woodland life, and be restored to society. Margaret moved on with her cold and calm manner, scarcely glancing at her companion.

When they reached the arbor of vines, she paused for a moment, and then motioned him to the wicker-chair, while she remained standing. The young man, too courteous to permit this seated himself upon the turf, and she occupied the rejected seat. More than once he attempted to break the awkwardness of silence, but the large dark eyes of the girl, fixed upon his face, and the composure with which she regarded him, operated like a spell. Of all the pretty nothings that had hitherto crowded upon his lips, not one would come at his bidding.

"The white youth has forgotten the purpose of his coming," at length said the maiden.

"No, no; but I know not how to say it—you are not one of this people, your looks, manner, all betray it—Can I not procure your release? Will you not return to the settlements—I—I—"—he blushed and hesitated—at this moment a sharp whizzing cut the air, and an arrow quivered in the trunk of the tree just above his head. Mansfield sprang to his feet, and looked forth; nothing was visible—ashamed at his perturbation at what might have been entirely accidental, he returned to the arbor. Margaret retained her position unmoved, and a careless smile rested upon her lips.

"The white man is safe," said the girl, "the arrow was only sent in warning. The Swaying Reed is beloved by the tribe, and none may dare to take her away. She is her own mistress, and goes and comes at the bidding of none."

"But you are not one of them—I heard you called Margaret, and your looks are not such as to deceive. The white mother weeps for her lost child, and children miss her at their sports. Can the white girl be happy here, away from her people? Let me seek out her parents and restore them their child."

While the youth uttered this in a deep earnest voice, the maiden fixed her sorrowful eyes upon his face, and there was a slight quivering of the lip, betraying the presence of emotion. But she did not interrupt him, or change her position of tranquil indifference; and yet she seemed to listen, pleased at the language of her own people.

"None are left to mourn for the Swaying Reed. Blood hath swallowed the fire from her hearth-stone. None will weep for her. She is happy with her red people. The Great Spirit is here in the solitude of the woods to take care of her;" and she arose to depart.

Mansfield took her hand respectfully. "But, maiden, there is a voice powerful alike in the forest or city—the Indian will lay his offerings at the door of your cabin, and who will counsel the lone girl? who will protect her?"

Margaret withdrew her hand—one instant her eyes fell beneath his, and a burning blush mantled her cheek; then she raised them to the blue sky, painted upward, and was gone. A low laugh, uttered at the very ear of the youth, caused him to turn, and he beheld the glittering eyes of Kumshaka, peering through the leaves of the vine.

"Doth the honey of the white lips sink into the heart of the forest girl? The Swaying Reed is no white maiden to be lured by smooth words. She has no love for gay robes and trinkets—and turns away from the spoils of the chase—even the scalps of war may not win her. She has a great soul. She looks all night upon the stars, and will tell us their language. When the Great Spirit layeth his broad shield over the moon, at her prayers he moves it aside, little by little, till it is left to shine again and light us to the chase. When the star with its long fiery train appeared in the sky, she warned us that war and bloodshed should appear. My brothers ask counsel of the maiden, for strange wisdom is upon her lips—but love hath no place in her heart."

The chief had leaned against the smooth bole of a tree, and gave utterance to his thoughts in a low and measured cadence, like one communing with himself.

Mansfield, baffled and perplexed, full of a strange interest in the mysterious maiden, so gifted and beautiful, and throwing the power of her own greatness over the strange people who had adopted her, turned away from the chief almost with abhorrence, while he thus acknowledged his attachment for one so unlike himself. He felt as if the very circumstance of her having awakened an attachment in such a mind, unrequited though it evidently was, were like a stain upon her purity. All the virtues and accomplishments of the chief were so many crimes, when the possibility occurred to his mind, that they might at some time plead in his behalf to the heart of the white girl.

CHAPTER V.

Love knoweth every form of air,
And every shape of earth,
And comes, unbidden, everywhere,
Like thought's mysterious birth!—WILLIS.

HUMAN passions are the same everywhere, whether amid the splendors of a palace or the homeliness of a savage wigwam. In the one, the conventionalisms of polite society prompt to their concealment; in the other, the subtle motives of revenge, policy or pride, produce the same result. Love is everywhere the tyrant, and his supremacy is everywhere acknowledged. The delicate girl, whose bosom swells beneath its silken boddice, and whose tears wet her embroidered pillow—whose jewelled brow throbs beneath the dainty hand that supports it; is moved by the same passion that sways the untutored girl in the solitude of the overhanging woods, with her heaving breast, swelling its zone of shells and robe of miniver. The smile of hope is the same—the fear, the doubt, the long deep agony of despair are one and the same. Let the mystery of the heart be wrought out where it may—its hopes, its fears, its passions are the same. It might not be difficult to imagine the whole universe one mighty heart, with its great throbbings, its rapid pulsations, its breathless pauses, and its flood-gates of passions; and each separate person a miniature resemblance of the whole.

As the day declined, on which Mansfield held his interview with Margaret, she sought the repose and coolness of the river bank, for scarcely a breath of air stirred the leaf of the trees, that hung motionless upon the branches. The sky was without a cloud, and the red rays of sunset still lingered like a robe of crimson in the west. The distant hills grew blue and indistinct, save where, at the west, they lay bold and dark against the sky, and one tall peak hung like a white cloud in the horizon. The river was smooth as a mirror of steel, and every object upon its brink was penciled upon its bosom with a softness and fidelity, operating like fascination upon one, looking down upon its clear depths. A solitary water-fowl had stationed himself upon a rock, and so still and motionless did he remain, that his shadow below looked like the reflection of a sculptured bird, standing as the genius of the place. Margaret descended the verdant bank, for so luxuriant was the soil that vegetation continued to the very brink of the water, every stone and uncouth root being draped with its heavy coating of moss, into which the foot pressed as into a velvet carpet. Winding round the little promontory before mentioned, the river widened, forming a beautiful basin, sheltered by tall trees, that even at midday cast a refreshing gloom over

the waters. The vine, springing from amid the rocks and dipping its roots into the stream, sent forth its long twisted arms, embracing the old trees, and mingling its cheerful foliage with their sombre hues; then springing away arch above arch, presented from the centre of the basin a lofty dome, rising far above its bosom, and admitting occasionally a glimpse of the blue sky through the clustering leaves. A bald eagle, that had stood for hours upon the naked branch of a gnarled oak, spread forth his broad pinions, fanned the air slowly, and soared off into the thin atmosphere, as if the hush of the earth and sky had been too deep and beautiful for him to disturb.

Margaret descended the bank, intending to seat herself upon a shelf of the rocks, worn by the action of the water at the time of high freshets in the spring of the year; but a light splash of the water, as if a pebble had been cast into it, caused her to look over, and she beheld the place occupied by Ackoree, the beauty of the tribe, who sat collecting the pebbles at her side, and casting them impatiently into the stream. She had loosened her moccasons, and dipped her feet into the water, where they gleamed up from beneath. Her unbound hair also floated off in long dark threads, sprinkling the river, and as she stooped over the water, her brilliant eyes looked up with wild and sparkling radiance. When Margaret stooped over, her face also was reflected from beneath. Ackoree turned her head, and a frown darkened her brow. Gathering her feet from the water, and wringing the drops from her hair, she was about to depart, when Margaret detained her. "The white girl crosses my path everywhere," she muttered in a low voice, as she concealed a string of coral beads beneath her robe.

"Nay, Ackoree, do not hide them, they are the gift of the youth from the white settlements. But sit here, and tell me why you call me the white girl; you are not used to such a term."

Ackoree smiled scornfully, and pointed to the water beneath, where the images of the two girls were reflected, each in her marvellous beauty; the one tall and reed-like, with the high, round forehead, the compact features, the large dark eyes, and thin chiselled nostril, the rich hair waving in long curls, and that air of sleeping passion; which contrasted finely with the angry, almost fierce, expression of her companion. The other, less in height, and fuller in proportion, with her long jetty hair falling in heavy masses nearly to her feet, and her figure bent over to the stream, the eyes flashing with their terrible beauty, the nostrils dilated, and the lip parted in scorn. A moment they stood in the position we have described, and Ackoree dropped her attitude of scornful attention, and stooped to tie the moccasons upon her feet.

"Ackoree," said Margaret, in a low voice, "do you love this white stranger?"

Ackoree had bent upon one knee, while she adjusted the moccason, and she now sprang to her feet.

"Love him! what, him who gives tokens to all the maidens, and then seeks out the girl of his own color to whisper the tale of his love? No: Ackoree is too proud for that."

"Sit by me," said Margaret, "and I will tell you more of this." She spoke so low and calmly, that the girl did as she desired, and looked into her pale face with an expression of surprise.

"The youth, Ackoree, is one of my own people, and I felt a strange sympathy in hearing the utterance of my own language, but I do not love him. He urged me to return to my people—but he spoke not the language of love. Do not, Ackoree, call me the white girl—do not look coldly upon me, for I am alone with your people, alone on the earth—there is none, no, not one, to love me"—and the tears gushed through the long slender fingers she had pressed to her eyes

Ackoree was softened, and pulled the wild flowers at her feet, unconscious of what she did. At length she cried, "Margaret is too proud to love one of the red men; she despises the warriors of the tribe."

A burning blush stole over the face of Margaret, and she turned her eyes from the scrutinizing glance of her companion. In a moment the fierce passions of Ackoree were awakened.

"Aye, I see it all; the Swaying Reed loves—but revolts at the thought of dwelling in a hunter's cabin—of being the wife of the despised Indian. Had Kumshaka—been"—

Margaret laid her hand gently on the robe of Ackoree, and inhaled a long breath, as one relieved from sudden pressure.

"Ackoree—hear me. I shall never be a wife. The Great Spirit has so decreed. Am I not a daughter of the tribe? Have I not been treated with indulgence and reverence? Why should I despise those who have cherished me? Ackoree, you wrong me. You send an arrow to the fawn that lieth panting at the stream, already pierced with many darts."

"But you love the chief, Kumshaka," interrupted the other eagerly.

"No, never, Ackoree—I can never love him. Does the chief know that the beautiful Ackoree regards him with affection?"

The girl dropped her head upon her bosom, and a smile stole to her lips. She did not reply, but the string of coral had slipped from its concealment, and a part of it lay upon her bosom. She seized it eagerly, and was about to dash it into the water, when the few rays of light falling upon its brilliant color, revived that native love for ornament, so predominant in the sex, of whatever condition, and she sat with her eyes fixed upon it for a moment, and then threw it over the neck of Margaret. Her companion suffered it to remain, and Ackoree's eyes kindled with delight as the rich, deep hue of the bauble contrasted with the fairness of her neck and shoulders. And then it would seem that a sudden jealousy awoke in her mind, for she turned her head and half whispered, "Would that Ackoree were as fair."

Margaret restored the beads to the neck of the maiden, and they arose from the shadow of the wood, each with a lighter heart. Ackoree, relieved from the suspicion that Margaret loved Kumshaka; and the other, rejoiced to learn the state of her companion's heart, as she thus hoped to be relieved from the importunities of the chief.

CHAPTER VI.

I look'd on the maiden's rosy cheek,
And her lip so full and bright,
And I sighed to think that the traitor, love,
Should conquer a heart so light.—Mrs. Embury.

The morning had arrived on which the embassy to Vincennes was to take its departure. The area in front of the village presented a scene of activity and preparation, motley in the extreme. Tall warriors were engaged in painting their bodies in the most formidable manner, and ornamenting their heads with decorations warranted by their bravery or skill, and the choicest robes were brought forth for the great occasion. War-clubs and spears, bows and arrows, all in the last state of perfection, were piled about, and the long mysstic pipe, with the odorous weed, was carefully bestowed, the one emblem of peace in the midst of all warlike preparations. Pouches filled with dried fruits and venison, were brought forth by the women, as provision for the march; trusting mostly, however, to game that might be killed on the way. The youth indolently watched the progress of preparation, while the boys adorned themselves in grotesque imitation of their seniors; amid shouts of merriment snapping their tiny bows, discharging arrows, and shaking the hoofs of the wild deer, while they advanced and retreated in semblance of battle, raising with shrill voices the war-whoop of the tribes. Horses tethered in the vicinity, gave notice of their presence by loud neighs and tramping, that swelled the tumult of preparation.

The dew still hung upon leaf and twig, and the threads of the spider, travelling from shrub to shrub, swung laden with gems, glittering in the morning sun. The early carol of the birds had hardly died away, when Tecumseh gave the signal to commence their march.

Tecumseh appeared, clad in that stern simplicity which accorded best with the character of his mind. He wore neither scalp nor colored quill; but a silky robe of the beaver, girded by a belt of wampum, hung in massive folds about him, in its simple dignity, resembling the Roman Toga. Upon his helmet appeared the plumes and other tokens of his rank, which the nobleman of the woods assumes as testimonials of his merit, in the same way as the champion of knighthood binds upon his person the various insignia of the orders to which he has been admitted; nor would the unworthy assumption of the one excite in the public mind more contempt and indignation than the other.

Slowly, and in silence, the chiefs moved on—the rays of the morning sun lighting up the jetty crest, and playing upon feathery robe and pointed spear. Women and children were collected to witness their departure; and on a rising ground might be seen the tall form of the Prophet, spreading out his arms with the skin of the rattlesnake aloft, and chanting a song, the burden of which seemed to be death to the violators of oaths. The deep measured cadences came upon the ear of the retreating party when far on their way—now in low gutteral notes of sorrow, now prolonged to the wail of heart-rending wo; and anon rising to the shrill and rapid intonations of triumph.

Henry Mansfield lingered behind to exchange a farewell with Margaret, and to urge, if possible, her return to the settlements.

She laid her hand within his, saying, "May peace be the portion of my white brother," and was about to depart.

"Stay one moment," said the young man; "say only that I may use my influence to procure your release; that you may be prevailed upon to return to the settlements. This mode of life must be revolting to you—say only that you will return."

"Never," she replied; "my fate is fixed;" and waving adieu, she suddenly disappeared, just as the glittering eyes of Ackoree gleamed through the shrubbery that surrounded them.

"Aye," said the Indian maiden, "the white girl loves the red chief; she will never return to her people—she will dress the venison of the hunter, and work his moccasons. Is the thought sweet to the white man?" and she laughed a bitter and taunting laugh.

It would be difficult to analyze the feelings of the youth, while the beautiful, but fiend-like girl, gave utterance to this mixture of truth and falsehood, solely as it would seem to torture her hearer. When she ceased, she threw the string of coral at his feet, and departed with the same cruel laugh.

Henry kicked the bauble aside, and followed the retreating army with a listlessness and heaviness of feeling which he in vain tried to dispel. He was not in love; of this he was quite sure: she was too cold, and too proud, to awaken such a sentiment; and yet this very manner, to one accustomed to the smiles of ladies, awakened an interest he could not deny—the stronger it may be, from the wounding of his self-love.

From his own sense of mortification, it became easy to reproach the cause of it; and he blamed the perversity and distortion of taste that made her adhere to this wild life, as evidences of an inherent depravity of mind. But then came up the image of her calm, sad voice, and that infinite grace and dignity of manner, that seemed to act as a spell upon all who approached her, awing even the rudest of the tribe into respect and submission. He felt the suspicion to be as unjust to her as it was unworthy of himself. Giving spurs to his horse, he sought to lose the sense of depression by the rapidity of his movements.

There had been still another spectator to the interview we have described. Scarcely had Mansfield retired from the ground, when Kumshaka picked up the beads and followed the retreating youth with his eyes, while a vindictive smile gathered upon his countenance. Ackoree was at his side, and a kindred expression grew upon her own.

"The white girl delights in those of her own color. She will return, like the bird lured from the woods, to her own haunts. She does well to talk of peace to the red man—it is to save her own people."

"True, true," cried the chief; and he looked for the first time with admiration upon the cruel girl, whose feelings corresponded so well with his own.

Ackoree saw the interest she had awakened, and desirous for sympathy from the chief, if it were but the sympathy of revenge, she continued:

"Does the white girl love the white youth? or is her love fixed upon one of our own people?" And then, as if speaking to hereelf, she added, "no, she despises the Indian. It is well. The fawn seeks not companionship with the wolf; nor the fox with the beaver." Ackoree fixed her bright eyes upon those of the chief, and slowly dropped the lids, while a sigh stole from her bosom.

Whether it was that the rejection of his suite had extinguished his attachment for Margaret, or the beauty of Ackoree had made its impression; whether the import of her words, while they half revealed her own attachment, had also produced their effect upon his judgment and fancy, or all combined to produce the result, we will not affirm. Certain it is, however, that as the chief fixed his eyes upon the speaking face of the girl, it was with an expression not to be mistaken; and when he threw the rejected coral over her neck, Ackoree raised her eyes to his face with a look of wild delight, and bounded away with the coyness and transparent artifice of an untutored heart. The chief bent his plumed head to catch the last glimpse of her retreating figure, and then speaking to himself, said—

"True, each delights only in its kind. But let the Swaying Reed dare to love another, and she shall know the vengeance of the Indian. Ackoree is most beautiful, but she has not the loftiness and wisdom of the Swaying Reed. She shall bring the game to the cabin of Kumshaka. He will sit at rest, and mark the glitter of her eyes, and the white girl shall sing the songs of her people, and her voice, choked with sobs, will be like the sound of waters in the still night: sad, but pleasant to the ear."

CHAPTER VII.

Oh, woman; lovely in thy beauty's power!
Thrice lovely when we know that thou canst turn
To duty's path and tread it with a smile. MRS. C. GILMAN.

WHEN General Harrison invited Tecumseh and the Prophet to meet him in council at Vincennes, he expressly stipulated, that they should appear with but few followers; a request which probably would have been complied with, had it not been for the knowledge of Tecumseh that Winnemac and other chiefs, violators of the oaths of confederation, had sought refuge from the penalty of their crime with the white authorities of Vincennes. Under these circumstances, he chose to appear with a force sufficient for his own protection, and to awe the obnoxious chiefs. Accordingly the inhabitants of the country, already terrified by repeated acts of violence, which even the influence of Tecumseh was insufficient to prevent, and which the crooked policy of Winnemac served to encourage, were appalled at beholding four hundred warriors, painted and fully armed, on their way to the infant city of the west. The terrified inhabitants closed their doors, and prepared for defence; workmen left their utensils in the field, and sought a place of refuge; children gathering fruit by the way side, might be seen huddling together in mute terror, their wild eyes gleaming out from amidst vines or shrubs to which they had fled for concealment.

At the suggestion of Mansfield, Tecumseh encamped his army in a wood, at a short distance from the city, while he should report their arrival to General Harrison.

He did so accordingly, and the next day was appointed for the holding a council. In the meanwhile, Mansfield amused himself by going about the settlement, observing the changes which a few months had produced, exchanging congratulations, and becoming acquainted with many who had recently sought protection in the city; for the news of the great number of warriors collected at the town of the Prophet, had spread a panic throughout the country, and driven many from their insulated farms to the more compact settlement at Vincennes. The humble dwellings of the emigrants were hospitably opened to the fugitives, and filled to overflowing.

Passing in the neighborhood of one of the houses on the outskirts of the place, he was attracted by the peculiar air of thrift and neatness evident in all its arrangements. It was a large sized log-building, compactly constructed, and surrounded by an enclosure in which vegetables of all kinds were growing in the greatest luxuriance. Woman's taste was visible in the rude piazza over which clustered the wild vine, and the abundant sweet-brier that shaded the small windows, draped with curtains of the purest white. Morning-glories festooned the shrubs, and the chamomile, tansey, wormwood, and other medicinal shrubs, evinced rural skill and forethought. In the rear, where a ledge of rocks broke from the rich soil, might be seen pans of brown earthenware, left to scald in the sun. Tubs and bowls of wood, rounded at the angles, and white with careful scouring, and the snowy churn inverted, with its dash crossed upon the bottom, were arranged upon a neat platform of raised timber. A pole, supported by two upright sticks notched at the top, was hung with long skeins of blue and white yarn, and a young, brisk-looking woman was sprinkling water upon linen cloth, spread to bleach in the sun.

Henry stood admiring this picture of rural comfort, drawing up the images of the inhabitants to his mind's eye, and had just convinced himself that the fat, curly-headed babe that sat in the doorway, now patting its shapeless hands together, and crowing to the poultry that cackled about the door; now venturing on all-fours to the verge of the white sill, and cautiously reaching over to the step below; then prudently retreating at the vague presentiment of bumps and bruises to be encountered in the attempt to go out, must be the property of the young woman whom he had seen sprinkling water upon the yarn; when out rushed a little urchin of some half-dozen years, quite red in the face, and looking very fierce and determined. He was followed by a young woman of perhaps twenty, whose finely-moulded features and graceful air struck him with a perplexing sense, that he had seen the same somewhere before. He soon became amused in observing the little scene before him, and ceased to notice the girl.

"I say, Alice, I will go—so let go my hand, I tell you; I will go and see the Injins, and you can't stop me,"

"But, Jimmy, don't go, don't; I will tell you a story about them, if you won't. Look at me Jimmy, I know you love me."

The child stopped struggling, and let her retain his hand, though he still worked the fingers uneasily, and looked with open mouth into her face, which had now became quite colorless.

"Tell me the story quick, Ally, for I mean to go soon as you'r done; and make it short, Ally."

"No, no: you must go in first."

"I won't, I won't; let go, I say;" and the boy jerked away his hand and ran off with his eyes wide open, looking back at Alice, and screaming, "I will, I will," at the top of his lungs. In the midst of his career he was arrested by a sun-burnt, cheerful-looking farmer, in his shirt-sleeves, who quietly raised him from the ground and swung him over his shoulders, where the boy hung, his feet sticking straight out, and his face red and swollen in his impatient struggles to free his arms from the man's grasp.

By the time they had reached the door-step, the young woman was standing there with water-pail in hand, and her naturally good-natured face gathering into something like a frown.

"That boy will be the death of us yet; he wears poor Alice to death, with his tantrums."

"Not quite," said the father, patting her cheek playfully, and glancing at the grotesque image of the child over his shoulder; and then swinging the baby on his back, he seated himself on the door-sill.

The young woman looked on, half smiling, and yet half determined to be pettish: "I tell you what it is, Mr. Mason, if that was my child, I would whip him smartly every time he got into these tantrums, till I broke him of them."

Mr. Mason very gravely brought the child over his knee, and holding his clothes tightly down, said, "There, Anny, there's a chance for you; pay on well."

Instantly the buzz of a small linen-wheel was suspended, and a thin, wrinkled old lady, with her spectacles pinning back the border of her white cap, appeared upon the scene.

Holding up her shrivelled hand, with an attitude of defiance, she cried in sharp broken tones—

"Let her lay the weight of her hand upon the child of my poor Mary, and she will rue the day. And you, John Mason, is it you that can so soon forget the love of a father?" and she half spoke and half shouted in a cracked voice, and with a taunting smile about her mouth,

"A mother's a mother all the days of her life—
A father's a father, till he gets a new wife."

All this time she was pulling vigorously at the child, who clung to its father's knee with the tenacity of a young bear.

"Don't, Grandmam, don't," said Anny, observing a shade of displeasure upon the face of her husband. "Nobody want's to hurt the child, do let him alone."

"No, and nobody shall hurt him, mind that, Ann Spaulding, mind that," hissed out the old woman, giving a desperate pull at the boy, that laid them both upon the floor. The child sprang to his feet and ran, but not till the grandmother, enraged at the accident, and the perversity of the child, had applied a well-aimed blow upon his shoulders, which quickened his speed, and sent him to the door, step, where he sucked in his breath, and burst into a sort of hysterical laugh.

Anny drew him toward her, and gently smoothed his hair, and this last winding up of the affair in his behalf, produced one of those strange reactions to which we are all liable, and the little fellow laid his head in her lap, and burst into sobs and tears.

Mr. Mason laid his arm over the shoulder of his young wife, and began to tickle the cheek of the babe as it drew its nourishment from her bosom, kicking its feet and winking its bright eyes in efforts to repel the approach of slumber. Instantly the child sprang from its recumbent position, sending the white fluid over the face of little Jimmy, who was about to sob himself to sleep, and Jimmy's griefs were at once forgotten; he buried his head in the baby's lap, and they tickled and struggled together, while the parents looked on with a quiet smile.

"I do wish she wouldn't call me Ann Spaulding," said the wife in a low voice to her husband.

Now, whether the old lady's senses were in reality keener than what she was always willing to allow, or whether her passion had stimulated them to unwonted activity, or whether there is really a consciousness in the individual when he is the subject of remarks from others, as the common opinion seems to countenance, we will not stop to consider; but no sooner had Anne made the remark, than the old lady cried out from the wheel—

"Mind how you talk about me, Ann Spaulding. I shall call you by your name. You've no right to the title of my poor Mary, four months after her body was laid in the grave—in four months, before she was cold, and the grass could take root over her coffin. Take heed to yourself, I say:" and she began to sing the old song of Lady Isabella's tragedy, in a shrill cracked voice, selecting it would seem, those verses in which the obnoxious word, step-mother, most frequently occurred, groaning out the syllables with peculiar zest.

"Therefore her cruel step-mother
Did envye her so much,
That daye by daye she sought her life,
Her malice it was such.

She bargained with the master-cook
To take her life awaye;
And taking of her daughter's book
She thus to her did saye."

After leaping over the intermediate stanzas, she broke out in a shriller voice at the scene where the bereaved Lord returns from the chase, and calls for "his daughter deare to come and serve his meate;" and when she is nowhere to be found, he vows to neither eat nor sleep until she is forthcoming. At this crisis, the old lady recommenced—

"O then bespoke the scullion-boye,
With a loud voice so hye,
If now you will your daughter see,
Pray Sir, cut up that pye;

Wherein her flesh is minced small,
And parched with the fire;
All caused by her step-mother,
Who did her death desire."

From this she jumped to the catastrophe, which was screamed out with a peculiar tone of satisfaction.

"Then all in blacke this lord did mourne;
And for his daughter's sake,
He judged her cruel step-mother
To be burnt at the stake."

All this time poor Anna's tears were falling upon the cheek of her babe, and Jimmy, lulled by the monotony of the tune, and unconscious of its import, had fallen asleep upon her lap. Mr. Mason, having quietly drawn the door to, was saying all that kindness could dictate to soothe the outraged feelings of his wife, who tried to smile, in spite of the pain she experienced.

Henry retired, wondering at the strange perversity of the human heart, thus wantonly to dash the cup of happiness from the lips of another, because it has ceased to be mingled for ourselves. He thought of the apparently unfavorable position for the growth in virtue in the little group he had seen, and yet here were all the evidences of its existence. He had witnessed tenderness, and forbearance under provocations, trifling, it is true in themselves, but yet the more galling from their very littleness, and their frequency of recurrence. We arm ourselves with fortitude for the endurance of great trials, and glory, it may be, in tribulations, as the test of our power and the evidence of our virtue; but it is, after all, in the constant, every-day trials of life, that the real excellence of the character is to be tried. Few are called to heroic acts of virtue, but all suffer more or less the daily martyrdom of life. It is probable that virtue assumes a more distinct and positive character in the midst of hindrances, and therefore all the obstacles it meets in its progress ontribute to its development.

While the youth moved homeward, philosophizing as he went, some trifle broke the thread of his reflections, and presented to his fancy the image of the fair girl who had first appeared in the cottage scene. Her air and countenance haunted him with a strange conviction that he had seen something analagous somewhere, but when or where he could not fix upon his memory. He retraced his steps to the cottage, hoping to catch a glimpse of the unknown, and thus to restore the links of association.

As he neared the dwelling, he saw the old lady seated upon the door-sill alone, while from within were heard the vigorous play of the infant's lungs, holding its breath, and then relieving itself with those reiterated screams that seem to challenge instant attention; but the old dame listened with great composure, if not satisfaction, for a smile lurked at the corners of her thin lips, that seemed to say, "It is no flesh and blood of mine: let it cry."

Presently Mr. Mason and his wife appeared, each bearing pails of milk filled to the brim, the subsiding foam bubbling upon the surface. Alice walked by the side of Mrs. Mason, carrying a small pail containing what is technically called the 'strippings,' being the last milk of the animal when the more abundant supply has been exhausted.

Accosting them with that freedom tolerated in new communities, Mansfield desired a drink of the milk to allay his thirst. Mrs. Mason was about to comply with his request, when the sound of her

child's cries fell upon her ear, and she set down her pail and started upon a full run to the house.

Alice presented her pail to the stranger, with a slight blush upon her cheek; and to his grateful acknowledgments she returned a graceful inclination of the head, and a smile, the composure of which again perplexed him as something he had seen elsewhere. While making these observations, he had time to notice the roundness of the white arm, bare to the elbow, and the delicate symmetry of the figure, simply clad in a blue gingham frock, so exactly fitting, that the elegance of the bust became visible, notwithstanding the high drapery that concealed all but the white throat. Her hair was combed nearly plain from the forehead, and braided upon the back, two glossy curls being left to fall behind each ear.

Mr. Mason had placed his pails upon the grass, and was ready to start off upon any topic which might be broached; the weather, the crops, the Indians, or what not.

"Alice is a nice tidy gal," said he, following the eyes of the youth.

Henry colored, and stated his perplexity as an apology for observing her.

"Very like," said the other; "it's mighty strange to me how folks that's nowise akin will look so alike. In the same stock its nowise strange, but in the matter of strangers, 'tis mighty puzzlin'."

Henry assented, and added, "And yet, the greatest mystery after all, is, that among so many inhabitants as there are in the world, all with the same features, there should be such infinite combinations, all resulting in individuality of form and expression."

The farmer looked a little perplexed, though he had certainly caught the idea.

"I'm thinking, sir, it is because the great Maker never is at a loss. Look at the leaves upon a tree; you will never see any two alike, nor any two blades of grass with the same streaks. Now, if a man makes a machine for any purpose, every one of the kind is after the same pattern, and just like it. He can't change, and yet have the same thing; but God can."

"Is the young woman, Miss Alice, a relative of yours?" asked Mansfield, after a pause; feeling, perhaps, that the subject was growing a little too philosophical.

"No, no; she's an orphan. She has neither kith nor kin in the whole world. They were all killed by the Ingins, I dare say you've heard of the murder of the Durand family."

A sudden flush mantled the brow of Mansfield at the recollection of the mysterious maiden he had seen at Tippecanoe, and the likeness, and yet unlikeness, of the two; for nothing could be more dissimilar than the cold, haughty bearing of the one, contrasted with the winning gentleness of the of the other. And yet there was the same contour of features, the same smile, and the same intonations of voice.

"Are you quite sure, that none were saved? Might not a part have been carried into captivity?"

"No: they were all butchered; their house burnt down, and their bodies charred like cinders."

Saying this, he took up the pails, desiring Henry to return to the house with him; adding, "but you must not say anything about this conversation to poor Alice, for it has gone well-nigh to kill her now. And here are these painted varmints come now to kill us, for what I know."

Mansfield excused himself, and retired; but not until he had promised to pay his respects again to the family.

CHAPTER VIII.

The summer sun is flaming high—
She from her lattice hangs,
Pines she for home and distant lands
With disappointment's pangs.—MRS. SIGOURNEY.

MR. MASON had, some years before, emigrated to the west, bringing with him a young and affectionate wife and her mother: for Mary was an only child, and she could not find it in her heart to abandon her aged parent. The infirmities of the old lady's temper were well known; but Mary, always accustomed to them, and habituated from childhood to submission, probably felt them less than others; and the less, it may be, because her mother lavished all the affection of which she was capable upon this, her only child, and the only object left to love. Mrs. Jones was always ready to arraign, in set terms, any omission of tenderness on the part of others, while she reserved the whole right of tormenting her to herself, being her natural parent.

We ought to have included, in the enumeration of the goods and chattels of the thrifty young farmer and his notable wife, a young girl of perhaps a dozen years, whose orphanage had been consigned to the alms-house; her well-to do relatives all declaring they had children enough of their own, and care enough of their own, without taking charge of the children of others. Had the relatives of the child been poor, they might have been better able to understand the value of human affections; and the motherless babe, cast upon the world in the widowhood of the poor mother, would have found a home in every heart, and the scanty crust had been imparted with the grace of a willing mind. But, unfortunately, the case was otherwise; and the little Anna became the property of the public, and was consigned to the matronly charities of the good woman who superintended this department of the institution. Here she was taught to read and write, to do needlework, and perform all domestic duties, and being of a cheerful disposition, and quick to learn, she became a great favorite. When, therefore, Mr. Mason proposed to take her into his own family, or, in other words, have her 'bound' to him until the age of eighteen, the good woman parted with her with tears in her eyes, and gave her a Bible, as a special token of her good will and approval.

Anna soon became as much a favorite in the family of Mr. Mason, as she had been in the almshouse, and as invaluable in household matters. In truth, she had no reason to find fault with her condition, if we except the trials to which the ill-humor of Mrs. Jones, the mother of Mrs. Mason, subjected her. But Anna's goodness of heart was proof even against these, and she was never known to rebel, except in one instance, when, after years of submission to the opprobrious epithets of the other, she one day declared solemnly she would "never again—no, never, do anything she was ordered to do, under the name of work-house gall."

The old lady took the hint, and substituted in its place Ann Spaulding, which being her real name, she could not complain of, though she would rather have chosen the more affectionate appellation of Anny, always used by her employers.

Soon after the arrangements we have named, Mr. Mason determined to remove to the west; the rich and luxuriant soil of that region holding out incalculable inducements to the farmer, accustomed to the scanty crops of our eastern shores. Anna accompanied them, and here her patience, cheerfulness, and abilities, were beyond all price. Poor Mary's health declined under the effects of the climate, and Anna watched over her with the solicitude of a sister. With endearments and caresses she strove to wile her from that sickness of the heart, that too often comes over the exile in his last moments, when he pines for the land of his birth, to breathe once more the air of his childhood, and to lay his head to rest as he did in years gone by. Oh, who can foretell that weariness of the heart, which absence from the familiar scenes of our early and innocent days brings to the way-worn pilgrim! Who calculate the strength of the bands that bind him to home!

Mary was too gentle and loving to bear the rude tempests of life; she could never smile while a shadow lay upon her sunshine; her soul was made up of love and tenderness, and it went forth in its lovingness to the bird and the blossom, the moss upon the rock, and water of the lapsing brook. These were beautiful to her in all places, but doubly so in her native place. Her thoughts were there, clinging, in the fondness of memory, to every nook and dell endeared by the recollections of childhood, and when she turned her cheek to slumber she was there in her visions. This could not last. Day after day her strength declined, and at length she died, leaving her only child to the care of Anna, imploring her to guard its infancy, and be a mother to it. Anna promised every thing; and, in the fullness of her sorrow, was ready to do any thing by which she might testify her affection for the dead. Day and night she devoted herself to the helpless infant, anticipating its many wants with the tenderness of a parent.

Mr. Mason could not be insensible to the goodness of the affectionate and devoted girl. He felt solitary and depressed, and insensibly found himself lingering by the side of Anna to caress his child, unaware that the earnest kindness and unconscious smiles of the humble maiden were bringing relief to his sorrow. Anna regarded him as her guardian, and, in the simplicity of her heart, exerted all her talents to please him. She never dreamed of the result. He was in affliction, and she strove to comfort him. She had always been mindful of his comfort, and now that he was alone and in sorrow, she became doubly so. One evening she had sung little Jimmy to sleep in her arms, and the child lay upon her lap, its sleeping face turned to the light; Mr. Mason seated himself beside her, and implored her to become, in reality the mother of the child, even as she

had been in kindness. Poor Anna looked half bewildered into his face, and burst into tears. For the first time in her life she felt that she was a servant.

"No, oh no," she answered. "I am your servant, bound to do your will as such. I cannot be your wife." And she buried her face in her hands.

Mr. Mason was greatly shocked. It was true 'indentures' had been drawn up and duly signed, but the paper had been locked up in a drawer in the old black-walnut desk, unthought of for years. Mrs Jones had undoubtedly helped to keep the memory alive in the mind of the poor girl; but neither herself nor Mary had ever regarded her in any other light than as an equal in the family; one bound to them by no ties other than those of mutual kindness and affection. Mr. Mason arose, and taking the papers from the desk, threw them into the flames, and besought her to regard herself only as the friend of Mary, and to become his wife, and the mother of his child.

Anna was for a while silent, and during this silence, such a picture of opposition on the part of Mrs. Jones, so much of petty annoyance, and daily intangible persecution presented itself to her mind, that she turned from the prospect with a feeling of horror; and she begged him to drop the subject now and for ever, adding, "I could never, as your wife, submit to the degrading treatment I now receive."

Mr. Mason understood her, and he walked the room in painful agitation. Respect for Mary had enabled him to endure patiently all the ill-humor of her mother; but was it now his duty to see the peace of his family destroyed by one whose claims were so doubtful? He wavered for a moment, and then again addressed her.

"Anna, I might say that Mrs. Jones will seek a home elsewhere; that she has no right to expect one here, only as she can bring peace to the household. But, Anna, the law of God forbids us to cast out the widow, and her that has no helper. She must remain. I will wrestle with God in prayer, and he will make the path of duty plain and pleasant before me."

Anna listened with surprise to the commencement of Mr. Mason, but as he went on, a smile of approval grew to her lip, and she held out her hand confidingly, saying, "All will be for the best. Duty can never point but one way at the same time, as you have often said. Should my presence bring you discomfort, I will go out from you, as did the bond-maiden of old."

Mr. Mason's brow contracted sharply. "Do not, dear Anna, ever speak of bonds again," and he stooped down, and for the first time in his life, impressed a kiss upon her burning cheek, and then left the room, for the step of Mrs. Jones was now upon the threshold.

Anna was undoubtedly sincere in her rejection of Mr. Mason, but his subsequent powers of persuasion were by no means inconsiderable, if we may judge from the fact, that, six weeks after, she was duly installed as mistress of the mansion; and little Jimmy began to call her mother, to the great annoyance of his grandmother, who called her "Ann Spaulding," with more vehemence than ever. She even, in the first transports of her rage, threatened to leave the house for ever; and in fact did, to the great grief of Anna, go for a few days to the house of a neighbor, declaring she could never submit to see another in the place of her "poor Mary." It is probable that the transitory fit of benevolence and neighborly kindness on the part of the hostess, soon evaporated, when thus heavily taxed; for the old lady returned, more out with the world than ever, declaring her determination to remain and protect little Jimmy from all ill-usage. Anna was glad of her return, whatever might be the motive, for she could scarcely have absolved herself from blame had she left the house on account of her marriage.

Years passed away, and Anna was even beyond her expectations, a happy wife. True she had her trials, for what woman is without them? but then her cheerfulness and unfailing good temper were of themselves a perpetual source of happiness, and with Anna there was never but one way, and that was the right way, and she had a perception to discover it as by instinct.

Little Jimmy was a lively, self-willed boy, whose attachment for his step-mother increased just in proportion as it gave discomfort to his grandmother. It must be that the sense of virture is deeply rooted in the very constitution of the human mind, and that it is its nature to discover its affinities just as chemical compounds repel or assimilate together. This principle may be stronger in some minds than in others; for some become the victims of untoward circumstances and mal-education, while there are others that nothing can corrupt or degrade; whose path is onward in spite of all obstacles, led by the inward light alone, which God has implanted in the human heart.

Mrs. Jones was always saying, "No step-mother shall ever lay the weight of her finger upon the child of my poor Mary," which Mrs. Mason had no desire to do; yet her unvarying firmness and kindness of manner insured his obedience, and Mr. Mason was careful to uphold her authority. Jimmy, therefore, became, as it were monopolized by his grandmother, whom he teased and caressed, amused and annoyed, as suited him best. Sometimes, having provoked her ire by his childish love of fun, he would flee to Anna for protection, who would envelope him in her robe, and whirling round and round good-naturedly, screen him from the effects of her wrath, till even she would laugh at the thrilling merriment of the child; for it is difficult for even the most irascible long to retain their anger against a lively child, however wayward he may be.

Notwithstanding these somewhat discordant materials, few families were more cheerful and happy than the one we have described. The out-breaking of passion on the part of the old lady were things counted on and expected, and therefore of less effect, while the equanimity of the remainder was an unfailing source of contentment.

Mr. Mason had been educated in the rigid school of Presbyterian sanctity; and though a shade of severity might mingle itself with his religious belief and Sabbath-day observances, it could not for a moment interfere with the habitual cheerfulness of his deportment. Now that he was debarred from the public worship of his Creator in a temple consecrated for that purpose, he found the overhanging woods and the blue canopy of heaven a more worthy dome in which to offer up the sacrifice of a humble and believing heart. Away from the actual temptations of life, too, he was apt to observe closely the workings of his own mind, and he learned to detect errors, to combat evils, and to settle cases of conscience with a skill that the most subtile casuist might have envied. Every Sabbath he read aloud passages from the few books that ornamented the walnut desk, consisting of two or three bibles; one of great size, embellished with mysterious-looking cuts of wood, and being protected with a stout covering of sheepskin in addition to its original binding. There was besides 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress,' 'Mason on Self Knowledge,' 'Scongal's Life of God in the Soul of Man,' which was an especial favorite, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Fox's Book of Martys,' with hideous illustrations, and an old Commentary and Concordance for the study of the Bible. There were also a few books of a miscellaneous nature, which Mr. Mason was wont to denominate 'secular,' such as 'Weems' Life of Washington,' 'Life of Marion,' 'Goldsmith's England,' and the 'Campaign of the Grand Army,' &c. &c.

Night and morning he was accustomed to read a portion of Holy Writ from the great Bible, when little Jimmy was taught to sit perfectly still, and even the grandmother seemed to feel the softening influence of family worship. She bowed her head upon her hands, while her son-in-law, erect, with his two hands resting upon the pummels of his chair, uttered the strong and fervent petitions for a pious heart, often couched in the elevated and mystical language of scripture.

CHAPTER IX.

The very echoes round this shore,
Have caught a strange and gibbering tone;
For they have told the war-whoop o'er,
'Till the wild chorus is their own.—S. G. Goodrich.

In sketching the family of Mr. Mason, we have, in part, anticipated events, and must go back to the period of the second marriage, when the relations of the natives with the whites had begun to assume, even then, appearances of hostility. Acts of violence were not rare, the uncertain tenure of land, and the scattered condition of the population, enabling them to be perpetrated almost with impunity. Necessarily subjected to the disadvantages of a territorial government, removed at a distance from the sources of the law, the infrequency and perils of travel rendering communication with other parts of the country next to nothing; the inhabitants were compelled as it were to take the administration of justice into their own hands, and there is reason to fear it was often of an unwarranted and summary character. When it is remembered, likewise, that an almost universal prejudice existed against the 'poor Indian,' that he was regarded as a prowling beast of the woods, divested of the attributes of humanity, and having no claims upon its sympathies, there can be no doubt that often, very often, the tender mercies of the whites were cruel.

The population of this part of the country consisted of emigrants from all parts of the Union, intermingled with foreigners, whom the

tumults of European politics had compelled to seek security and repose amid the solitudes of the western world. Many of these were French, and they and their descendants, from the ease with which they accommodated themselves to the circumstances of their lot, becoming almost one with the savages, adopting their costume and sharing their perils, were less obnoxious than those of any other nation. Many of the French clergy, too, men of ardent piety and great courage in the cause of their divine Master, had labored in their midst, and left the impression of their kindly humanity and untiring Christian devotion.

The family of Durand was of this description. Living upon the out-skirts of the white population, having but little intercourse with them, shunning observation, and yet averse to companionship with the natives. He was, in fact, a man of stern and unyielding integrity, of severe, almost fanatical, views upon religious subjects, making it rather a life of penance and physical abasement, than of internal spiritual worship. Early disappointments, it was said, had driven him from society, and shadowed, if they had not unsettled, the balance of his mind. He gave evidence of considerable literary attainments, and his small dwelling contained articles of luxury and elegance little to be expected in such a place. A single black servant was man of all work in the household, and seemed bound to the family by no ordinary ties of attachment. He was never weary, never fatigued, when aught could be done to promote their comfort.

Mrs. Durand was a slender, delicate woman, whose affection for her husband was so blended with timidity, as to make it doubtful whether the feeling did in reality exist. It was hinted that this had not always been the case, but that strange passages had transpired to make her what she was. Certain it is that a painful apathy chilled her faculties, except where her feelings were elicited in behalf of her children, then she was all tenderness and devotion—her soft eyes radiant with love, and her low voice meltingly sweet. There was wondrous fascination in the half-indolent, half-impassioned grace of her manner, which the spectator could never forget. The few that had seen her felt that she was no less beautiful than unhappy, and had not failed to observe the strange mixture of gentleness and fear with which she would raise her eyes to those of her husband, and then allow them to fall again under the deeply fringed lid. Her history was a mystery, and all felt it must be a painful one. She was the mother of three children, and her attachment for them could in no wise surpass that by which they were regarded by their father, especially the second daughter; who was said to inherit more of his looks than the rest, and much of his pride and loftiness of character.

Thus were they circumstanced, when a party of savages, in the broad light of day, and without provocation, fell upon the house, and mercilessly butchered its inhabitants. Alice, the oldest daughter, escaped, she could hardly tell how. She recollected witnessing, in part, the horrible work of destruction, and then she became insensible. Upon recovery, she found the house in flames, the dead bodies of her friends partially consumed, and the shadows of evening beginning to fall. Weak and bewildered, bereft of happiness and almost of reason, she turned mechanically to the direction of Mr. Mason's, that being the nearest family with which they had held any communication, although that was many miles distant. The particulars of that long and dreary journey through the untrodden forests, the perils from savage beasts and savage men, can never be known. Alice only retained a vague impression of darkness and hunger, weariness and sleep; of long, long journeyings, borne down with a fatigue that seemed scarcely to be endured; of fierce, glaring lights, like balls of fire, and hideous tramplings, and midnight howlings. How she was preserved, and how led through that desolate wilderness, can be known only to Him who heareth the young ravens when they cry, and who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb. We can only picture to ourselves the feeble steps of the lone child, her slumbers beneath the midnight canopy upon the leaves heaped by the winds, and believe that the wing of Him who never slumbereth was spread over her, and 'behold Angels ministered' to her.

Anna was just barring the door for the night, when a faint knock and a low wail fell upon her ear. Breathless with terror, she fled to her husband, believing it to be the panther, which is said to imitate the voice of human suffering in order to delude his prey. Mr. Mason then laid aside his book and opened the door, when the form of a child, with its hands spread out, fell prostrate before him. He raised her in his arms and carried her to the light, and for a while all believed that life was extinct. Slowly she returned to consciousness, but so enfeebled, that for many days all nourishment was given her with a spoon, as a nurse would feed a sick babe. Then fever and delirium succeeded, and she lay long, verging upon the very threshold of the grave. The story of the disaster became spread abroad, and excited great sympathy; for the beauty of the lady, and the mystery that enveloped her, left much for the imagination, and through that medium awakened universal commiseration. It was a fearful tragedy; years of sorrow, of concealed, heart-felt wo, with its close of blood and death.

Anna nursed the poor orphan with untiring solicitude, soothing her delirium, and calling her back to life and hope with all that love could suggest. She felt a double sympathy for her, as well for her great sufferings as her state of orphanage, thereby recalling the painful passages of her own life. Youth and its tenacity of life at length prevailed, and the lone child, with her pale, sad face, become everywhere the companion of Anna. She clung to her as if fearful that this last stay might be removed, and she be left utterly desolate. She seemed indeed too fragile, too sensitive and loving for a creature of earth, and her mild eyes and quiet smile had in them something almost too spiritual. Gradually her health became established and her cheerfulness returned, though the unbidden tears often sprang to her eyes, and her friends knew it was in memory of those who so fearfully perished. Mrs. Mason found in her a friend and companion, whose amiable and elevated thoughts helped to relieve the homeliness of household duties, to invest them with the dignity of moral sentiment, and make things, vulgar in themselves, assume a degree of elevation by the motives that dictate their performance. Even the ill-humor of Mrs. Jones became mitigated under the influence of her gentleness; for they ceased to regard it as an error to be cured, but the natural consequence of age, and its many infirmities, its solitude and hopelessness, demanding renewed tenderness and forbearance on the part of others.

CHAPTER X.

There stood the aged chieftain, rejoicing in his glory!
How deep the shade of sadness that rests upon his story!
For the white man came with power—like brethren they met;
But the Indian fires went out, and the Indian sun has set.

MRS. L. L. FOLLEN.

It had been arranged by General Harrison, that the council should be held in a small grove apart from the settlement, partly because the city afforded no convenient place of shelter, public buildings being at that time unknown, and partly to relieve the anxiety of the inhabitants, who beheld with dismay the numerous assemblage of dusky warriors in their immediate neighborhood.

It was a still, sultry day, in the month of August, when the members of the council made their appearance upon the ground; General Harrison, in the simple garb of the West, accompanied by his aids and a guard of a dozen men. It was an imposing spectacle, when this handful of men seated themselves in the midst of two hundred warriors, armed and painted, conscious of their superior numbers, stung by wrongs and disappointments, and resolved upon redress. When all were assembled, Winnemac and his warriors placed themselves by the side of General Harrison. The Shawanese neither by look nor motion betrayed surprise, and the treacherous Potawatamy scrutinized them in vain.

When all was arranged, General Harrison opened the council in a concise speech, in which he urged Tecumseh to explain his claims upon the ceded territory, and demanded the cause of his hostility to the friendly chief, Winnemac; closing with an allusion to the warriors present, calculated to allay any feeling of resentment or suspicion which they might be supposed to entertain.

Tecumseh listened apparently with deep interest, and when he had ceased, arose to reply. His voice was calm and exceedingly sweet in its varied modulations, and he gathered up the thread of discourse with a tact and eloquence worthy of the most accomplished orator. His action was at first subdued, and full of the lofty composure of the great subject which engrossed him; but as his theme enlarged, the voice and even the person of the speaker seemed to dilate with it, and he went on gathering volume and power, like the torrent in its course drawing to itself the waters of many streams, till it rolls onward to the ocean a mighty river!

"Brothers: The bird will sing all day upon the branches, content with its own melody—the bee will go from blossom to blossom, seeking the store of sweet drops—and each is content with its own. The deer sports itself in the moonshine, and the beaver looks off from its mud-house—both are content. They disturb the rights of none. They wish to be undisturbed. But go to the nest of the bird to tear its young from their home, and the helpless becomes strong. Rifle the home of the bee, and you feel its sting. Tear the fawn from the doe, and it turns at bay. The beaver will retreat through many windings, and when retreat is no more, it stays to perish with its

young. Thus is it with the red man. I will not recount his wrongs, I will not tell of the white man's weakness, and his wants, when he held up his hands to the poor Indian and asked for bread. I will not tell how the red man spread his skins to succor him, and his venison to give him strength. I will not tell of this. But look abroad—did not the Indian succor him? Lo, the whole land is wrested from the red man, and he is driven from the very soil where once the white man begged for a piece of earth in which to lay the bones of his dead. The white man has chased his red brother across the Alleghanies, and now he must come at bay. The weak is to grow strong in self-defence. He is to gather up the ashes of his dead, and here, on his own hunting-grounds—on the hearth-stones of his cabin, with his women and children about him, he is to stand on his defence. The Indian will do it. Here he must live; or if he must die, it shall be here, on this soil—this grant of the Great Spirit—here, with his women and his children about him. If he perish, the smoke of his cabins shall go up and light the great prairies; and if the white man carries his plough here, it must be over the graves of the last of our people!

"Brothers: We are weary of blood. The corn that we eat is red with blood; there is blood upon the leaves of the tree; the flower is streaked with blood. We are weary of slaughter. We would bury the tomahawk deep in the earth; the rain and the dew should fill it with rust, till it should be no more found. But we dare not bury it. We wear it at our belt, that the white man may remember that the Indian has a weapon, and he will use it; but only to defend his own land—his own cabin fire. Let the white man stay where he is, and the tomahawk is quiet in its place: let him step his foot but its length further, and it is red with his blood. Let him remember this

"Brothers: The Great Spirit has taken a cord, and has bound all the red men together. They have all spread out the hand, and grasped each the hand of his brother. There is one great chain of red men, with linked hands, from the big lakes to the warm waters of the south. The whole land west of the great mountains belongs to this one people. No tribe shall again say, 'This land is mine—I will sell it for strong drink, and muskets, and blankets;' for it is the property of the whole. The Indian shall not be driven from his fields and hunting-grounds, because strong drink has taken away his heart He is bound by the great bonds of our people to defend and preserve it. We are no more many tribes—we are one people.

"Brothers: The whites were once many tribes: they were feeble. Ships came over the big waters, and armed men to rob them. They united for defence: they became a strong people, and their enemies hurried away. So it is with the red man: he was once many—now he is one."

Turning to Gen. Harrison, and addressing his discourse particularly to him, he went on:

"Brother: You have been told that we desire war. It is false. The Indian is only resolved to defend his own. There is now one great union of the tribes. We must be treated as one people: our land belongs to the whole: our Great Father at Washington must treat us as one people: we shall make peace or war as one people I shall visit our Father at Washington, and tell him of the union of the tribes, and he will put a stop to this bartering of our rights. He will meet us as the messengers of a great people. He will put up a barrier to hold back his people. He must do it, for the Indian has now taken his stand—he is fixed to the soil.

"Brother: Should he fail to do this—should he put his hand behind him, when his red brother crosses the Alleghanies, and offers the pipe of peace, it must come to blood. He may sit over the mountains, and drink his wine and smoke his pipe, and you and I must fight it out.

"Brother: You ask why we call upon the members of the Council of Fort Wayne to answer for their conduct.

"Brother: They had taken the oath of confederation, whose penalty was death. They had clasped the hand of fellowship that made us one, and death only can restore the links. They have done robbery, in selling what was not their own, but had become the property of the whole. They have bartered, for things that decay in using, the everlasting rights of our people—the old hills, and broad hunting-grounds, willed us by the Great Spirit. Death only can wipe out the guilt. The Crooked Path only sees the sunshine of to-day: he looks not at the shadows of yesterday, nor the black clouds gathering upon the distant mountain. He sees only the smoke of his own pipe. He must die!

"Brother, I have done."

Turning to seat himself, the chief found no place prepared for him; which, General Harrison perceiving, instantly sent him one, saying, "The white father desires you to be seated."

The proud lip of Tecumseh curled with scorn, and he replied:

"The sun is my father, the earth my mother: I will repose upon her bosom:" and he seated himself upon the earth.

The reply of General Harrison was mild and conciliatory; but he had to do with an acute reasoner, and one having truth and justice on his side. He refused to recognize this new feature in the negotiations with the Indians, and contended that the chiefs who attended the Council of Fort Wayne, were the rightful owners of the land there ceded, and had received a fair equivalent therefor. He knew nothing of the union of the tribes, and declared that the great Father at Washington would never recognize their pretensions. The union was a dream. Such a thing could not exist—could not be recognized.

A smile, half mournful, half incredulous, rested upon the face of Tecumseh, at the close of this address. He sat, with his arms folded upon his bosom, involved in painful reverie, when he was roused by the voice of Winnemac, who entered upon his defence. Tecumseh arose, and vehemently stretched forth his hand:

"Let not the traitor dare to speak here, and to this assemblage, of his crime. He shall appear before the council of his own people, and plead there. He has broken his oath, and must answer for it to those who helped to administer it."

Observing a determination in the chief to go on, Tecumseh's tomahawk leaped from his belt, and he sprang forward, as if about to sink it into the brain of the traitor chief. His followers obeyed the same impulse, and stopped short, as their leader, always preserving the command of his passions, even while he seemed to give them rein, paused midway in his advance.

General Harrison unsheathed his sword, and calmly pronounced their deliberations at an end; uttering, at the same time, some words of reproach, that, for a brief moment, sent the fierce blood to the cheek and eye of Tecumseh; but immediately his proud form was erect and composed, and, waving his hand to his followers, he put himself at their head, and slowly retired from the council-ground.

The report of the tumultuous close of the council, created not a little of terror in the minds of the inhabitants. Weapons of every description were brought from musty retreats, and made ready for service. Sundry kettles of water, with dippers of goodly length, might be seen boiling, ready for use, and pokers and tongs were stationed by the doors, while broomsticks suddenly grew into great demand. When the troop, in a long file, paraded the streets of the infant city, it was hushed and motionless, as if under the influence of some powerful spell. More than one musket might be seen protruded through one of the two holes cut in the top of the doors, evidently for the purpose of letting in light, and letting out light also, in the shape of a rifle shot: but now the vibratory motion of said muskets gave strong indication of the state of nerves incident to the holder. Windows and shutters were closed, and not a child visible, except where the wild eyes of some daring little urchin were seen peering through holes in the shutter, made in the form of a heart, whither he had climbed, by the aid of tables and chairs, to get a sight of the show, or the battle, as the case might be. But the troop silently wended their way to the camp, and the inhabitants cautiously crawled out from their concealment, each casting an inquiring glance at the scalp of his neighbor, to see if that appendage still retained its allegiance. When the night closed in, precautions were not neglected, for many were assured that this appearance of quietude was only a feint, to throw them from their guard; and the stillness of the night was reserved for the attempt at destruction. Some of the more adventurous, among whom was Henry Mansfield, visited the camp at night, and were witness to the order and discipline that prevailed. It was a pleasant sight to behold the brisk fires sparkling in the green woods, the torches gleaming in long streams of light, and the dusky warriors collected in groups, or wrapped in skins, composed to undisturbed repose, while the sentries remained motionless as the huge boles against which they reclined. The night wore on in its quietude and beauty, with nothing to disturb its repose.

CHAPTER XI.

The monarch rose in musing mood,
And silent for a moment stood,
Wrapp'd in himself, as though he sought
To grasp some hidden, vanished thought,
Which, rayless, vague, and undefined,
Still seemste flit before the mind.—SEBA SMITH.

THE more Mansfield pondered upon the resemblance of the two girls, the more probable did it appear to him, that one of the Durand

family might have escaped, and have been carried into captivity; while the burning of the house rendered it difficult to ascertain the fact from the partial destruction of the bodies by the flames, and wild animals attracted to the spot.

Full of these convictions, desirous to ascertain the truth, and yet fearful of awakening hopes that might never be realized, he hesitated what course to adopt. At length, bethinking himself of the little basket presented him by Margaret, he determined to take it with him, and call upon the family; making it in one way, as circumstances might direct, the vehicle of communication.

The door of the dwelling was open, and, as he entered the little gate, he observed the family motionless about the room, and caught the sounds of Mr. Mason's voice, reading the Scriptures. He spoke in deep and solemn tones, as if every word of the divine Psalmist, all the fervency of petition and humility of self-abasement, were echoed from his own heart. "Enter not into judgment with me, O Lord, and deal not with me according to my transgressions."

It was now too late to retreat, for Mrs. Mason quietly beckoned him to approach, and Alice in silence pointed to a chair beside her, blushing slightly, and covering her eyes with her hand, while the reading went on. Mr. Mason appeared unconscious of his presence. The babe aroused, and gave two or three lively springs in its mother's lap; but Jimmy sat with his head back, his mouth open, and staring with great perseverance at the new comer. When the chapter was finished, Mr. Mason laid the Bible reverently aside, and uttering the words, "Let us pray," the whole family rose up, and continued standing over the back of their chairs, while 'the saint, the husband, and the father' prayed. It was a simple, beautiful acknowledgment of the Divine presence in that little dwelling, and even Mansfield wondered at the fervency of his own feelings, as his thoughts went up with that devout wrestler in prayer in the quietude of the evening twilight. He at first wondered at the evidently sincere confession of errors and "short comings in duty," from the lips of one whose life was apparently so blameless; but reflection soon taught him that errors are not to be estimated merely by the external manifestation of them, but by their presence in the heart. One's sense of wrong-feeling, producing a sense of wrong-doing, in proportion as the standard of moral excellence is exalted or otherwise.

The half-reckless and unreflective life he had hitherto led, seemed suddenly checked, and the holiness of the atmosphere he now breathed, come down like a refreshing, and a new beauty upon him. He cast his eyes around upon the little family, and beheld the softened look of the old dame, the hushed spirits of the gay boy, and Mrs. Mason, who had seated herself in the discharge of her maternal duty, was looking down upon her sleeping child, a soft smile about her mouth, her eyes full of maternal love, and that whole air of quietness and content which can only spring from a heart filled to the brim with its unpretending happiness. Alice, too, was at his side; her form slightly inclined, the round lips compressed, and a holy composure resting upon the sweet face, as far as it was left visible by the small hand pressed upon the eyes.

When Mr. Mason at length pronounced the word "Amen," the youth started, as if the straying of his thoughts from the sacred duty for which he had risen, were known to all present.

Mr. Mason now came forward and shook him heartily by the hand, and the rest of the family joined in the expressions of a hospitable welcome. It was evident that the labor of the family closed with the setting of the sun, for all the implements of industry were carefully bestowed in their appropriate places. The wheel of the old lady was placed in a corner, behind the cradle of the babe, and Mrs. Mason's scissors and skein of thread were hung on one nail that supported the little looking-glass, while on the other hung a pin-ball and her thimble. The table beneath was scoured to the last degree of whiteness, and on the carefully folded linen cloth, might be seen the open spectacles of the grandmother. A small birch-bark box, wrought with the quills of the porcupine, curiously colored, contained a silver thimble, some cotton, the MSS. of some old verses neatly copied, and knitting needles, with the stitches of a little stocking for the babe. Jimmy soon laid hold of the basket and carried it to Alice for her to admire. Its delicate construction attracted all eyes, and when Jimmy returned it to the owner, in obedience to the commands of his mother, Henry desired him to carry it to Miss Alice, and ask her to keep it, adding, "It was the gift of a young girl at the Indian town, remarkable for her resemblance to herself."

"Alice don't look like an Injin," said the child, stopping short.

Alice colored, and looked up in some confusion.

"Oh, no; it was not an Indian, but a—" (he was about to say beautiful, but he checked himself, and added) "a white girl, who seemed to have been adopted by the tribe."

Alice half rose from her chair: "Did you say she resembled myself?" she asked faintly.

"Remarkably; except that she was taller and darker."

"It is Margaret!" murmured the poor girl, in a scarcely audible voice, and sinking into a chair with a face pale as marble.

The good Anna came to her assistance, and Mansfield blamed his awkwardness and precipitancy in giving utterance to his convictions. When restored to consciousness, Alice desired him to describe the girl he had seen; and she listened with a trembling of the lip, a painful, earnest expression about the eye, and an anxiety of the brow, that showed that self was entirely forgotten in the interest excited by the detail. When he dwelt upon the haughty expression about the lip, Alice shook her head, "Oh, no: Margaret was so light, so joyous; and yet, when teased, she would look proud and queenly, and never cry like children of her own age. She must be greatly changed."

Placing a finger upon her brow, she bent her head as in deep thought, as if striving to restore the severed links of memory. At length she commenced in a low voice, and with the manner of one forcibly dragged back to the contemplation of horrors which he would fain avoid, and without raising her eyes from the floor.

"Yes, I think I see now how she was saved. I was always fearful and timid, but Margaret was brave. I shrank from the tempest and the lightning, but Margaret delighted in beholding all that was wild and terrible. I could never see a savage without a shudder, as if I felt the edge of the tomahawk; but Margaret had learned their dances, would adorn herself with their ornaments, and listen to their wild tales. We had been out gathering berries, when the sound of shrieks and yells caused us to turn homeward. We reached the house just to behold the babe dashed against a tree, and my mother—but I can say no more. Half in weakness, for my limbs refused to bear me, and half in cowardly fear, for my flesh winced as if the plunge of the knife were in my own body, I sank down by a pile of wood near the house, and remained concealed. Bitterly have I deplored that moment of weak terror. But the noble and intrepid Margaret hastened forward, and laid hold of the savage hand about to take the scalp from the head of my father. I shall never forget the laugh of the Indian as he dropped my father's gray locks, and seized the long curls of my sister: I grew dizzy, a mist came before my eyes, and a sensation as if a cauldron of burning lead were poured upon my brain. But I forced all back and looked on. I saw a tall powerful chief approach, with uplifted hatchet—Margaret stretched out her pale arms, and rushed forward, with wild and staring eyes. I saw no more. A mortal sickness came upon me, and when I awoke I was deathly cold, the house was in flames, and the Indians gone. I looked in the spot where I had last seen Margaret. I could find no trace of any—all, all were gone. There was nothing left but blood, blood everywhere; and there it was upon the tree, and there was a few hairs from the head of the dear—dear babe. I grew wild and reckless, and wished I too had died; and yet, would you think it, when I thought of the terrible mode—of the cold, sharp steel, I rushed away into the woods in search of life—for it struck me that the savages might return. Now that I recall all the circumstances of the case, it is more than probable that Margaret's fearless demeanor might have won the admiration of the Indians, and have induced them to spare her."

Alice ceased, and all thought it at last appeared plausible. Mr. Mason, however, cautioned Alice to think calmly upon it, for after all, it might not be Margaret; and if it were so, nothing could be gained by undue solicitude, while if it were not, all the time spent in anxiety would be just so much waste of life; for, he added, "every moment should carry with it right and good thoughts, or it is worse than lost to us."

"I am sure it is Margaret," said Anna, "I feel as if it must be so, and somehow, when that is the case, I know just how things will come out," and she put her arm about the waiste of Alice and laid her cheek upon her shoulder. Alice felt too intensely and painfully for tears, but she sat helpless, and breathing short, her face pale as ashes.

"Never worry," said the old lady, "I am sure 'tis little, Margaret. But just think how she'll be changed: She's half Injin now, there's no manner of doubt. She's as good as lost, you see, for she'll never come back again to live like other folks. She'll be kind of wild, and like to wander in the woods, and hate all manner of work, you see. I remember there was Sam Shaw; he was carried off by

the Injins, when he was nigh about ten years old, and he lived with them till he was nigh on to thirty, and then his folks hearn that he was alive—so his brother started off to bring him home. At first Sam wouldn't come, but when he was told about his poor mother who could never forget him, and who had grown gray in her trouble for him, Sam couldn't help feelin' it, and he come home. But 'twas a dreadful sight. He come home, you see, with his blanket over his shoulders, and leggins on, and a belt with his scalpin'-knife and tomahawk, and head stuck chock full of feathers. His poor mother threw her arms about his neck, for she knew him for all that, and kissed his cheek and mouth; and don't you think, there stood Sam, bolt upright, and never moved an arm, or said a word, only a foolish kind of look about the face. It enymost killed his mother. He wouldn't never hear no preaching nor praying, and nobody could make him learn to read. He couldn't lay in a bed no how, and used to get up before day-light and go off a shooting. Sometimes he would shoot the neighbor's pigs and poultry, and if they said one word, the next night he'd shoot more. He never would go to work, but there he set all day, smoking, smoking, and saying nothing to nobody. His mother took on terribly; things couldn't last so long, and at last she died. The very next day Sam was missin'. He left all his clothin', and took his gun and blanket, and 'twas supposed he went back to the Injins; but nobody knew, for he was never seen after."

All listened to the recital with a sort of painful apathy, and Alice never raised her eyes from the floor. When she ceased, Mr. Mason replied—

"It may be as you say, grandmother, for it is no ways likely that she will appear as if brought up with the whites; still I am thinking that girls don't forget such things so quick as boys. Somehow they never lose these little nice ways, when they once get them, and Mr. Mansfield says she seems nowise like an Injin."

"O let us not talk of it," said Alice, "but she must be brought home. Can we devise no method?"

"I will go myself to the Indian town," said Mansfield, "and do all I can to restore her."

Alice raised her eyes full of gratitude, to his face, and then they fell and tears gathered beneath the lids. The youth could not but look upon her sweet pale face, and he thought again how like it was to Margaret's, and yet how much it lacked that lofty look and bearing which added so much to the interest of the other.

CHAPTER XII.

For vain yon army's might,
While for thy band the wide plain owned a tree,
Or the wild vine's tangled shoots,
Or the gnarled oak's mossy roots
Their trysting place might be!—Lucy Hooper.

Unwilling to lose any opportunity to conciliate the powerful influence of Tecumseh, General Harrison resolved to pay him a visit at his encampment, in the hope that he might be won over to the American policy.

Tecumseh received him courteously, and motioned him to a seat upon the turf beside him, at the same time that he presented the lighted calumet in token of friendship. General Harrison was a brave man and familiar with Indian customs, and he seated himself with a single attendant, unarmed in the midst of these warriors of the woods, armed to the teeth. He was well aware of the effect likely to be produced upon their wild and generous natures by such tokens of confidence; and he remained for some time smoking the pipe in imitation of their own taciturnity. Occasionally, the two leaders cast looks of scrutiny upon each other, but each was an adept in the power of guarding the expression of the face, and nothing could be gathered. In the mean time the Indian fires were lighted in various directions, and the game, secured by the dexterity of the hunter and trapper, was in process of preparation. Flitches of deer, with squirrels, rabbits and other small game were suspended on wooden spits, or roasting on the coals, while those of the party whose repast was over were amusing themselves in adorning their persons, or in the many games so much in vogue with a rude people. Gradually the gamesters removed from the vicinity of the older chiefs, who had seated themselves in a circle about Tecumseh and the white General; and the low hum of their voices, mingled with the singing of the birds, and the crackling of the fires.

The shells of the squirrel rattled down upon the old leaf beneath the tree, and the night-dew still gemmed the filaments of the spider, and weighed down the head of the wild blossom. The mist from the river and the level prairie was sailing lightly off to mingle with that of the great lakes, while in the direction opposite the sun, the sky reposed like an immense dome of deepest azure. Softly above the trees arose the slender spires of thin smoke, as if many altars had been reared in the great wilderness to burn incense to Him, who is invisible.

General Harrison laid his pipe aside, and Tecumseh assumed an attitude of attention.

"Brother: We heard your talk of yesterday with regret, for we thought you had been bought over to the English; that you are becoming the foes of our white Father, the President.

"Brother: We are told that the war-belt has been sent around among the tribes, and that you only wait the movements of the British to come down with all your people to kill our women and burn our villages. Tecumseh is a great chief, but he is trying to blow smoke into the eyes of his white brothers. He talks of peace when he is planning for war. He talks of a union of the tribes for their own security, when he is planning to fight against our Father, the President, and to aid his foes."

Tecumseh replied calmly, though a fierce light burnt in his eye, and there was a slight expression of scorn about the lip.

"Brother: The path of the white man is crooked like that of the snake in the grass. The red man has tried the same path; but now it is straight forward like that of the arrow from the bow. The white man cannot understand it. He covers his face with his hand, and then says he cannot see. He puts his fingers in his ears, and says he cannot hear. Let him open his eyes and ears, and his heart will understand.

"Brother: Once the tribes were a great people, their smokes went up from a thousand hills; they were like the leaves upon the trees. They are passing away. The fox is crouched in his wigwam. The moss is thick upon his council-stones. The vine clingeth about the spear of the warrior, and the old canoe rotteth beside the lake. We are bowed and feeble. We look away to the hills, and behold the spirits of our people gathering in the land of shadows. We see them departing like the wings of the bird when storms come upon the earth.

"Brother: The Great Spirit hath revealed his will to his children. He hath bound us in one brotherhood. He opened the eyes of his red children, to perceive that his white brothers were crowding him from the earth. The plan of our white Father, the President, in buying our land, is like a mighty water that will swallow up the red men. The union of the tribes is a dam to hold it in check—to keep back this mighty water. It is no dream. The tribes are one. We will sell no more of our land.

"Brother: You have evil counsellors. They tell you we are leagued with your enemies, the British. It is false. There is no treaty except that which binds the tribes into one. If you and the British go to war you must fight it out. The Indian will fight for neither. What have we to gain by your wars? Nothing, but to be still more weakened, and then to fall a prey to one or the other of you. No: the Indian will defend his own hearths, his own graves, and only hear the roar of your battle afar off.

"Brother: The wampum-belt has been sent amongst the tribes, but it is in amity. It is the pledge of faith between us, and it means too, that we will fight against you or the British, whichever shall molest us. Respect our rights and you have nothing to fear. Plant your foot upon the red man's soil and it is felt from the Lakes, to the mouth of the great river Mississippi."

Tecumseh was followed by others, who replied at length to the charges of Harrison, and dwelt long upon the aggressions of the whites. The General, finding it vain to hope for any arrangement in accordance with his own views, arose to depart.

At this moment, Mansfield, who had accompanied him, beheld Mr. Mason and Alice approaching the spot. The former addressed them without hesitation, while Alice stood a little apart, looking anxiously upon the array of dusky warriors.

"Good morning, Gineral, you're stirrin' airly this mornin'. These varmints seem to be mighty still here. Don't you think the're hatching some plot to butcher us?" and then, without waiting for a reply, he went on.

"This young woman here is named Durand. She was one of the family murdered by the Injins, and now she is persuaded that a sister of hers is among them; only because Mr. Mansfield saw a white girl living there who happened to look like her. But I am more thinking it may be one of those French gals, that seem to like the Injins about as well as the whites. Howsomever, nothing would do but she must come out here to see Tecumseh about her, and see what can be done to bring her back."

The General addressed her courteously, and returned where Tecumseh remained standing against the trunk of a tree.

Instantly, as Alice beheld him, she exclaimed, "It is the very chief to whom my sister fled for protection:" and then, forgetful of all but her own anxious thoughts, she addressed him.

"Tell me, O chief, were you not of the party that destroyed the family of Durand?"

The warrior at once dropped the expression of apathy he had before worn, and started forward with a look of fierce displeasure, the attitude of a tiger about to spring upon his prey: "Tecumseh wets not his tomahawk in the blood of women and children. Who can point to the cabin fired by his hand? or show the scalp of an old man among his trophies?"

Assuming his wonted look of dignified composure, he folded his arms and looked upon the face of Alice, as she stood shrinking, yet resolute to pursue her holy mission. Slowly a smile grew upon the face of the chief, one of those inexpressibly beautiful smiles which rendered him so remarkable. His lips parted, displaying teeth white and even, and he waved his hand in token of silence as he was about to speak.

"Did not the maiden creep beneath a heap of wood, her lips red with the wild berry, and cheek white and cold, and there behold the death of her kindred?"

"Most true," replied Alice, "I was fearful and selfish. But O! bitterly, most bitterly have I deplored. Margaret was bold and generous, and she plead to preserve the life of those she loved. She held up her arms to you—did you spare her? does she live?" She spoke in a deep tremulous voice, her features contracted into an expression of intense anxiety, her breathing short and hurried, as if life itself hung upon her reply.

Tecumseh seemed willing to sport with her emotion. He appeared studying the lineaments of her face as it was raised to his own, and his reply was clear and studied.

"Tecumseh goes to war only with men. The blood of a child never stained his weapon. He heard the shrieks of the dying, while the followers of Winnemac, the friend of the white man," and he glanced derisively at General Harrison, "had sunk their tomahawks into the skull of their white friends. I beheld the maiden in her paleness and terror as she lay concealed, and the noble girl who would have saved the scalp of her father. Tecumseh spread his shield over her, and she was safe!"

During this recital Alice had gazed upon him with parted lips; when he ceased she breathed heavily, and would have fallen to the ground, had not Mansfield sustained her. Pressing her hand to her brow, and declining further aid, she arose and again addressed the chief.

"Can my sister be restored to us? Will she not leave her wild life, and come to live with us again? We are both desolate. Let us dwell together. I will go with you, and she cannot refuse the pleadings of a sister."

As she uttered this she laid her hand within that of the chief, and looked up with an expression akin to that of her more daring sister, repeating, "I will go with you."

Tecumseh's brow relaxed with another of those winning smiles as he replied,

"There spoke the spirit of the Swaying-Reed. Margaret is brave and beautiful—her step is light as the fawn's upon the hill. She has the eye of the hunter, and the heart of the warrior. Wisdom is upon her lips. Why should she be confined to the toil of the white man's cabin? Her free soul would spurn the thraldom. Leave her, maiden, to the freedom and happiness of the life she leads. Why should the bird be imprisoned? Why would you stop the freedom of its song? Margaret is a daughter of the woods, let her remain."

"Still I will go with you," persisted Alice. "She cannot refuse me. Oh! no, no: she will remember our mother's tears, our mothers prayers, and she will return;" the tears gathered in her own eyes, and she turned to conceal them.

"The maiden shall go with me," replied the chief, "and she shall be safe."

"It must not be," eagerly returned Henry Mansfield; "for if she goes I will be her protector."

Alice looked up, and a blush overspread her cheek and neck.

"I feel that I shall be safe under the protection of this generous chief. It were not maidenly to receive other aid. Mr. Mansfield will surely pardon me if I reject it."

The youth felt the propriety of what she said, and yet he shuddered to think of the perils to which she might be exposed in her journey through the wilderness with such an escort; the hazard from surprise, from skirmishes with ambushed foes, and the fatigues and sufferings of a long journey to one delicately nurtured, to say nothing of the dangers of a residence with them, and the improbability that Margaret would be prevailed upon to return to the settlements. All these things crowded upon his mind, and filled him with perplexity. The more he thought upon it, the more preposterous did the project appear. Its terrors grew upon the imagination every moment, and when Alice placed her arm within that of Mr. Mason, waving him a cheerful good morning, he followed her retreating figure as that of one doomed to unknown suffering.

He returned to the city, silently, by the side of General Harrison, inwardly resolving to follow the natives to Tippecanoe, and as far as possible shield the footsteps of the devoted girl. The good General came to his aid by proposing to make him the bearer of a message to the chiefs, recommending Miss Durand to their protection. He hinted, too, the propriety of delaying his departure, as well from respect to Alice as public opinion. The youth of course acquiesced, but deprecating in round terms the baseness of idle scandal, and the propensity of the world to interfere with that in which it had no concernment. His feelings softened again as he thought of the maindenly refinement of Alice; her gentleness combined with dignity; the dignity not of manner, which can be easily assumed, but that which arises from native innocence, the majesty with which goodness is always wont to invest her votaries. He recalled her smile, the tones of her voice, till the course that she would have dictated became the best of all others, and the one to be adopted by himself.

CHAPTER XIII.

We in one mother's arms were locked—
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.—CHAS. SPRAGUE.

MRS. MASON looked in the face of Alice sadly for more than a minute, without speaking, when told of her determination to seek her sister in the Indian settlement. She then gently undid her bonnet, divested her of her shawl, and stroked the soft hair upon her brow tenderly, as she would caress a sick child.

"Poor dear child," she said, "you are ill. I will make you a drink of herb tea, and put you to bed, and you will soon be better. Your hands are cold, and head burning hot. These troubles are too much for you, poor child. Grandmam, please touch the cradle with your foot, while I take care of Alice."

"I must be ready to go at early dawn," said Alice, as she looked round upon the familiar room; and it may be the thought crossed her mind that she might never return, for tears gathered in her eyes, and she bent down to kiss the cheek of little Jimmy, who was regarding her with open mouth.

"Have you gone crazy, Alice?" said the child, speaking low, and peeping at a little distance.

"Crazy! no indeed; what made you think so?"

"Why, mother says you are, and she shall watch you, so you shan't go to the Injins."

"No, James, I am going to bring home a dear sister. The Indians wont hurt me."

"They will, they will;" returned the boy, beginning to cry. "They will take your hair off your head, and roast you alive. Don't go, don't go:" and he clung his arms around her neck, weeping and sobbing.

"Dear Anna," said Alice, observing her about to make the herb tea, "don't make anything for me. I am perfectly well. I need nothing. Indeed, Anna, I am in my right mind. Is it strange that I, an orphan, with no kindred upon earth, should go a long journey, and encounter perils to recover a sister? That I should go into the wilderness to seek that which was lost? Indeed, Anna, can you not conceive how delightful it would be to have a sister?"

The young woman took her babe from the cradle, and threw her apron over her face to conceal her tears, for the old lady was regarding her with a fixed and bitter look.

"Nay, Anna," said Alice, approaching her, "you must not weep; you have been a sister to me, and I have loved you most tenderly. You have done everything to make me happy, and the Almighty will bless you for it. But, Anna, the face of Margaret gleams upon me as it did in our childhood, when our father laid his hands upon us in blessing, and my poor mother prest her lips to ours. Oh, Anna, is it strange that I, who have been so terribly bereaved, should go far to seek the only relative left on earth?"

Anna pressed the hand of Alice, but she could not speak for weeping, and the old lady scowled still more upon her

"No, child," she said, "it's nowise strange you should want to go and find your sister, and if Ann Spaulding had any kind of feeling, she would not think it was. I advise you to go, you'll never be the worse for it."

No sooner had Mrs. Jones commenced her reproaches, than Anna's tears were dried as if by magic. She wiped her eyes, and removing her apron, replied,

"I am sure, Alice, you don't think I meant to blame you for anything. But when you spoke so tenderly of a sister, I thought of myself." Here her tears flowed afresh. Suppressing them with an effort, she went on. "I thought if I only had a relative in the wide world, I would do just so. I would go into the woods, miles and miles. I would suffer hunger and fatigue, anything to tell them of my attachment, and to win their love. But oh, Alice, strangers are often kinder to us than those of our own blood. Can't we, by being loving ourselves, teach children to love?" and she drew little Jimmy to her side and kissed his cheek.

"I am sure, mother, I love you," said the boy, "and Alice, and father, and grandmam, and the baby;" and he began to tumble and frolic with it as he spoke.

"And we all love each other," said Mr. Mason, as he entered the door, and hung his hat upon a peg behind it. "I do wish, Alice, you would abandon this project. It seems to be so dangerous; and Mr. Mansfield says if you will, he will go back to the town and see if he can prevail upon her to return to us."

Alice blushed deeply. "You know he told us that she declared her determination never to return. I must go. I must see her. She grows every moment more dear to me; and if she will not come with us, I must stay with her."

"That is rather cruel, Alice," said Mr. Mason, reproachfully.

"Pardon me, I meant not so. I do appreciate all your kindness; but you cannot tell how my heart is drawn out in love to that companion of childhood."

"Say no more, Alice, say no more. I do understand all you feel; and I know that He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb will make all things work together for your good. Let us assemble around the family altar, and ask His blessing upon all that we do." Taking down the large bible, he read the beautiful and affecting language of the Saviour as given by St. John, "Let not your heart be troubled," &c, then laying aside the sacred volume, he, with more than his ordinary fervency, poured out his desires before the Infinite, the Great Father, who knoweth all our wants, and is ever ready to impart wisdom and strength.

When Alice retired to her bed, it was with more of hope and happiness than she had known for many years. She could think of Margaret only as the same ardent, joyous being she was at the time of their cruel separation, and she doubted not her heart would as readily respond to the language of affection. Then, she thought of the young stranger who had so kindly interested himself in her behalf. She tried to think it but the dictate of common humanity; but still she dwelt upon his noble features, his manliness and kindness of manner, till even his image grew indistinct in the shadowy visions that gathered around her slumbering pillow.

With those in the middling classes of life, benevolence is not confined to its mere expression: it goes forth into active kindness, and prompts to a thousand offices of love and forethought, scarcely dreamed of by those who entrust everything to the care of servants. The simple wardrobe of Alice was arranged entirely by Mrs. Mason; for in the tenderness of her solicitude, she would scarcely allow Alice to do anything for herself. The old lady busied herself in preparing dough-nuts and other little dainties for her use on the journey, sewing them into the white napkin with her own trembling hands.

It was a sad day when Alice mounted the steed prepared by Mr. Mason, and bade adieu to the little family. Many were the tears shed, and the last words of caution and advice; and then, when the sound of her horse's feet died away in the distance, Anna threw herself upon her bed, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She wondered more than ever that she could have parted with her, and she felt how lonely would she herself be in the long summer days when her husband was away in the field, and she should have no one to speak to, no kind face to which she might appeal when wearied with the ill-humor of the old lady. Even the old dame sat rocking her body back and forth, occasionally giving utterance to a deep groan, and an ejaculation, "It is the Lord's will."

Mr. Mason took his leave as the Indian cavalcade commenced their march. When it was rumored that Alice Durand was going to the Indian village in search of a lost sister, many of the inhabitants of the city came out to get a glimpse of her sweet face, and to utter a benediction upon her innocent head. Though personally known to few, her misfortunes were known to all; and scarcely a dry eye followed the beautiful white girl, as her slight figure disappeared in the distance, where she rode beside the stately form of Tecumseh.

Henry Mansfield had not ventured to say adieu, and for awhile Alice looked searchingly among the crowd, hardly daring to say even to her own heart, it was for him; but when he came not, a faint sigh stole from her lips, and she inwardly said, "I ought not to have expected it." She had known so much of sorrow, that disappointment never came unlooked for. In the meanwhile, Henry stood apart, leaning against a tree, his arms folded across his breast, and his face pale as marble. He looked upon her white cheek and slight frame, and shuddered to think of the sufferings to which she might be exposed. When General Harrison gave her his paternal benediction, he envied him the privilege and the assurance which his age and character imparted, and thought how he should have stammered in uttering the simplest thing at such a time. Slowly the crowd dispersed, each with his own comments, and all ominous of evil. Many were the glances sent to catch a last glimpse of the fair girl; and her beauty, her gentleness, and misfortunes became the more impressive, as perils thickened about her. So Death, the great scorcher of living hearts, buries the faults of the dead only to open the eyes of the living to their own, and all errors are the more glaring as the spirit brings 'all things to recollection,' whatsoever was lovely in the departed.

Alice had mingled but little among them, and her face was scarcely known; and now, as they beheld it for the first time, and in the act of self-sacrificing affection, it became invested with a mysterious and spiritual beauty, which all were ready to believe ominous of the doom that awaited her.

Mansfield saw and felt all this, and the tears started to his eyes as he thought his should be the privilege to be with the sweet girl in the long and perilous march, to shield her from evil, and anticipate her wants; and so respectful should be his attentions, that even Alice, delicate and maidenly as she was, should receive them as from a brother: for was she not as a sister to him? He trembled as he thought; for the emotions awakened by her calm and simple beauty, were so unlike those from beholding the more radiant Margaret, that he was sure they could be no more than the tenderness one would feel for a gentle and suffering sister.

Tecumseh had sent on the main body of his warriors in advance of his own little escort, that was to accompany Alice; and he now adapted his pace to her comfort, with a refinement worthy of a higher state of cultivation. Alice, though apparently timid and distrustful, had still all a woman's fortitude and resolution, when thrown upon her own resources. As the dangers of her situation grew upon her imagination, and, in the solitudes of the forest, appeared greater than they were in reality, she felt her own nature grow strong within her, and resigned herself to her situation with a spirit prepared for any emergency. She looked in the face of her noble conductor, and read there so much of all that is best in the human heart, that a strange and unlooked-for sympathy took the place of that awe with which she had hitherto regarded him. She saw him choose out the smoothest and most sheltered paths, that the low wood or the burning sun might not incommode her; and that, too, while his followers dashed on, regardless of all impediments. In fording the streams that swept across their path, he took the bridle of her horse, and led him through the torrent, gratified to perceive in her no womanly tokens of fear. At noon, he spread skins for her to repose under the shadow of the woods, and brought water with his own hands from the brook, as she partook of their simple repast. His words were few, but always in a voice low and winning, with that same remarkable smile, that contrasted so strongly with the usual sad and even stern expression of his face.

They had emerged from the woods, and were in the outskirts of a prairie, that undulated far off upon the horizon like a sea of verdure, when Tecumseh paused upon the elevation they had gained, and cast his eye over the broad prospect that opened before them. In the rear, growing dim and indistinct in the distance, appeared the clustered dwellings of the white settlers, with their waving fields of grain and cultivated enclosures. At their right swept far off a forest of green trees, as yet untouched by the axe of the settler; the old primeval woods reposing in the dim majesty of many centuries, and their giant arms outstretched in the regal pomp of by-gone and un-

counted years. At the left were vistas in the green woods, bright streams, smiling and singing onward in the summer light, sheets of water in which the water-fowl dipped its beak, and the trees stooped down to the very brink, as if in love with their owa images reflected in the crystal beneath. The smoke of the Indian wigwam went up like a scarcely perceptible mist in the thin air, and through the long perspective might be seen herds of deer, with their antlered heads proudly elevated, and their penciled limbs scarcely visible in the speed of their motions. In front was the great prairie, relieved by a long line of hills painted upon the horizon, and the mist that hung over the great lakes disposing itself into clouds of every variety of form, stretching high up into the azure vault, or reposing like fairy isles in a sea of blue.

Tecumseh drew to the side of the maiden.

"Is it not a worthy inheritance?" he said, as he stretched out his arm, and circled slowly the glorious picture beneath them.

"Beautiful! most beautiful!" responded Alice; and in the gush of her enthusiasm, the tears gathered to her eyes, and she turned from the beauty of the earth and looked in the face of her noble conductor.

Tecumseh regarded her with a saddened smile; and Alice felt, were it not for the majesty of his sorrow, she might have dared to pity the chief, whose thoughts she knew were dwelling upon the former glory of his people, and their present feebleness and decay. As it was, she could feel nothing but a strange admiration and sympathy. Her eyes fell slowly, and a sigh escaped her bosom. The chief moved not, but he answered the sigh heavily.

"Maiden, the white man is spared, only that the Indian remembers that such as thou art dwell with him. But the Indian's wrongs are many and great. Look around us: all that you behold was once his: it was the gift of the Great Spirit. He built his fires and pursued his game, and there was nothing to make his heart faint. But it is past. The Indian is an outcast and a wanderer. The white man marches up with fire and sword, forward, forward: and the deadly bullet is sent before him, and the warriors retreat, shielding their women and their children, and falling down to die in the vast wilderness; and the few that are left will be lost in the great waters of the setting sun."

This was uttered in a deep, solemn voice, with slow, melancholy action; and, in its dying close, Alice seemed almost to behold the extinction of the tribes. She clasped her hands over the saddle, and looked wonderingly up as the chief went on. His eye kindled, and his action assumed greater animation, though he never for a moment forgot the gentleness of the fair girl at his side.

"But, maiden, the Great Spirit has decreed that his children shall no more flee like the deer before the hunter. He has commanded them to drive the whites to the other side of the great mountains, and there hold them at bay. The white man must leave the Indian to hold this side of the mountains as his own. The Indian hath planted his foot; it is the soil of his fathers. He will build his smokes here—die here; or blood will come of it!"

Alice turned pale, as the picture of burning dwellings, and slaughtered inhabitants, presented itself to her eye, and she replied earnestly: "The red chief is generous; he is humane; he will not dip his hands in human blood. He has mothers, and sisters, and children among his own people, and he will have compassion upon those of his white brother."

"Nobly hast thou spoken, maiden; Tecumseh delights not in war He will visit our white father at Washington, and tell him to stop the purchase of our lands. He will remove his people quietly into his own land, and leave us ours. The high mountains must be a wall to divide the red man from the white: they are not the same people—they cannot live together. True, maiden, we have wives and daughters; and it is for their defence that the Indian has united to become one people. But, think you, when the white man bends his lips to the cheek of the beautiful, that he remembers the Indian is drawn to the maidens of his own people with a like emotion? No, no! he is but as the wild beast that prowleth in the desert, to whom love and gentleness are unknown."

Alice bowed her head, for she felt there was too much of truth in what he uttered. Tecumseh mused a moment in silence, and then, giving the reins to his horse, they entered upon the prairie. Desirous to change the current of his thoughts, Alice ventured some inquiries as to Margaret. She raised her eyes timidly to the face of her dusky guide, and a momentary fear came over her; but the thought of Margaret again assured her, and she spoke.

"Is Margaret beloved of the Indian maidens? Is she joyous and beautiful? or has she ceased to be the gay, proud girl that we once loved? Oh, if I could see her look as she once did! hear her speak, and see her smile, as she did when we were children together, life would be too blissful!"

The chief listened with a smile. "The Swaying Reed is beautiful; hers is the beauty of the wild blossom, the smile of the sun when he stealeth through the leaves to play upon the still waters, and the wind awakens it to dimples. Her voice is sweet as that of the spirit-bird, that singeth all night amid the branches. The maiden is proud, and wise, for the Great Spirit talketh to her in her slumbers."

"But has she forgotten to worship the God of her fathers—to bow down to the one only true God?" asked Alice, earnestly, as she, for the first time, began to feel that the bonds of sympathy might have become weak between them.

A shade stole over the features of the chief. He was silent for nearly a minute before he replied.

"The Swaying Reed worships the Great Spirit, but not like her white fathers upon bended knees and with loud words, in temples reared by skilful hands, with the music of many voices. No! she folds her hands upon her bosom, and in the solitude of her own thoughts, in the calm of the great woods, her spirit goeth forth, and mingleth with the universal spirit, till she is a part of all that is good and infinite about her. The broad arch of the overhanging sky, with the light of innumerable stars—the green earth, with its old woods and bespangled blossoms; the drapery of many clouds, and ascending mists, are to her a temple of adoration. The sound of many waters, the melody of birds, and the swaying of trees, send up their tones of worthiest music; and her thoughts blend in the midst, like the sweet offering that the sleeping plant sendeth upward as the shadows of evening gather about it."

Alice listened, enchanted by the fervor and unlooked for eloquence of the chief; and, for a moment, she could not but feel how much more worthy were the temple he had described, than the most gorgeous tabernacle reared by human hands—the worship from such an altar, than the most elaborate ceremonial of human institutions. Still she would rather have known that Margaret, mindful of early instruction, had knelt by her bed night and morning, and prayed, as had been their wont in childhood. This vague and solitary worship, did it really exist, seemed to her pious mind, always accustomed to times and forms, so precarious, that she hardly dared to call it worship. Gradually the impression of abstract truths faded from her mind, and slowly a fearful surmise gathered upon it, assuming form and distinctness. It passed over her like an unearthly chill; and so palpable did it appear, that she felt as if a fearful gulf already separated the lost and beloved from herself, and from all companionship and sympathy. She looked upon the chief, with his manliness and beauty, his winning smile, and melodious voice; his passionate, and yet subdued eloquence; his humanity, and yet well-known courage in battle; and as all these things gathered upon her fancy, his person seemed to assume still more of majesty and beauty; and she grew sick at heart, as she thought how unlikely it was that a maiden like Margaret, ardent, proud, and enthusiastic, should resist so many attractions, when deprived of the society of her own people, and subjected entirely to their influence. A sylvan picture gathered upon her mind's eye, of a cot away in the woods, in the midst of vines and gushing waters, and Margaret standing at the door in robe of skins, and armed with bow and quiver. Margaret seemed already lost to her for ever, so vivid became the picture, and she spread out her hands for support.

Tecumseh looked upon her with amazement; and, lifting her from her horse, placed her gently under the shadow of the trees—for they had reached one of those little islands, as it were, of trees, that occasionally rise, like the oasis of the desert, in the midst of the surrounding wilderness of verdure.

"I have seen a strange dream," said Alice, recovering. "I thought Margaret had ceased to love her own people; that she would no more return to us. I saw her away in the wild woods, proud and beautiful, but in all respects like an Indian maid."

Tecumseh's eye gleamed with a wild and startling brilliancy. He looked off into the blue space, and a smile almost of triumph rested upon his lips. It may be that a new dream came to his own spirit—one that, in the midst of his ambition, and labors of patriotism, had never before distinctly came to his eye. *He* beheld, too, the vine-covered wigwam, the beautiful girl in her sylvan robes, and the eye growing more radiant at his own approach. Alice felt that her worst suspicions were confirmed, but great was her relief when the chief replied.

"Fear not, maiden, that the Swaying Reed has learned to weep, and to love. She is alone with her own thoughts,"—he might have said more, but Henry Mansfield, emerging from a clump of trees, reined up his steed by their side, and he was silent. A glad smile for an instant lighted the face of Alice, and a crimson blush overspread cheek and brow. Tecumseh greeted the youth with one of his blandest smiles, and the party again sat forward.

It would be uninteresting to follow their route through that wild and beautiful wilderness; to describe their encampments for the night, and the tender and respectful attentions bestowed upon Alice through the long journey. As they approached the village, the sun was near its decline; and the rich crimson tints were spread out upon the river, and lighted up vine and tree from the sombreness of their repose, as if a trail of glory delightedly lingered about the green earth. Alice felt her heart beat wildly as she approached, and her breath came thick and heavily. A thousand pictures were presented to her mind, gloomy and disheartening, till she grew exhausted at the contemplation. Tecumseh conducted her by the river path to the bower before described, in which he knew that Margaret would be likely to repose at this hour of the day. Alice caught a view of a maiden half reclining in the shadow, caressing a white fawn at her feet; and she saw that she raised her eyes, blushing deeply at the entrance of the chief. He stepped aside, and revealed the form of Alice. Margaret's radiant eyes assumed an expression of searching interest; her bosom slightly heaved, and she became deadly pale. Still she neither spoke nor moved. Alice rushed forward, and knelt by her side; and, putting her arms about her neck, whispered, "Do you not know me, my own dear, dear Margaret?" She felt herself slightly repulsed—the girl sighed heavily, raised her eyes reproachfully to those of the chief, and fell fainting to the ground.

Alice felt a dizziness and sickness of heart gathering about her, and all her dreams of attachment and sisterly sympathy seemed suddenly to evaporate in thin air. She groaned heavily, and pressed her hand to the cold brow of Margaret.

"Oh, God! that we should be spared for this. Margaret, dear Margaret, say but one word—say that you love me, and I will return again through the wild woods, and trouble you no more."

Margaret's cold eyes were fixed upon her face without a single token of recognition. Her hands were clasped, and her brow contracted, and yet there was no look of severity, nothing but a fixed, long look of utter wretchedness.

Alice burst into tears and was silent. Suddenly a painful thought crossed her mind.

"Oh, can it be? Do I behold you, Margaret, but a wreck of your better nature; the victim of cruelty and oppresion?" and she again drew her to her bosom and kissed her white lips.

Margaret gently repulsed her, and turned away her head. But the fire came to her eye, and she held up her delicate hand as if to say, "Do these look like bondage or cruelty?" Alice turned appealingly to the chief.

"The Swaying Reed hath been like the blossom sheltered in its green covering, and away from the breath of the storm."

Margaret rose up, and with tottering steps approached the cabin of Minaree. As her eye rested on the face of Ackoree, the beauty of the tribe, her step became firmer, and a portion of her former pride gathered about her motions. Alice followed mechanically behind her, feeling as if the golden bowl of existence had been suddenly dashed to the earth. What was all the beauty of earth and sky to her, all of human hope and happiness, when the one only staff on which she had ventured to lean was thus thrust from beneath her. The friendly chief looked pityingly upon her, and gave his arm for support, but she turned away saying, "Leave me to die, for life is a weariness." Entering the cabin, she seated herself upon the skins, motionless and tearless. The good Minaree spread her repast before them, but neither could speak or eat.

The twilight faded away, the bright stars came forth, and the full moon stole in through the open portal, revealing the two sisters, awake and motionless, each full of her own wild and troubled thoughts. Each was deathly pale, and each felt and marvelled at the strange repulsion that was thus separating two whose childhood had been so full of sympathy. The torch of Minaree had been long extinguished, and her regular breathings betokened the depth of her slumber. Alice arose and looked forth, and she shrunk with awe from the wildness and beauty of the scene spread out before her; the dim forest approaching the very threshold, and the sound of the fox, with its sharp barking, and the long, melancholy cry of the owl, uttered almost at her ear. Near the banks of the river, motionless in the moonlight, and thrown into bold relief by the sparkling waters, appeared the statue-like form of a warrior, keeping watch over the slumbering village. All was so hushed and gloomy in its midnight grandeur, that her own desolateness weighed the heavier upon her spirits. Closing the portal, she exclaimed, "Oh, my God, that I should have forgotten thee in this hour of trial!" And she sank upon her knees, in the very agony of prayer, uttering the sorrows and the desires of a stricken heart. Her voice was tremulous, and choked with tears. As she went on, the soft arm of Margaret encircled her neck, and she whispered, "Alice, my dear, dear sister!" Their lips met, and they wept long upon the bosom of each other; and when sleep stole to their lids, it found them clasped in the embrace of childhood.

CHAPTER XIV.

A loneliness that is not lone,
A love quite withered up and gone.—J. R. LOWELL.

SHORTLY after the return of Tecumseh, the party, which he had sent off to intercept, and, if possible, capture Winnemac and the other treacherous chiefs, returned from their unsuccessful enterprise. The wily chiefs knew too well the dangers to which they were exposed, to omit any precautionary measure. It required the most experienced observation, and the keenest instinct of the savage, to detect the almost imperceptible trail. But it was detected and followed with the certainty and keenness of the bloodhound in pursuit of its prey. The crushed blossom and the tangled grass, though restored to their original position, could not escape the practiced eye of the Indian. The twig slightly bent, the moss imperceptibly rubbed off, were so many guides to direct his footsteps. As he neared the foe, the whirring of the partridge alarmed in its covert, and the quick wing of the wild bird, as it hurried away, told of his vicinity. The crack of a twig, the rustle of the dry grass which he alone could distinguish from the foot of the wild animal, admonished the pursuer to move warily, or he himself might be betrayed. Each party fed upon the dry provisions of his pouch, or such berries as appeared in their path, without venturing to light a fire, as the smoke would tell the tale of proximity. At night, the pursuing party beheld the other sleep, with weapon in hand and a trusty and vigilant guard. The orders of Tecumseh were, strictly, to shed no blood, as the motive might easily be misapprehended; and he had resolved to bring the chiefs before a grand council of the whole confederated tribes, and there, in the united presence of the representatives of those whom they had wronged, pronounce their condemnation, and offer them on the shrine of Indian patriotism.

For the purpose of assembling this great council, Tecumseh proposed to summon the various chiefs to a meeting upon the banks of the Wabash. He earnestly besought his followers to adhere to the principles of pacification; to disregard those British agitators, who, taking advantage of the growing hostility between the two countries, were desirous to conciliate the aid of the northern tribes, as powerful auxiliaries in a frontier warfare. He represented to them in glowing colors, the perils to be hazarded, and the small prospect of advantage to be gained by joining themselves to either of the belligerent parties. They were a nation by themselves, with interests to be promoted, and rights to be maintained, and he besought them to peril nothing by an indiscreet participation in the coming troubles. An uncompromising neutrality was their safest and best course. He urged upon them the necessity of study in the arts of war, the practice of their national games and festivities, and all those exercises, whether of war or peace, that were necessary for their improvement or security.

Eliskwatawa enforced the instructions of his brother by rites and incantations, for the voice of the Great Spirit had mingled with the visions of the night, and represented to him the future glory of the tribes. He had beheld cities and towns, rivalling the prosperity of the whites, gradually filling the great valley of the Mississippi, and a people prosperous and happy, rejoicing in equable laws, and free from the vices of the white man. He had looked upon the stars, and they in their courses fought against the white man.* Wrong to the Indian, injustice of every kind, and war and bloodshed were preparing a fearful retribution for the white man. The storms and frosts of winter were passing away, and the tribes were rousing themselves from their long slumber, and ready to go forth in the strength of other years. The massasauga lay no longer coiled in the cleft of the rock, feeble and inanimate, but with glittering eye, and radiant hue, rolled

* "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera," seems to be a beautiful astrological allusion.

itself onward, with neck erect and fang ready to strike its deadly poison into the veins of its foe.

Kumshaka listened to the fervid eloquence of his brothers, in gloom and silence. New and vindictive passions were at work in his bosom, and he inwardly resolved that at least Tecumseh should be dashed from his proud preëminence, let the consequence be what it might. What to him were the dreams of ambition, the glory of his people, who brooded in selfish discontent over his own disappointed hopes, and dark plans of revenge. He had preceded Tecumseh on his return to the village, and half in idleness, half in awakened interest, had sought out Ackoree.

He found her on the bank of the river, slowly drawing a net to the shore; her small fingers grasping the threads; her long hair falling forward, revealing the faultless neck and shoulders on which glistened the coral beads, which he had placed there. The sound of steps arrested her, and still holding the net through which the scaly captives were just visible, she held back her long hair, and turned partially round. Her bright eyes gleamed with more than their wonted brilliancy, and the ready smile was upon her lips; again dropping her hair, she playfully yielded the net to the chief, and seated herself upon a projecting rock while he drew it to the shore. This done, the chief seated himself by her side, and played with the long glossy threads of her hair.

Ackoree was even more than ordinarily gay, and her clear laugh floated away on the air, and stirred up the gratified echoes. And what seemed surprising in one so gay and giddy, she required a full account of the proceedings of the late council, and the probable course to be adopted by the tribes. While her companion went on with the details, all the levity in which she had hitherto indulged, disappeared from her manner, and she listened with composed and engrossed attention; when he ceased, she replied slowly, without raising her eyes from the ground,

"So, then, the fang is to be extracted from the massasauga, that he may shake his rattles, but do no mischief. Tecumseh would bury the hatchet, lest its edge should terrify his white bride."

"The white girl who has just entered the village, is nothing to Tecumseh. She is the sister of the Swaying Reed."

"Very true; but Tecumseh is much, very much, to the Swaying Reed:" and she fixed her eyes stedfastly upon the face of the chief, to see what effect her words might produce.

He drew in his breath, and his eyes glittered with the intensity of the serpent about to spring upon its victim; clenching the locks of hair firmly in his hands till the indignant beauty colored with rage, he demanded in husky tones what she meant. "Have they dared to love?"

Ackoree disentangled her hair, and uttered a low scornful laugh; for rage and jealousy were both at work in her bosom.

"Dare! why should they not dare, what Kumshaka had dared before them? The Indian is to dwell side by side with his white brother, that the white bride may be at ease in her wigwam."

"And the voice of the Great Spirit, and the language of the stars are only to help out an affair of love!" said the chief, bitterly. "I will expose their jugglery. The Indian is duped by his own leaders. The confederation is but a device to make him powerless and to protect the whites." But even while he spake the blood rushed to his cheek, for his heart gave the lie to his lips.

Ackoree saw that her poison had taken effect, and assuming an air of gentleness and composure, she laid her hand upon that of the chief, and replied, softly,

"Tecumseh is wary and powerful. Would the chief rush unarmed into the very jaws of the panther? Would he seek the den while the dam is by to guard it? Surely, it were better to wait till she is out in quest of prey."

Kumshaka caught at the idea with avidity; for, vain and impulsive, he readily adopted the suggestions of others, thereby saving himself the labor of investigation. He looked admiringly upon the vindictive girl, and the activity of the like passions operated as a bond of sympathy between them. Taking her passive hand in his, he replied,

"Thou art most beautiful, Ackoree, and wisely hast thou counselled. Tecumseh will depart to assemble the great council, and then shall be the time to act. If the white girl becomes his bride, the scalps of her people shall line the entrance to her wigwam."

Ackoree withdrew her hand. "Kumshaka follows a shadow. He is in pursuit of the bow that rest upon the tops of the trees, but vanishes as he draws near."

"I will follow it no more. The Swaying Reed is as nothing to me, except as she can feel my vengeance. But tell me, Ackoree, how do you know of their love?"

"We stood together when your party returned to the village. Tecumseh was not with you. I looked into the face of the white girl, and she knew it not. The heart of the white girl could be read upon her cheek, for the blood went and came, and her eye wandered from chief to chief, and then was fixed long upon the woods, to see if he came from thence. 'Tecumseh has not returned,' I said. She tried to smile, to speak, but my eye was upon her, and she felt that I knew all. She turned away and was silent."

She had scarcely finished her recital, when a harsh voice was heard to utter her name several times in a peevish accent, and Ackoree, obedient to the summons, gathered up the net and hastened away.

CHAPTER XV.

Oh, long shall I think of those silver bright lakes,
And the scenes they revealed to my view,
My friends, and the wishes I formed for their sakes,
And my bright yellow birchen canoe.—H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

THE morning after the arrival of Alice, Margaret arose lightly from her slumbers, while the sun was as yet invisible above the horison. Minaree was already abroad, and there was no one to observe emotions which she might otherwise have concealed. She remained long, stooping over the form of her sleeping sister, as if analyzing every feature, to see how well it harmonized with the recollections of her childhood. As she continued to gaze, her bosom heaved with sighs, and tears stole from beneath her lids. Memories almost obliterated awoke to new life, and she lived once more, in the midst of love and happiness in that sweet home away in the deep woods. The voices of childhood came to her ear, and she heard again the language of prayer. Clasping her hands, the sacred duty sprung to her lips. It was a lovely sight to behold that proud and beautiful girl, in her strange wild dress, bowing in lowly devotion over the form of her sleeping sister, whose presence had awakened all the gentle harmonies of her nature.

An unwonted softness stole over her manner, displacing a portion of that coldness and pride which had won for her not less the admiration, than the reverence of the rude people in whose midst she had been thrown. She took the garments of her sister, and examined their, to her, singular construction; for though she had never entirely forgotten the costume of her earlier days, and had in some measure adapted her own garments to it, yet the recollection had become dim and indistinct. She placed her small foot within the slipper, and walked back and forth, evidently pleased with the symmetry it helped to reveal. Alice turned in her departing slumbers, and Margaret restored the garments to their former position, and seated herself to comb and brush her abundant hair, using for the former purpose bones of the fish, skilfully inserted in a piece of wood. The brush was made of the stiff hairs of the buffalo, richly wrought with the quills of the porcupine.

Alice opened her eyes, and spread out her arms to embrace her, but Margaret only indicated her consciousness of the motion by a smile, as she continued her occupation. Minaree soon entered with fish, for their morning repast, which she proceeded to roast between two flat stones covered with coals. Alice herself prepared a cake to be baked in a similar manner. Margaret brought in fruits, and a vessel of water, and another containing a beverage prepared from the sap of the maple. The breakfast was spread upon a rude low table, at which the two sisters were seated, while Minaree chose to take her's in her lap, not precisely in the manner in which ladies take their tea when 'carried round,' as it is called, but bearing a strong analogy thereto; thus showing in these two opposite situations in life, as well as in all others, that extremes always approximate. Margaret looked timidly in the face of her sister, for she had not forgotten the usages of her early life; and Alice folded her hands, closed her eyes, and in a low voice pronounced an appropriate grace.

Alice found the resources of the cabin much greater than she had anticipated. Margaret had instructed Minaree in many things unknown to her people, and the good woman, being naturally of a patient and thrifty turn, had busied herself cheerfully in preserving many things for winter use, which could only have been suggested by the superior resources of Margaret. These were stores of grapes dried carefully in the sun, bearing no mean resemblance to imported raisins; honey from the wild bee, preserved in gourds, covered with thin leaves of the birch bark; sugar from the sap of the maple tree, in vessels of bark; and berries of different kinds made into sweetmeats; dried fish and venison; a small delicate fish of the trout kind,

which was considered a great luxury. It was first prepared by immersing it in the oil of the bear, while fresh, for a few days, and afterward putting them away in gourds sealed, and then cased in clay and dried in the sun. In this way they were excellent for a great length of time, improving by age. There were also pulse, corn, and wild rice, as also a species of wild wheat, which could be converted, by means of pounding, and afterward grinding between flat stones, into excellent cakes.

Alice soon helped Margaret to improve the taste as well as the comforts of her cabin, by the manufacture of many things which her superior ingenuity and experience suggested. Henry Mansfield, and even the young men of the tribe were ready to construct frames for their wicker-chairs, and helped Minaree not a little in making a more ambitious table; for so winning and gentle were the sisters, that they felt a new pleasure in promoting their comfort, perhaps the more, that many articles afterward found their way to their own cabins; to say nothing of the nice cakes furnished for the breakfast of some young warrior, prepared by their own hands, and borne by the faithful Minaree. The good woman was slow to adopt improvements for herself, but gratified in everything that imparted pleasure to her foster-child; and when, after many days of labor, she beheld one side of her cabin covered with a rush mat, and chairs and a table, on which lay the Bible of Alice, and a rude chest with robes, belts, and moccasons, carefully disposed, her joy knew no bounds. She saw Margaret open and close the lid, seat herself upon the chairs, survey herself in the small glass, re-arrange the combs and brushes, walk across the mat, and then look full of smiles into the face of Alice.

Suddenly she ceased the little pantomime, and her face grew sad; a heavy sigh escaped her, and she stood pale and motionless. Alice would have embraced her, but she repelled her approach, and aking down her bow and quiver, hastened from the cabin. Alice ollowed her proud and graceful figure, as with light and bounding steps she disappeared in the dim woods, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. All the little comforts of civilized life, which she had endeavored to bring about her sister, thereby to awaken a desire for them, and to lure her imperceptibly back to her old associations and pleasures, she felt had served as a momentary gratification, exciting wonder rather than affection; and she felt she was still wedded to her wild life. Other suspicions, too, were gaining strength upon her mind, and her own loneliness weighed heavily upon her.

Scarcely had the sisters one morning completed their repast, when Tecumseh, accompanied by Henry Mansfield, entered the lodge. Alice gave her hand to the chief with an open smile of pleasure, and Margaret coldly laid her's in that of Mansfield. Both blushed deeply and seemed embarrassed. Tecumseh's stay was short, for he was about to start upon his journey for the purpose of assembling the old men of the different tribes, and his time was precious. Turning to the sister's he said in a voice, tremulous, and deep, "When Tecumseh returns, the white maidens will be away with their own people; but let them not forget that the poor Indian spread his mat to shelter them, and brought his game to give them life. Tecumseh had broken bread with the white man, and he could never forget it."

Margaret's cheek was very pale. Alice arose earnestly, the tears gathering in her eyes, and taking the hand of the chief in both of hers, she replied—

"We can never, never forget your generosity, and with us, Tecumseh will be the name for all that is noble, and excellent. We will pray always that the Great Spirit may bless you, and reward you for all that you have done for Margaret."

Tecumseh bent his head, and the plumes of his helmet concealed his face. When he turned to take his leave of Margaret, she had left the cabin. Leaving Alice, he bent his steps to the arbor of vines on the bank of the river.

Margaret had buried her face in her hands, and lay prostrate upon the leaves of the floor, while low sobs burst from her lips. Tecumseh raised her from the ground, and remained silently and sadly regarding her. Had he spoken—Margaret might have wept on, for her heart was now open for the reception of sympathy, and unwonted emotions were stirring in her bosom; but his silence served to call up her native pride, and she stood up, and flung back the curls from her brow, and the tears from her eyes, as if her's were a nature to which weakness, and the melting mood of womanhood were unknown.

Tecumseh's eye kindled with admiration. "Tell the white man," he said, "that the Swaying Reed learned her pride in the wild woods, and her freedom and nobleness under the clear sky, and by the many waters of the red-man. Tell him too, that Tecumseh will watch for the happiness of the Swaying Reed, and for every tear that falls from her eye, shall answer a drop from his heart. If her eye grows dim, or her step heavy, Tecumseh will be there to avenge her wrong. Tell him too, that the Swaying Reed has been to Tecumseh what the shower is to the earth, the sun to the blossom, or the bird to the forest. She has been the one star in a night of storms: that when she is gone, the light will have gone out upon his path."

Margaret trembled violently.

"Tesumseh, I shall never return to my people. I will live and die here. I would that Alice had never heard of my existence, that she might be spared the pain of this."

Tecumseh shook his head. "Nay, nay, the white maiden will long for companionship. She will be like the bird alone in its nest, and she will listen to the melody of love. She would spurn the red man, for he cannot woo her as would one of her own people, on bended knee, and with honied words;" and as he spoke his voice was low, and his eyes mournfully fixed upon her face.

Margaret blushed deeply, and she raised her speaking eyes upward. Tecumseh sprang forward with a wild expression of pleasure. He took her trembling hand in his, and bent his expressive eyes to those of the fair white girl, and for a moment seemed to abandon himself to a new and unexpected source of happiness. Recollecting himself he went on—

"No, no: Tecumseh will not be the one to bring a shadow upon the brow of the white maiden. The bird will long for the sound of its own woods, for the rocking of the tree on which its nest was first built. Tecumseh will not take the blossom from its home in the pleasant sunshine, to see it wither alone in his own cabin. Evil is coming upon Tecumseh, the blackbird is always above his head, and as he came to the village, he found the massasauga dead in his pathway. Sorrow is falling upon him, for the spirit-bird sang all night upon his roof." He pressed the hand of Margaret to his heart, and left the bower.

Margaret remained in the attitude in which he had left her, long after he had disappeared; she gave utterance to no wild burst of anguish, she did not even weep: a heavy sense of misery weighed upon her; a cold pressure lay upon her young heart, as if hope had suddenly and almost undefinedly taken its departure. One by one she disengaged the tangled threads of thought, and there came the image of Alice, with her eyes fixed in displeasure, almost in abhorrence upon her, and then there was the noble chief, with his eyes telling so much of love, and deep and abiding sorrow. She heard voices and footsteps approaching, and elevating her figure to its full height, she went out to meet Alice and Henry Mansfield with a manner from which all emotion had disappeared. Still she was not at ease in their presence. She felt the pressure of manners and associations to which she had been unaccustomed, and they affected her with a painful sense of inferiority. Margaret drew herself proudly up, and retreated within herself, holding communion with the wild romance, awakened by wood and water, and the depths of the blue sky. They had seated themselves upon the bank of the river and all were silent, as if the beauty and quiet in which they reposed had closed even the avenues of speech.

It was a sight rare and picturesque in that sequestered spot, to see those two sisters, each in her distinctive loveliness, seated side by side, vainly essaying, as it were, to join once more the links of mutual sympathy and love which had been so cruelly dissevered.

The face of Alice was pale, yet composed in its sweet sad expression, and a tear seemed trembling beneath the lid of the clear blue eye. Margaret's cheek was flushed, and her brow, higher and broader than that of her sister, was thrown backward, and the short upper lip curled with an expression of discontent, if not of scorn. Her dark, deep-set eye, with its long curved lash, was moving impatiently from object to object, as if she felt already the trammels of artificial society, and longed to be once more a free dweller of the wood, to follow alone the impulses of her own nature. She felt too, from the looks and manner of Alice, that she had become an object of gentle compassion to her, and she revolted from the position When, therefore, Alice gently smoothed her clear brow, sighing heavily; Margaret's cheek flushed, and she arose hurriedly from the grass, and turned half angrily away; for she could not understand how the knowledge of so much that to her appeared useless, and even enfeebling to the human character, should stamp upon its possessor the rights of superiority.

What were the studied conventionalisms of society to the free-

dom, and grace, and native buoyancy of the wild dweller of the woods? And what were the artificial words of those, who year by year filled their brains with the ideas of others, making it as it were only the receptacle of other men's thoughts, to the untutored outpourings of those who spake only as the spirit gave them utterance? Who learned their vocabulary from the spontaneous operations of their own unshackled minds; and the teachings to be learned in the great school of nature, the language of the midnight stars, the chiming of many waters, the swaying of the old wood, and the hoary grandeur of the everlasting hills! What was the blind devotee to human creeds, to him who, bowing in the freedom and majesty of his own nature, worshiped in the singleness of his heart, that great and invisible Spirit, whose presence he felt diffused upon every side of him?

Margaret failed to perceive the right of the civilized to arrogate aught of superiority, and the gentle melancholy of Alice served only to attach her the more strongly to the freedom of savage life. She returned to the cabin, and shortly after made her appearance with a pair of paddles, followed by old Minaree bearing the canoe. They descended the bank, and launched it upon the river, Minaree holding it by the stern till all was ready. Margaret beckoned for Alice to accompany her, and she timidly prepared to follow. Margaret's eyes danced with delight, and she struck the paddles lightly upon the waters, as if to say, "she cannot do this," and her pride became reconciled.

"Shall I come, too?" said Mansfield, still holding the hand of Alice, who was really terrified as she seated herself in the bottom of the canoe, and felt the ripple of the water beneath the thin birch

Margaret assented, and he took one of the paddles to assist in propelling it over the waters. Light as the fairy nautilus it sped along the river, and Margaret's long slender fingers lay upon the paddle, as she threw aside the bright waters that flashed and fell like a shower of diamonds at every motion of the oar. Her joyous laugh rang out upon the woods that overhung the river, as she gayly challenged the speed of her companion, and even Alice grew fearless, as she observed the ease and security of her companions. They had left the village long behind them, and the river which had been growing narrower now suddenly turned, leaving in the centre a small island, covered with low trees down to the dip of the water; separated from the main on one side by a narrow channel, over the rocky bed of which flowed a stream of water like a thread of silver dropped in the sunshine; on the other, the channel was broad and still, moving gracefully around the fairy isle, making a diminutive basin, deeply shadowed by the surrounding woods.

They were still under the lea of the little isle, and about to emerge once more upon the open river, when Margaret laid down her paddle and motioned her companions to silence. Mansfield smiled as he observed her fix an arrow to her bow, and following the direction of her aim, beheld far up the stream a deer that had come down to drink, standing in a startled attitude, with foot lifted, and head turned upon one side, listening if aught *had* indeed disturbed the slumbering echoes. The shaft leapt from the bow, and bounding forward the animal sprang into the river, dyeing it with its blood. A faint scream escaped the lips of Alice, and she looked almost with horror upon Margaret, as she sat with her lips slightly compressed, a gratified smile playing about the mouth, and calmly watching the struggles of the expiring animal. In the agony of its sufferings it had swam quite across the river, and with drooping antlers it attempted to ascend the opposite bank, but its strength failed—it staggered forward and fell to the earth, quaffing the waters that laved its distended nostril.

"Nobly done!" exclaimed Mansfield, as the daring girl dashed the water aside to near her victim.

Alice covered her eyes with both hands, as they neared the dying animal, where it lay staining the green bank with its blood, giving utterance to faint sobs, and its full eyes expressive of its patience and its agony. "Oh, it was cruelly, most cruelly done. Dear, dear Margaret, say you will never kill another!"

Margaret looked displeased and disappointed, and she turned almost contemptuously away, and sprang from the canoe to the bank. Carelessly disengaging the arrow from its side, the animal gave a faint spring, raised itself upon one limb, quivered convulsively, and was dead.

"Oh, Margaret, you must leave this wild life, and go with me, and become gentle and womanly; you will learn to sit quietly in the house and read and sew, and we shall be so happy, shall we not, dear Margaret?" said Alice, drawing her hand within her own.

Margaret withdrew her hand and smiled scornfully, but was silent.

"Tell me, dear Margaret, will you not go with us?"

"To sit all day in the house, and do useless work, and read words, that mean nothing," said Margaret, with flushed cheek; "never—never!"

"But Margaret, you will learn what the great and good have thought before us, and there will be pleasure in that."

Margaret shook her head. "They were creatures like ourselves, with like thoughts and feelings, and how shall we delight to read their words? No, Alice, it is folly; let us be free here in this great wilderness, and rejoice in the beauty around us, but let us not be chained down by the opinions of others. I cannot go with you to your poor life; stay with me, and we can be happy."

Alice felt that the eyes of Mansfield were upon her, and she blushed deeply. Why should she not stay here in the populous and beautiful solitudes of nature, away from the restraints and arbitrary usages of society, and live with Margaret in the innocence and freedom of their own thoughts, with the simple children of nature? She hesitated to reply.

"No, Margaret, we all desire improvement; it were but selfishness to remain here, away from duty, and from human ties"—she blushed and stopped, for she had uttered what she would fain recall; but she went on—"from the ties that bind us to our creatures; should we remain here, we should die neither wiser nor better than we are now, and that must not be."

"And we should be no worse, Alice; nor can I see why we cannot do good to the Indian as well as the white man:" and she tapped with an arrow impatiently upon the small moccason that covered her foot.

"Think of our mother, Margaret, how it would have grieved her to think of your living here in the midst of savages."

Margaret's cheek reddened with an angry flush.

"Say no more, Alice. I cannot go. I am resolved. You but call me back to misery, the more intolerable that many eyes behold it. You awaken recollections too painful. Think you, when tears are upon my cheek, and sorrow at my heart, known only to the Great Spirit, that I could brook strange eyes to look upon me, and ask, what is the matter? The Indian will sit all day by the side, and utter nothing, when grief is at the heart of his friend. He weeps, and is silent; but the white man will talk, talk with a cold unfeeling heart, and dry eye. I want no words. I must be alone. Our mother, oh, I have seen her weep, weep in the bitterness of sorrow, and yet she was gentle and loving like you, Alice, and can I hope for greater happiness? No, no: the world is full of tears, I will shed them here. What matters it, that the grave is made with many prayers, or dug in the wild woods; the spirit returns to Him who gave it, and life and weeping are at an end."

She spoke in a tone of deep feeling, and Alice felt that Margaret was the victim of sorrow deeper than the loss of friends, or the separation from society. She followed the haughty girl in silence to the canoe, and when Mansfield whispered, as he seated her therein, "Alice, there are smiles as well as tears in life, sunshine, or there could be no shadow," she smiled through her tears, and felt that there must be much in life for which we would wish to live; that suffering but gives a zest to enjoyment, and that many of our purest pleasures are but the results of previous suffering.

CHAPTER XVI.

But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lovest dost pray,
Sweet spirit, then remember me.—E. EVERETT.

THE first Sabbath spent by Alice in the Indian village was clear and mild, the morning sun shone upon the grass heavy with dew, and the damp leaves of the trees glittered with a thousand beautiful hues, for the breath of autumn had passed over them changing their color, but as yet few were displaced. The distant hills, and slopes of the river, looked as if some gorgeous drapery had been drawn over the rich earth. The shrill voice of the locust came out from the clustering foliage, and the cricket's sharp and cheerful notes lingered long upon the ear. A group of hunter's were out on the banks of the river ready for an excursion toward the lakes, and the merry voices of children at their sports in the village area, told that all days were alike to these dwellers of nature.

Alice took her Bible from the table, and drawing Margaret to her side, commenced reading the sublime truths of the Saviour contained

in the sermon on the mount. Margaret responded to every word in a low voice, her eyes closed, and her head leaning on the shoulder of Alice. As the reading went on, a tear fell upon the sacred page.

Alice looked up, and kissed the cheek of her sister. "Margaret, I had not thought you would remember all this."

"Oh, Alice, how often we have repeated them in childhood at the knee of our mother; and since I have been here in the woods, they have been fresh in my memory, and I have acted from them."

"And yet," said Alice, "you have forgotten much, very much of our religion."

Margaret dried her eyes. "I remember all that is of value to us The desire to do what is right, the love of God, and the hope of a better life. Alice, dont perplex me with what I cannot understand. The holy Saviour, who taught as never man taught, I remember went out into the desert to pray, and loved the woods and mountains, and surely we may worship the Great Spirit acceptably here."

"Yes, Margaret, but the Saviour returned again to the dwellings of men, to soothe the afflicted, and to strengthen the tempted. John, who came to prepare the way for him abode in the desert, but the holy Saviour fled not from the trials or dangers of life."

"Say no more," cried Margaret, "I know you mean that I am fleeing from the duties of life while here; but you forget that the Indian is the work of God like ourselves, and has claims upon us." She arose from her seat, and taking down her bow, was about to leave the cabin.

"Oh, Margaret, do not, I beseech you, dessecrate the Sabbath while I am here. Let us spend one day, at least, as we did in childhood—it may be the last we shall be together on earth."

Margaret was softened, and she seated herself again by the side of Alice, and listened to her sweet voice with a smile of happiness. Even Minaree closed her eyes where she sat upon her mats, and seemed gratified at the low murmuring cadences. When the reading ceased, the two sisters were for a while silent; and at length Margaret said—

"Alice, why should you not stay here with me, and why should not this be our home?" Alice did not reply, and she sunk her voice to a whisper, and went on: "You would stay, Alice, I am sure you would, but for this white youth." Margaret did not raise her head from the shoulder of Alice to look in her face, but she felt her breath was short and quick, and she knew the blush was upon her cheek. Twice Alice attempted to speak to deny the charge even, but the words would not come to her lips, and she at length turned to Margaret and said—

"Margaret, I dread to think there may be some secret cause that detains you here in the woods, away from our people and the true worship of God. Speak, dear Margaret, tell me that it is not so, that you do not love—Tecumseh," she said slowly.

Margaret started from the shoulder of Alice, as if an arrow had entered her breast; her cheek and neck were crimson, and her eyes flashed beneath their long black lashes. She looked one instant in the face of Alice, and then left the cabin. The skin that concealed the entrance had hardly ceased its vibration, when it was raised again, and Margaret looked in, and sternly fixed her eyes upon her sister.

"Tell me, Alice, that you will never, never name that again, or we part for ever. Promise me;" she repeated, observing that Alice hesitated to speak.

Alice knew that her suspicions were verified—that Margaret must henceforth be as a stranger to her, and the tears gathered in her mild eyes, and she said faintly, "I promise, dear Margaret."

Margaret again dropped the skin, and Alice buried her face in her hands and wept long and bitterly. The fond hopes she had cherished in the reunion and affections of her sister were at once darkened—a shadow lay upon her brightest anticipations. The sister whose memory she had so long cherished, turned coldly from her proffered love, and in the panoply of her pride repelled all tenderness or familiarity. And yet Alice felt she could not have listened to the tale of such an attachment; her nature would have revolted to hear one thus nearly allied to herself, disclose a love for one of a race so different from their own, and whom she had been taught to regard with abhorrence.

Weeks passed away, and the gay drapery of the woods faded from the trees, the yellow leaf lay gathered in heaps by the side of the hillocks, or borne along on the eddying winds rustled in melancholy music. The grass became dry and crisped in the early frost, and the shrill autumnal winds sounded through the naked trees. In the early light of morning, it was a fair sight to behold the gray limbs of the trees penciled against the red sky, and the fields from which the harvest had been gathered, showing myriads of tiny spears made by the frost, as the loose soil crumbled with moisture. Often and strongly had Mansfield urged the departure of the sisters, but nothing could shake the determination of Margaret to remain with her adopted people. Alice used argument and persuasions of every kind, but she was alike inflexible to every appeal; and the youth now besought Alice to return to her home, and leave Margaret to the course of life which she had chosen. But Alice still believed that persuasion and perseverance might be effective, and she could not abandon her. She shrunk, too, with maiden delicacy, from a long journey through the wilderness with only the youth to protect her. These motives weighing upon a nature naturally sensitive and timid, finally made her resolve to remain through the winter in the Indian village.

Mansfield had already staid beyond the time prescribed, and it was now necessary that he should take his departure. He besought Alice to return with him. In a few words she acquainted him with her determination. The young man turned pale with surprise and anxiety.

"Let me implore you, Miss Durand, to reflect upon what you may suffer. The precarious nature of Indian supplies, the hazards from cold and sickness, to say nothing of the perils from their caprice and superstition."

"But remember," said Alice, with a smile, "my sister will be exposed to all these in case I leave her here."

"Oh, no: she will be safe, she is accustomed to them—she is as one of them."

"Do not urge me," said Alice, gently, "I feel that I cannot leave Margaret. All that she may be called to encounter, I must endure with her. Indeed, I apprehend no danger, the Indians are kindly disposed, and ready to promote our comfort."

The brow of the youth contracted, and he brushed back the thick curls from his brow with an air of irritation.

"Alice, pardon me, but I cannot leave you here—you are dearer to me than life itself, and I cannot endure the thoughts of this cruel separation."

Alice trembled violently, and her cheek turned from red to pale, but she did not speak for nearly a minute.

"She is my sister, most tenderly beloved, and she must not be abandoned."

Then rising from her seat, she profered her hand unreservedly to the youth, saying,

"Till we meet again, my thoughts and prayers are yours;" her voice trembled, and as she raised her meek eyes upward, a tear was upon the lids.

Mansfield drew the slight form to his bosom and imprinted a kiss upon her pure brow, with a reverence and love that had little of earthliness in it. For a moment Alice yielded to the embrace, and then responding to the fervent "God bless you" of the youth, she disappeared behind the screen that concealed the couch of herself and Margaret. For one brief period she wished her resolve might be recalled, that she might return to the kindliness of society, and yield her thoughts to the melody of love; it was but a moment, and she sunk upon her knees blessing that Power that had made the voice of duty strong within her, and removed the power of temptation ere her strength had forsaken her. When Margaret entered she greeted her gaily, and told her that she should remain with her, and learn to weave baskets, and paddle the canoe, and plait belts of wampum. In return, Margaret promised to apply herself to needlework and reading, and be like a white girl in quietude.

CHAPTER XVII.

Come with the winter snows, and ask
Where are the forest birds;
The answer is a silent one,
More eloquent than words.—Halleck.

As the the winter wore away, appearances of decided hostility on the part of the Indians to the white settlers began to manifest itself in the village. Preparations for war were daily made, and the subject discussed openly, and in council. Their numbers, too, were daily augmenting, and the Prophet, unaided by Tecumseh, found it difficult to control the restless and fiery spirits assembled around him. Added to this their increasing numbers, sometimes induced a scarcity of provisions, compelling parties of them to start upon expeditions for relief, aimed too frequently against the defenceless inhabitants of the frontier. On their return they brought with them horses,

cattle and garments known to be plundered from the whites, and more than once Alice turned pale at beholding a white scalp depending from the belt of some lawless young chief.

Every day increased the gloom of their situation. The snow lay for many months piled heavily upon the ground; the wailing sound of the wind through the dry branches of the trees, and the eddying gusts about the frail tenement in the silence and gloom of midnight, sounded like the shrieks and groans of the suffering and dying. Margaret, too, grew pale and restless; more than once Alice was led to suspect, that although ostensibly free, she was always an object of suspicion, and every motion subject to the strictest scrutiny; that, did she desire it, escape srom the village would be impossible. Scarcely ever did herself and Margaret leave their dwelling to go out into the woods, or upon the frozen river, without excountering the sable looks of Kumshaka, or those of the vindictive Ackoree.

It was a long, dreary season, and Alice, timid and delicate, found herself now dependant upon the stronger-minded, and more courageous Margaret, not only for comfort in their trials, but often for subjects for reflection. Minaree, too, related old Indian legends and sang their wild songs, while Margaret's rich and melodious tones swelled the chorus. Nor were her sympathies unemployed in this wild and savage region. She entered the cabin of the invalid mother and assisted to relieve her sufferings. When want and sickness laid the child upon its bed of death, Alice disposed its little limbs, smoothed dowa the long dark hair, and wept as she listened to the thrilling dirge of sorrow raised by the bereaved. Had Margaret's faith and religious knowledge been equal to that of Alice, she would, in a like situation, have been the ardent and self-sacrificing missionary, kneeling in lowly supplication by the bed of death, and pointing to the Saviour of men as the great Comforter of the afflicted. But Alice was too gentle and self-distrustful for this; she was made rather to be cherished tenderly in the bosom of those who loved her, then to be the supporter or strengthener of others. Hers was a nature lovely and confiding, whose power could only be exhibited through the medium of her affections; one of those that the haughtiness of manhood is led to adore because its weakness and dependence is flattering to his self-love.

Margaret, in the course of her intercourse with the Indians, had not failed to impart to them many ideas of the Deity and of his ever abiding presence, more exalted and pure than those of their imperfect faith. Naturally enthusiastic, delighting in the abstract and spiritual, she had at first won their admiration, and even awe; by her bold and eloquent descriptions of the attributes of Deity, often couched in the sublime language of scripture, which still adhered to a memory tenacious of all impressions, most especially those of an elevated and impassioned nature. With intuitive tact she laid hold of the one great truth to be found in every mind however rude, that of the existence of a God, and thence strove to elevate and purify the conception; to impress upon the mind that the Creator of so much that is good and beautiful in the external world, must be a being to delight in all harmonies, most especially in those of truth and goodness. Hence, the most acceptable worship must be that which should develope in the human character qualities assimilating to himself.

Having acquired from her father some knowledge of the heavenly bodies, she was wont to mingle in her discourse allusions to them and to the objects in nature, astounding to the simple people she addressed. No wonder they regarded her as an especial favorite of the Great Spirit, and gave her credit for supernatural wisdom. From a child she had been a fearless, investigating girl, delighting in solitude and lonely meditation; and the great shock she experienced in the death of her family instead of overwhelming her, its magnitude served rather to develope the native strength and dignity of her character. Cast entirely upon her own resources, understanding as by instinct, the contempt felt by her captors for anything like weakness or tears, she at once appeared in the village, not a timid, weeping girl like others of her race, but proud and solitary, rejecting aid, and assuming from the first an air of haughtiness and superiority. They soon took a pride in her instruction, and absolved her at once from everything like labor or dependance.

Tecumseh delighted to initiate her in all the accomplishments of savage life; the choicest spoils of the chace were reserved for her cabin, and the freshest flowers gathered in rugged and unfrequented paths. In return, when the stars of night were out, and the earth was draped in green, and garnished with gems of blossoms, he would bend his head to the lips of the fair girl, and listen with delight while she told of the great and abiding Presence, who doeth all things, the great and beautiful alike; who painteth the blossom with its beauty, and upheaveth the everlasting hills—who rideth upon the whirlwind and dwelleth with the midnight stars. In the wildness of poetic fervor, she would describe the planets as the dwelling-place of the wise and the good, of those who delight in mercy and did generous deeds upon earth. She dwelt much upon the blessings of peace, of the delight of the Great Spirit in those who strove to promote it. Even the great and far-seeing reformer among the tribes, felt his views strengthened and elucidated by the eloquent language of the impassioned child. What wonder, then, that the voice and smile of one whose nature harmonized so well with her own, should have become very dear to the lone girl? What wonder, as the distinctions of society lost their impression in the lapse of years, he should have become her ideal of all that is manly and elevated in human nature? It was even so, and Margaret could not abide the abhorrence with which Alice regarded the state of her affections.

Often, in the silence of those long winter nights, the sisters were aroused by the wailings of some bereaved mother (for this was a season of great mortality among the children of the tribes,) who, with unbraided hair and robes loose in the midnight storm, was out removing the snow from the grave of her little one, while her tremulous voice sent up the dirge for the dead, in words like these:

"How wilt thou dwell in the spirit land, my beloved? Who will bring thee food, and spread the skins to shelter thee? Thou art alone. I see thy little hands beckon me away, for thou art cold and hungry. Would that I might go to thee, for my breasts are full of milk, and I would warm thee in my arms. Alas! the night wind is about thee, and the cold snow is thy covering. I put my head to the turf, and hear thy feeble wailing. My child! my child! why didst thou go!"

This propensity of the savage to transmit the physical sufferings of this to the invisible world, was to the last degree revolting to the mind of Alice. It may be, that she felt more repugnance for the error in point of faith, than compassion for the sufferings which it implied; for she had learned to attach great importance to the tenets of the religion she professed, without the ability to perceive that this vague mingling of spiritual and physical qualities in the mind of the savage, when he contemplated the invisible world, was the natural consequence of the difficulty felt by the human mind in fixing itself upon pure abstractions, especially in a rude state, where animal wants become an engrossing subject of contemplation, owing to the difficulty of supplying them.

Various motives impelled the subtle and vindictive Kumshaka to throw himself in opposition to Tecumseh. He had never heartily enlisted in the policy of confederation, which his brother had so much at heart, having been impelled thereto rather by the force of example, and that power by which a strong mind naturally controls the weak; while his own love of ease, disinclination to reform of every kind, as well as his innate levity of character, disqualified him from the labors and sacrifices necessary to promote it. All imbecility is apt to be vindictive. Motives that, to the strong, must bear proportional magnitude, to such, are often of the most trivial character; a disappointment of any kind, trifling in itself, and common to all, is enough to arouse the most baneful passions, and instigate to revenge, deadly as the hatred inspired. Kumshaka saw himself supplanted everywhere—in the field of battle, in the council-hall, and lastly, in his love. He had now a motive for action. His faculties even acquired a keenness of perception, a subtlety of combination, while, thread by thread, he wove the tissue of his revenge. He found in Ackoree a kindred spirit, whose devices were always ready for his use. It would be vain to pretend that he loved the girl: it were a desecration of terms; for the bond of sympathy between them was not that of the high and holy attributes of the soul, which alone deserve the name of love, but that fearful compact by which evil passions seek their affinities, and enjoy a horrible pleasure in so doing. Ackoree, with a woman's penetration, saw their relations to each other, and she took a wild pleasure in sometimes assisting, sometimes foiling, his machinations. In torturing him, she gratified her own wounded pride; in assisting him, she helped to crush a rival.

It was Kumshaka that promoted the numerous aggressions upon the whites, hoping thereby to provoke a collision, which must for ever destroy the links of confederation. He affected to think the project impracticable, and the sooner the red man threw off its restraints the better. How could materials so discordant, be made to conjoin? How could a people perpetually at war with each other, stimulated by wrongs yet unrevenged, be made to forget their ani-

in the s…sities, and smoke the calumet about one great council-fire? It a low… ould never be. The blood of the slain would cry out for redress, of A… and the hatchet would leap from its burial. Or, suppose that the red men everywhere should unite, should become one people, must it be for peace? Rather let them become one, that their strength may be great, and they able to drive the white man from the earth. It was thus that Kumshaka incited the warriors; at first casually, in the chase, or about the coals of the wigwam, and then more openly. Cautiously did he attack the motives of Tecumseh; but the chief was away, and there are few generous enough to defend the absent. Gradually, he insinuated suspicions as to the motives of his policy with the whites. A feeble girl alone, he pretended, was sufficient to interpose between the white and the red man.

At first, he was heard with incredulity; but the iteration of surmises, the proposition for a course of conduct more accordant with their natural characters, gradually wrought conviction among those little accustomed and little desirous to think for themselves.

It was in vain that the Prophet represented the power and resources of the whites, their superiority in arms and mode of warfare producing fearful odds against them; that their only bond of security, of existence, even, as a people, consisted in this union and repose. Peace and consolidation alone could preserve their existence as a people. His followers were unable to take this dispassionate view of things. They felt the pressure of present evils, the memory of recent wrongs. They knew not how to interpose great moral and political relations, that should henceforth be a barrier and a defence. They lacked that far-seeing wisdom to perceive the utility and glory of measures, that should convert a feeble and dispersed people, divided, oppressed, jealous of each other, and jealous of the whites, into a powerful and prosperous whole. They were like the insane man, who would throw himself naked upon the thick bosses of the mailed giant.

Margaret saw the impending storm, and herself urged the Prophet to dispatch runners to facilitate the return of Tecumseh, and warn him of the perils that threatened the cause he had so much at heart; but Eliskwatawa was loth to confess that Tecumseh could do more to avert the impending evil than himself. It may be too, that even he felt some degree of jealousy at the great popularity of his brother, and was willing to interpose a check; for when did ever the devoted patriot find himself aided by others as pure-hearted as himself? When did he find followers ready to cast aside the mantle of selfishness, and join in the holiness of the cause, forgetful of all emolument and all personal ambition? Whatever might have been the motives of the Prophet, whether those of rivalry, or the result of inactivity, he certainly yielded to the current of public opinion, which he had ceased to control, and tacitly acquiesced in their departure from originally adopted principles.

Margaret wept in secret grief to behold this whelming of the waters over the ark of Indian safety. Often did she wish it were possible for her to seek Tecumseh, and warn him to return; but whither bend her steps? where, in the solitudes of the western valley, hope to find him, who alone could ensure the safety of the tribes? Her own faith in the permanency of the confederation became weakened, since but a single man served to hold it together, and with him it might be dissolved. Incited by a spirit akin to his, she wished the power had been hers to assume the right to govern in the solemn council, and to punish those who should be treacherous to the cause. Sometimes a strong energy impelled her to put herself at their head, and, by the force of her own will, awe them to submission: but her youth, the timidity of Alice, and the gentleness of her sex, forbade the measure. She felt a noble sympathy in what she knew would be the sufferings of Tecumseh, as if the magnitude of his griefs were her own likewise. She asked no more for the emotions that governed her; she felt their purity, their elevation, and that they carried her out from the dominion of self into companionship with greatness and virtue, in whatever shape. This was enough. She had no petty cares, no debasing passions, to divide and weaken the empire of her soul, and her thoughts were absorbed in sublime contemplations. From the holiness of her own emotions, she learned to judge of those of Tecumseh. She remembered the ominous import of his words, "Sorrow is coming upon Tecumseh," and she felt herself already admitted into the sanctuary of his griefs; for when we share the sorrows of our friends, we leave the outer court, and enter into the holy of holies of the human heart.

Love, with Margaret, was a part of her adoration for all that is noble and exalted in human virtue, the earthly realization of those attributes of perfection, with which in an infinite degree we invest the Deity. Such a love serves, more than all other exercises of the human faculties to ennoble the heart of its possessor. It was not the creature of passion and impulse, swayed by jealousy, and extinguished by neglect; it was a holy and enduring flame, requiring no foreign aliment, fed as it was from the fountain of her own innocent and exalted nature. It was like the hidden flame of some unrevealed crater, invisible till the tempest and the earthquake should develope its existence.

She remembered the sorrowful words of the Chief. "Evil is coming upon Tecumseh, why should he take the blossom from the sunshine, to see it wither in his own cabin?" and she knew that she was beloved; that in all his wanderings his thoughts reverted to her. She felt the consciousness of this, in the still midnight, when she held sweet communion with him, for she knew that their spirits commingled. And now, that the forebodings of prophecy were daily becoming reality, she acknowledged a holier bond of sympathy drawing their hearts together. True, they had not talked of love; there were no personal endearments to be remembered with a thrill in after-times; but what were these to a mind like hers, that dwelt upon that internal and holy sympathy, the union of mind with mind constituting the pure essence of love! His sorrows had become her sorrows, and she folded her hand upon her bosom and wept, and they were tears of blessedness. Love is religious in its nature, when of that holy kind which alone properly deserves the name. Who is there in the blessed consciousness of being beloved, whether by maid, friend or child, that has not felt his nature drawn out into fuller acknowledgment of Him who is Love itself, as if the soul were inhaling its own appropriate element? So was it with Margaret; she felt a clearer understanding of the Invisible Presence, an enlargement and dignity of nature proportionate to the depth of her love. She had looked into the deep fountains of her own soul, and seen there the records of her own immortality.

CHAPTER XVIII.

All this in her had wrought no change,
No anxious doubt, no jealous fear,
But he meanwhile had words most strange,
Breathed in my gentler *Nal*-hah's ear,
Which made her wish that I were near. HOFFMAN.

ALICE had been for many days ill, very ill, and often in her despondency had she thought she should die, there in those wild solitudes, with none but Margaret to receive her last sigh; and yet so hopeless had she become, that the thought of death was pleasant to her. She pictured to herself the swelling turf under the shadow of the old trees, and the warm pleasant sunshine resting upon it, the meek flowrets clustering there as if in love, and the birds giving out their sweet music as knowing that the sleeper beneath delighted in all harmonies. The leaves of autumn too heaped by its side, and the cricket chirping in their midst, while the bright river should roll beneath uttering for ever its dirge-like melody. The character and manners of Margaret were so unlike what she had anticipated, so unlike those with whom she had associated, that she was unprepared either to appreciate or understand them. Accustomed to forms and the daily routine of medium life, she had no standard by which to judge of the daring intellect, and unshackled strength of opinion which characterized her sister. Meek and gentle in her nature, distrustful of herself, and accustomed to spread out her hands as it were to win the support of others, she shrank from the self-sustaining intrepidity of the other as something to be feared and distrusted. Her love too, retiring and timid, needed more to sustain its fervor than did the same passion in the breast of Margaret. She beheld her sister firm and undoubting in her attachment, requiring nothing to sustain it but the fervency of her own nature, neither seeking or perhaps expecting the possession of its object, content to exist in its own blessed unconsciousness; while she herself was full of doubt and anxiety, marvelling much that he who had spoken of love should so long abandon her to silence and neglect. Perplexed and disappointed in all things, her health had languished beneath the struggles, and now she felt as if there were little in life to desire. As her system became daily exhausted and she thought herself nearing the last dread bourne, she was astonished to perceive how Margaret's strong and elevated faith, divested from all dogmatisms, and human creeds, helped to relieve her from the terrors and hesitancy engendered by the stern doctrines in which she had been educated. She learned from Margaret, to estimate the character of the soul by the purity and elevation of its desires, and to take comfort from a consciousness of a growth of goodness in herself.

Margaret was unwearied in her attentions upon her sister, and Minaree exercised all her skill, which was not inconsiderable, in procuring remedies which her own experience had taught would be

efficacious. Herbs and roots were compounded by her into refreshing and strength-imparting beverages, and she taxed her culinary lore in preparing delicacies of various kinds for her relief. Under the united efforts of Margaret and Minaree her health gradually returned, and leaning on the arm of her sister she was able to reach the bower of grape vines on the bank of the river. She seated herself upon the wicker-bench and cast her eyes out upon the blue sky, and the river smiling in the sunshine. Margaret had gathered for her a few early violets which she held between her thin pale fingers. Twice she looked in the face of her sister and attempted to speak, but the effort was unavailing and she burst into tears. Margaret was affected, and she put her arms tenderly about her waist and drew her to her bosom.

"Speak, dear Alice," she said, "Margaret is not proud now as she used to be, and she can feel for the weak and suffering. Alice would tell of her white lover; let her speak, for Margaret will listen as doth the bird to the singing of its mate."

A blush mounted the pale cheek of Alice, but it faded away as she replied—

"I fear, Margaret, I shall see him no more, that he has forgotten me; but should he return, Margaret, you will show him my grave, and perhaps he will weep over it. You may tell him too, that I prayed for him to the last." Her voice was choked by sobs, and she ceased.

Margaret looked wonderingly in her face, as if she were doubtful of having comprehending her aright.

"What mean you, Alice, that he may have forgotten you? did he not say you were dearer than life to him?"

Alice colored at the reproof. "Yes, Margaret, but it is long since we have met, and he may have changed ere now."

Margaret colored with a slight look of scorn: "And so you call this love, Alice? Doth the bird talk of distrust to its mate? Is its song made up of discontent? Doth the flower repine that the sunshine is long away? Rather doth it not fold its leaves meekly, waiting till the shadow be past? Alice, Alice, this is selfishness, not love. Love is the going out of self and becoming absorbed in the being of another, and there can be no misunderstanding of that other self, for their natures are one."

"Is it so, indeed?" said Alice musingly. "Help me to so believe, Margaret, for I am sadly weak and distrustful. Must we live, dear sister, in the midst of woods and waters, and in the shadows of great mountains, apart from our species, to preserve our own natures unperverted? Are your feelings, Margaret, primeval and chaste like the freshness of undegenerate man, or only those of the crude demi-savage, to whom the refinements of life are a weakness and a restraint."

Margaret's cheek again reddened, but she only said, "Look, Alice, into your own heart, and behold how pure may be its emotions, and then judge of mine. The innocent need not distrust. Have you ceased to love Mansfield now that he is away? Then why imagine that he should forget you? If he is long absent, it may be caused by a thousand various motives other than those of forgetfulness. The distance is very great, and the hazards many; besides, I doubt now whether he would be permitted to enter the village. It is evident that war is determined upon, and the measures of our people are always secret. No future intercourse will be allowed between the white and the red man."

Alice turned deathly pale, for till now she had not fully understood the danger of her situation. "O Margaret," she exclaimed, "can we not make our escape?" She grasped Margaret's arm wildly, for a suppressed laugh sounded close to her ear.

"Come in, Ackoree," said Margaret carelessly, and the girl entered the bower and stood before the sisters, her glittering eyes expressive of the utmost satisfaction.

"So the Swaying Reed talks of escape. Can the bird that looks into the eyes of the serpent, escape? Can the beast, whose trail the huntsman has followed day by day, hope to escape? No more can the white girl escape Ackoree. Tecumseh is long absent. He must be dead. Kumshaka will be the chief of the tribe, and Ackoree his bride."

She stepped to the side of Margaret, and, stooping, looked into her very eyes, and continued in a low, husky voice—

"The Swaying Reed, too, shall be his, and the bond-maid of Ackoree."

Alice gasped, and fell fainting on the breast of her sister.

Margaret laid her gently upon the turf, and turning to the girl drew herself proudly up, and even the fierce eyes of Ackoree fell beneath her stern, indignant look.

"Ackoree is a fit wife for Kumshaka, for he is vain and spiteful; but she dare not rest a finger upon the person of the Swaying Reed: the Great Spirit hath given her a charmed life, which cannot be harmed. Tell Kumshaka he dare not look into her eyes—it were death to him. Let the shadow of Ackoree be taken hence."

Awed by the haughty tone of defiance assumed by Margaret, and the victim of that superstition to which she alluded, the girl turned slowly away, as at the bidding of a supernatural agent.

Margaret assisted Alice to her couch, and then calmly detailed to her the necessity that she should summon strength of mind to repel every weakness, as the surest means of protecting themselves from the malice of Ackoree. She could feel no sympathy for the suffering, but might be awed by the daring of those who could summon a spirit stronger than her own. She besought Alice to endeavor to regain her health, and promised that when sufficiently firm, she would seek with her the white settlements.

Alice embraced her tenderly, and expressed her surprise, as well as delight, at her determination. While they were yet talking, an Indian youth, of beautiful and manly promise, raised the skins of the entrance, and glancing smilingly around, stood hesitating. Margaret beckoned with her hand, and he entered and stood before her. He looked admiringly at the sisters, as he stood with his hand beneath his robe, smiling archly, as if to sport with their impatience.

"The Brave may deliver his message," said Margaret.

It is probable the term so skilfully applied, had its effect, for his look grew composed, and his form elevated, and, taking a parcel from beneath his robe, he laid it at her feet; then pressing his hand not ungracefully upon his heart, he retired.

Margaret took up the package, and parting the fillets that confined it, revealed skins of the rarest texture, and an arrow, on which was inscribed a rattle-snake in the act to spring, and four moons. The maiden colored deeply, and sat looking upon the gift, nor once glanced at the face of her sister. Alice remarked her, and wondered that she should feel so much more of sympathy for Margaret than she had hitherto done; but love is the great leveller, and she now almost participated in the emotions of her sister.

She pressed the hand of Margaret: "Tell me, sister," she said, "what does it mean?"

Margaret started at the tone of tenderness; but she replied frankly, "It means that I am beloved, and that he will be here in four moons."

"It is from Tecumseh?"

Margaret motioned in token of assent, and turned away, fearful that Alice might say more.

The package had been brought by one of the parties that had that day entered the village—probably one of the new converts to the views of the great leader—who had thus come to join his forces, and been entrusted with the commission.

Under the promise of Margaret, that she would seek with her the white settlements, the health of Alice began to amend rapidly, and many were the little preparations she began to make in reference to their departure. She pictured to herself the sorrow of Minaree when abandoned by her foster-child, and her heart was filled with tenderness. She made many articles of comfort and convenience, expressly for her use, in gratitude for her kindness to herself and Margaret. The maidens and matrons of the village came in for a share of her remembrance, and she gave them tokens of her good will. The children were assisted in the construction of new toys, and their simple expressions of affectionate interest received with renewed tenderness. Then she would picture to herself what must have been the anxiety of the excellent-hearted Mrs. Mason at her protracted absence, and her delight to welcome their return, till the imagination almost became a reality to her.

CHAPTER XIX.

He ceased. Her eye was on him—and the blood,
In rush tumultuous from the citadel,
Spoke from her forehead as it swept her frame.—MELLEN.

A FEW weeks after the incidents described in the last chapter, the sisters had retired to their couch, wondering much at the protracted absence of Minaree, who was always the first at night to dispose herself to slumber. The tumult of the village had ceased, the

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of ended. All was silent, except the leaders of the people, who were assembled in the great council-house, to discuss measures of public import. Margaret had fallen into her first slumber, and dreamed that she was about to leave suddenly in quest of Tecumseh, to reveal to him the state of affairs at the village, and the treachery of Kumshaka, when the hand of Ackoree was placed upon her shoulder: often as she attempted to move, the maiden held her back She started up, for she became aware that a touch was indeed upon her shoulder. It was that of Minaree. She laid her hand upon her lips in token of silence, and motioned her to leave her couch. Margaret followed her to the other side of the cabin, and Minaree looked sadly in her face.

"The arrow will reach the heart of Minaree, through the body of her child," she said, tearfully.

Margaret was silent, while she went on: "Tecumseh is a great chief. They say he is dead, and that he did not love his people. They say he sought for peace with the white man, because of his love for the Swaying Reed."

She would have said more, but Margaret waved her hand impatiently. She arrayed herself in a sumptuous robe of rare feathers, bound the wampum about her slender waist, and tied the moccasons to her feet. She twined a tuft of feathers amid her abundant hair, and, thus accoutred, looked like some proud maiden of their own race, upon whom the Great Spirit had lavished beauty exceedingly. Drawing the elastic bracelet over her round arm, which was otherwise naked to the elbow, she left the cabin. Minaree watched her motions till all was complete, and then quietly disposed herself to slumber.

Kumshaka was in the midst of an impassioned harangue, in which he seemed to have caught a portion of the fervid eloquence of his brother. There was the same power of appeal, the same affluence of diction, and force of argument; but the spirit that, in its elevation and far-seeing prophecy, lent a holiness to the every utterance of Tecumseh, was far from resting upon the lips of the speaker. He was powerful—for jealousy and revenge had lent him their aid—and he spoke from the burning energies of his own vindictive passions. Yet few of his hearers understood the nature of his inspiration, while the good of the tribes, and hatred to the white man, were the burden of his appeal.

In the midst of one of his most glowing periods, while his hand gracefully swept the circle about him, and his glowing eye turned from side to side, his voice faltered, his eye fell; for there, with a proud, calm dignity, stood the Swaying Reed at the threshold, confronting him with a look in which cold and biting scorn was the predominant expression. Thrice he attempted to rally, but the freezing look of the haughty girl was upon him, and he could not resist its influence. Mortified and enraged, he pointed his quivering finger forward, and between his clenched teeth uttered—

"Behold the bait for which Tecumseh would sell his people. Behold the serpent that hath crept into the lodge, to sting its victims."

All eyes were turned upon the lone girl, where she stood—one hand grasping the folds of her robe, her head thrown back, revealing the short compressed lip, and the small chisseled features, pale and statue-like in their fixed and calm expression. One moment she confronted the gaze of that agitated multitude, and then slowly advanced to their midst. Even Kumshaka stepped back, awed by her quiet majesty; for she quailed not at the fierce eyes bent upon her. As she prepared to speak, she looked round upon the dark group, and the ready blood mantled cheek and bosom, but her voice was clear and untremulous in its intonations.

"The Shawanese have taken the massasauga as the emblem of their tribe. A noble reptile, that first warns its victim of danger: ere it strikes, it proclaims the peril. Then who would look for treachery in a Shawanee? Who would look for a secret blow upon the defenceless, from the arm of a Shawanee, and that defenceless one a brother? The shadow of Tecumseh is not found in the village. Moons grow large in the heavens, and fade again from the sky, yet it comes not. Doth Tecumseh pursue his game? doth he feast with the youth of his people? doth he dwell at ease, and the wants of his people forgotten? When did ever Tecumseh disport himself, and the red man was as nothing to him? Let not the chief with lying lips talk of the treachery of Tecumseh; that he would be at peace with the white man, and sacrifice the good of his people for the smiles of any maiden. The chief knows it is false. Kumshaka looked upon the Swaying Reed, and felt her scorn. Before it had turned his heart to bitterness, he was an advocate—cold, indeed—for who would look for the bravery of the warrior or the eloquence of the orator from Kumshaka? Yet he was an advocate for the measures of Tecumseh."

As she alluded thus to the chief, her cheek reddened with maidenly shame, and a derisive laugh burst from the assembly, in the midst of which the discomfited chief withdrew.

"Let no one impute unworthy motives to Tecumseh. While the youth of the tribe are at rest, Tecumseh is all day on the march his feet are weary with travel, and his eyes heavy with watching. The dews of night are upon his robe, and the stars listen to his paddle, as he goes down the rapid river. He sleeps within the sound of the cataract, and the Great Spirit cometh to him in dreams. In after years, when the Indian shall have become a great people, old men shall tell of the wisdom of Tecumseh, and children shall tell of his toils and sufferings. The Great Spirit is with him. He came to him as he lay an infant upon the earth, and touched his lips with a living coal. Thence came the wisdom and the eloquence of his tongue. Tecumseh is not dead. He is calling the Great Council of the tribes, to judge the treacherous Winnemac and his friends, and to consult upon measures to be adopted for the good of our people. He is not dead. The Great Spirit will give you a token by which ye shall know that he still lives. In four moons he will be here. In token whereof, look out upon the full moon. Not a cloud is in the sky; yet the Great Spirit hath caused his shadow to pass over it; and as that shadow shall pass from its face, leaving it clear and beautiful in its brightness, so shall all shadows pass from the fame of Tecumseh."

All eyes followed the direction of those of the maiden, and there, upon the lower limb of the moon lay a dark and heavy mass, even like the dread shadow of the Eternal, and the whole multitude looked on with awe and terror.

Margaret had observed the phenomenon on her way to the lodge, and was at no loss to understand its nature; familiar with the character and superstitions of the people she confronted, she felt no hesitancy in turning it to her own use. As she quietly stole from their midst, the youth of whom we have before spoken walked by her side, and as he looked reverently from the shrouded moon to the still face of his companion, he whispered,

"The Great Spirit hath touched the lips of the Swaying Reed. She hath the heart of a red maiden, and wisdom as from the spirit land."

Kumshaka attempted no further open attack upon his brother, but the poison he had infused did not fail of its effects. The policy so urgently recommended by Tecumseh had been interrupted, and the great accession of numbers at the village rendered the discussion of principles and the enforcement of pacific measures next to impossible. Every day witnessed their departure from the primitive habits hitherto adopted, and all the mystical rites and supernatural agency of the Prophet were insufficient to lead them back, to preserve the good order of the village, or protect the whites from their atrocities. He had listened like the rest of his people to the solemn appeal of Margaret, with amazed wonderment; too wary to exhibit his emotions, he beheld the verification of her prediction with the cool indifference of one accustomed to sport with the credulity of others, and who is sure that however mysterious the charm may appear, still the solution must be simple to the initiated.

At night, when the village was hushed to repose, he came to the cabin of Minaree, and beckoned Margaret to follow him forth. She stood with him by the river side, the full moon resting upon the figure of the maiden, with her pure brow gleaming in its light; the soft wind lifting up the curls from her bosom, her hands calmly folded, and eyes raised fearlessly to the face of the towering chief, who leaned carelessly upon a huge club, and regarded her with a searching look. Neither spoke for many minutes. At length the chief commenced in terms of reproach:

"The charm of the maiden was not well wrought. Why did she so long delay the return of Tecumseh? He should be here now. Eliskwatawa would see the maiden work her charm. She will do so and hasten his return."

Margaret's eye kindled, for she felt the suggestion to be equivalent to a command. At another time she might have frankly confessed the source of her information, as would have been more in accordance with the natural candor of her mind; but now she understood too well the danger of her situation, to hazard anything that might contribute to her own influence. She confronted him awhile with a

calm, almost indignant look. Then turning her eyes to the still moon, she replied:

"Let the Prophet look upon the calmness and beauty of that pale face, and read the destinies it reveals. Let him turn to the stars and understand their teachings. They speak a language to him who can understand. Floods and storms, the tempest and the earthquake, death and disaster, are all shadowed forth in their fearful teachings. Wise men have read them, and foretold the destinies of nations. Sages, for thousands and thousands of years, have studied the language of the midnight stars, and told what should be. And what they have foretold has been as the revelations of the Great Spirit. Men have heard and trembled. What they foretell is not to be changed. It is the immutable fate. Let not the chief ask for the exhibition of charms. The Swaying Reed deals in none. She reads and understands. She hears and is silent."

During the utterance of this her voice became deep and energetic, and the blood rushed to her cheek; she yielded to a vehemence of manner that relieved in part the wrong she felt she was doing her own nature in thus assuming the position of imposture. The Prophet's keen eye was fixed upon her as if he would read her very soul; but the dauntless girl quailed not beneath his searching glance. It would seem that a strange awe grew upon him as the moon lay upon her white face, radiant with the fervor of her emotions, for he spake in a low, reverent voice:

"The Prophet will sit at the feet of the Swaying Reed, and learn the mysteries of the stars. When they utter their midnight talk, he will listen and understand. Let the Swaying Reed reveal the secret of her power. Eliskwatawa would cause the moon to veil her brightness, the stars to dim their lustre, and appear again at his bidding He would awe the people with strange prodigies. He would speak, and behold the Great Spirit should lay his shield upon the moon's face. Speak, maiden, for thy wisdom is that of the spirit land."

Margaret fixed her sorrowful eyes upon the face of the chief, and felt even as if a ray from the Eternal had penetrated the recesses of her soul, revealing the one shadow upon her own temple of truth; still the teachings of her father had, perhaps, afforded as much of astrology as the pure science of Astronomy; and these mingling with the enthusiasm engendered by woods and mountain solitudes, had infused a belief in the mysterious influences of nature, that made the language she adopted in reality but little at variance with her own faith. Her answer was solemn, and according to the convictions of her own heart:

"The Swaying Reed can impart no power to the Prophet. The stars, in their stillness and beauty, have a language audible to him who in the lowliness of truth bows before the Great Spirit. Thus have the old men of other times spread their gray locks to the midnight wind; have fasted till the flesh no more hindered the going forth of the spirit—prayed till the Great Spirit uttered itself in ther own, and then were the heavens opened; they heard the melody of the stars, that mysterious and beautiful melody, revealing the destiny of men and the fate of empires. The vistas of moons and suns opened before them in their eternal courses of gladness, singing responsive to the heart of blessedness, that throbs in the great universe. Let the Prophet fast and pray as did these, and then learn that his will can neither stay nor alter their courses The voice of the Almighty alone can speak and they obey. Let him, if he would learn their utterance, veil his face with awe, and behold them in their majesty! The tempest rageth beneath them and they look forth again calm and undisturbed. Can the Prophet at his will bid the whirlwind uproot the oak of a thousand years? Can he cause the sun to appear while the black cloud hangeth in the heavens? Can he look to the earth, and cause the blossom to come forth; or the lily upon the stream to blush at its own whiteness? Behold, it is the Almighty that quieteth the earth with the south wind. How then can the Prophet hope to speak, and the moon and the stars shall obey him?"

As she ceased, she glided lightly away, leaving the wondering chief gazing into the depths of the shadowy sky, with a new sense of its marvellous beauty. A holy influence stole upon his heart, an utterance of the Deity within responding to the voices that called to him from the glory and loveliness of the external world. His dim thoughts partially penetrated the thick veil of ignorance and superstition, and beheld the purer light of truth and goodness. Long time he stood communing with his own nature through the agency of that spread out before him, feeling mysterious enlightenments, new and wonderous, there, amid the holy solitudes of midnight.

CHAPTER XX.

Beside the auld hearth she hath cherished for life,
Silent and sad sits the lonely auld wife;
Time hath left many a trace on her brow,
But grief hath not troubled her spirit till now.—J. L. CHESTER.

MEANWHILE, the inhabitants of the frontiers were suffering daily from the outrages committed by the disorderly assemblage at Tippecanoe. The dispersed and houseless inhabitants found a refuge in the infant city of Vincennes, which became the rallying point for men indignant at repeated atrocities, and resolved upon revenge. All eyes turned upon Harrison as the deliverer of the West. His well-known influence over the savages, and moderation in the management of affairs, inspired hope and confidence. Remonstrances on his part were made to the natives, but without effect. No messenger was permitted access to the village. The General Government, roused by the growing hostility, dispatched troops for the defence of the frontier, and the whole territory wore the aspect of a military ground. Mansfield found himself constantly occupied in public duty, and he found relief only in the assurance afforded him, by straggling parties of the natives, that the sisters were secure and well. Various missals, which he trusted would reach Alice through the same medium, were either lost or destroyed, for none ever reached her. In the discharge of his services, it had been necessary for him to repair to Washington, which, at that time of bad roads and unfrequent travel, was a journey of no small enterprise, and detained him some months. On his return, finding the aspect of affairs still more threatening, his fears were increased as to the safety of the sisters. The calls of his country were many and urgent—the times seemed approaching a crisis, when the native or the white man must yield his position. In case of collision, he knew well the first victims of the war would be any whites that might be with the Indians; they would be offered to the manes of those that should perish in battle. Troops even now were prepared to advance upon Tippecanoe, and he trembled for the fate of the two girls. Unable longer to support his anxiety, he determined to effect their escape before the commencement of hostilities. For this purpose he threw up his commission, resolved at all hazards to penetrate to the Indian settlement. He believed their escape would be more easily effected in this private and friendly manner, than if demanded as a public measure. Difficulties augmented on every side, and in every view, but he believed this the least obnoxious.

Mr. Mason had not been inactive in attempts to relieve them, but all had been ineffectual. When therefore, informed of the resolution of his young friend, he replied, instantly addressing his wife:

"Anny, I must go with the youth, and the Lord will be with me. These are perilous times, Anny, and evil must not befal the maiden. What saith the scripture? Is it not that he who had an hundred sheep, left the ninety and nine, and went out into the wilderness to seek that which was lost? Did the shepherd ask who will keep the ninety and nine? Verily the Lord was their keeper; even so will he keep the household of him who trusteth in him."

Anna turned pale, and pressed her child to her bosom, for their dwelling was one of the most exposed in the city. Nevertheless, such was her reverence for her husband, her habitual submission to his will, that she never for a moment doubted the propriety of the course he adopted. Mr. Mason felt less anxiety in leaving home at this juncture, as the city would be left under the protection of troops, and every house had in part, been converted into an armed garrison Weapons and munitions of war were ready for defence, and men slept with the loaded musket at their side, prepared for any emergency. Timid women taxed their imagination as to the best course to be adopted in case of an alarm, and embraced their children at night as those whom death might separate at any instant. Cheeks were steeped in tears in the midst of perturbed slumber, as the forebodings of the day presented in dreams, the horrors of death and slaughter, the tomahawk and flame.

Mrs. Mason had suffered exceedingly in her anxiety for Alice, magnifying the hardships and the dangers to which she had in reality been exposed. Her repugnance to the race, imbibed by education, and a knowledge of their atrocities, had caused her to invest them with everything that is revolting, and unfitted her to judge dispassionately of the treatment to which they had been subjected, or to detect the redeeming traits of their character. Often when Mr. Mason presented the "lone orphan, the tender lamb in the midst of wolves," as he was wont to designate her, before the throne of mercy, his voice became choked with emotion, and Anna would respond with a flood of tears. Her own prayers also were uttered with a

rency wondrous even to herself. Every incident of the day, ught her freshly to recollection. Were she happy, Alice were edful to participate in her happiness; sorrowful, she needed her sweet look of sympathy.

Mrs. Jones suffered equally with the rest She felt the want of the winning sweetness of Alice to lure her from a sense of her infirmities, and make her feel again the sunshine of the earth. Her form become daily more wasted, and an unnatural softness crept over her. Often would she wipe her dim eyes with the corner of her apron, her shrivelled hand trembling with age.

There is always something painfully touching in the grief of the aged. The shaking of the wasted hand, with its sallow skin and prominent veins; the scanty supply of tears, and the sigh, which no onger comes as a relief, but deep and heavy has become in truth a groan, wrung as it were, from the very vitals; the hand is no longer pressed upon the eyelids as if weeping brought its own consolation, but wanders uneasily about the garments, now smoothing the folds, and now pressed against the loose girdle. The foot is moved in quick restless taps upon the floor, and the eyes are never turned as if expecting sympathy from others. Alas! who is there that is ready to lay the aged and stricken head upon his bosom, and smooth the gray locks, and kiss the furrowed brow, that has known the weariness and the sorrow of many years. There is something awful in the weeping of the aged. They are those that have known the full bitterness of life; have beheld the beloved of youth pass to the land of spirits; have known the folly of earthly hopes; have found the canker at the root of every promise, and the golden fruit turned to ashes of bitterness. Love, and youth, and hope, and glory, all the chimeras of life, have passed away, and they live on like those ancient summits, that from their sterileness, and riven aspect, tell of former light and flame, though their fires are long since extinguished. No wonder, then, that we are prone to turn fearfully away from the sorrow of the aged—to feel there is something awful in the revival of human passions, in those who are supposed to have survived them. No, no; it is for the young, the hoping, the beautiful, to weep and find a response in every heart; the brow of the aged can repose alone upon the bosom of its God.

Mrs. Mason, besides her own cares and anxieties, found abundance of exertion necessary in order to relieve the growing infirmities of the old lady. The winter had been unusually severe, and she suffered from the many complaints incident to age. From the departure of Alice, a listlessness had crept over her, that told plainly the absence of the sweet girl lay heavily upon her heart. She would sit for hours watching the flakes of snow as they sailed slowly to the earth, turning their diamond points to the light, or driven by the wind, swept in eddies around the dwelling. At the least sound, she would hurriedly wipe her spectacles and look earnestly in the direction of the door, as if expecting her to enter. At first she turned peevishly away from the proffered kindness, and delicate attentions of Anna, but as her feebleness increased, she began to yield to them a silent acquiescence. At last her nature so much softened, that she called her Anny, and began to crave small attentions from her in the manner of a querrulous child. The first time she addressed Mrs. Mason by the familiar and affectionate name of Anny, the good woman was so affected, that she burst into tears, and gently pressing her lips to the shrivelled cheek of the other, she whispered—

"Thank you, grandmother, I was sure you would love me."

The old lady half pushed her aside, saying "Go away child," but she wiped a tear from her eyes with the end of her thumb, and her thin lips quivered, though she compressed them very tightly over her toothless jaws to conceal her emotions.

After the departure of Mr. Mason, she became still more the victim of restlessness and peevish impatience. The eager exercise of her senses seemed to have imparted a preternatural activity to them Sounds hitherto inaudible to the decaying organs, became keenly perceptible, and even the sense of sight began to improve. Many were the devices adopted by Anna to dissipate the tedium of absence; patchwork of curious and intricate patterns was commenced, and the old lady for a while would become absorbed in its construction; when this became wearisome, she planned the manufacture of various articles of the dairy in which Mrs. Jones could assist; among these were cheeses variously colored, and improved by the addition of rare buds. She even became a reader, and in addition to her instructions of little Jimmy, read the whole of Pilgrim's Progress aloud, ostensibly to amuse the child; but the grandmother never failed to put her spectacles to the top of her cap, fold her arms, closely crossed upon her thin waist, and lean forward in absorbed attention. Anna was full of household affections, and gentle benevolence, and where the heart is thus disposed, ways are never wanting for the exercise of its propensities. Even little Jimmy learned as if by instinct to amuse and gratify her, and the baby would creep across the room, and grasping her apron climb to her side; there he would stand swaying by the frail support, till his words and smiles won her attention. Anna at such times did not call the child away as many would have done, for the old lady rarely took any notice of it, as the very act would have conveyed a reproach; but she allowed the child of four-score, and the infant of a year to adopt their own course, and in time they became friends together, and delighted to interchange caresses.

CHAPTER XXI.

Proud maiden, with thy pale, imperial brow,
And thoughts too lofty for a world like this—
The cup of life, dark drugged as it is now,
Were meter for thee, than the cup of bliss—
No meaner crown is thine
Than that which fame shall twine.—MS.

THE doctrine, that without the shedding of blood there can be no remission of sin, announced in the written revelation of God, hath found a response to an original sentiment found in the mind of all nations, however rude or uncultivated. In whatever way it came there, whether by immediate inspiration, preserved by tradition, or growing out of that intuitive sense of justice, teaching us that a penalty must be paid for all wrong-doing; from whence springs the hope, that the sacrifice of the pure and holy may procure its remittance, it is unnecessary now to inquire; suffice it, that such is the fact. The savage, suffering from famine, from pestilence, or defeat in war, at once recognizes the principle, and believes that the accumulated sins of his people have provoked the anger of the invisible powers, and a sacrifice must be made in order to propitiate them. He selects an animal which he believes suitable to the occasion; or, if the case is urgent—he is desirous to avert great evil, or to procure great good—a solemn sacrifice is made of a human victim; a captive taken in war, whose death shall appease the manes of the departed, and win the favor of the invisibles.

It had been the wish of Tecumseh to do away these sacrifices, but the people, regarding them as an essential part of their religion, acquiesced only while there was nothing in their affairs that would render them of consequence. The Prophet, belonging more immediately to the priesthood, was unwilling to part with anything in ancient usages, that should add to the impressiveness of their ritual. The custom had partially gone into decay, but when Kumshaka proposed its revival, and, in a paroxysm of extraordinary sanctity, urged its necessity in the present period of famine and approaching hostilities, he was at once ready to adopt the measure. It would seem, that the brothers understood intuitively who was to be the victim, for none was named, and preparations were immediately made for a great feast, preparatory to the sacrifice. The next day Margaret received a small reed, with mysterious characters thereon inscribed, which she at once understood as the ceremony of invitation to a sacred festival. Alice saw her array herself with unwonted care, and with many preparatory ablutions, take her way to the great hall of council.

An immense fire was kindled in the centre of the lodge, and the sacred weed filled it with its fumes. The Prophet, in full canonicals, swept the circle, chanting in a low voice, and holding aloft an immense rattlesnake, which the hunters had found in the woods. The old men and chiefs of the tribe were seated next the flame, and the outer circles were occupied by the assembled multitude. On the entrance of Margaret the crowd opened, and the Prophet pointed her to a place among the elders of the tribe. Spreading out his two hands, with the snake across them, the Prophet commenced.

"Didst thou perish, O manitou, to foretell the doom of the Shawanee? The hunters beheld the conflict with terror. The black snake towered aloft, and thou didst ring the alarm. Fierce was the struggle. Ye did lash the air in your fury; and your scales clashed like the spears of the warrior. But the folds of thy foe were about thee; twined like the binding cords of the canoe. Thou art dead. Such is the fate of the red man. The white man binds him in his chains, and he is powerless. He lies like the manitou of the Shawanee, dead upon the earth. Shall he revive? Will life return to the massasauga?"

"Life shall return!" shrieked a voice at the threshold. Margaret covered her eyes at the terrible apparition. It was Ingaraga. A hundred years had quenched the light of her eyes, and bleached the

raven of her hair. Her flesh was wasted and cadaverous, and her nails protruded from her fingers. She turned her sightless eyes over the multitude, and spread out her bony hands. She shook her head from side to side, as if to catch some sound, though death had long since come upon the organ; in so doing her white hair, which reached nearly to her feet, encircled her like a shroud, from which peered the shrivelled face, thin and diminutive, and the quenched eyeballs.

"Life shall return!" she continued, approaching the fire, and lifting the serpent from the ground; "Life shall return, even as it doth come to the massasauga!" Scarcely were the words uttered, ere the snake coiled itself, its tail vibrating so as to be almost invisible, and its red jaws distended. Taking a twig she carried in her hand, she played from side to side, retreating to the open air: the serpent followed her motions as if by enchantment.

Ingaraga returned, her white hair streaming over her shoulders, and with a velocity almost supernatural, she thrice circled the flame, and cast therein powerful charms. She stopped short, and staggered heavily, exhausted with the effort; her chest heaved, her frame quivered, and her face fearfully distorted. At first her words were inarticulate, but at length her cry wrought itself into language frightfully vehement and shrill.

"Wo—wo, to the red man! He hath forgotten the worship of his fathers! His fields are barren, and the game flieth from his grounds! His young men are feeble in battle; and the arrow goeth crooked in the chase! A black mark is upon him—he is doomed to death! Wo—wo! The eagle's nest was upon the rocks! Up where the lightnings played, and the strong winds battled! He looked off upon the prairies, and down upon the big lakes: for his prey was upon every side. The wings of his children were thick, and their sound as the voice of the tempest! A foe crept to the rock, and hurled the young into the depths beneath! The cry of the old eagle went up, and it was heard like the thunder in the dark clouds—calling together the fiery bolts! There was the rushing and shivering of wings, and the tumult of battle!"

Her voice was lost amid inarticulate mouthings—a white froth gathered about her lips—she swayed heavily forward, and lay writhing upon the earth. The Prophet assumed the tone of prophecy.

"The eagle's nest shall again appear upon the rock; the bones of his prey shall be heaped beneath him, and he shall look forth in his might. The altars of the Invisible have been deserted—there is no blood upon the stones—the fire has gone out, and moss creepeth where the fresh victim should bleed. The Shawanee will return to the worship of his fathers. Behold! the Great Spirit hath prepared the victim! He will be pleased with his children, and their glory shall return."

Margaret's cheek assumed an ashy paleness, and her breath came heavily, for a sure instinct revealed to her that Alice was the victim designed. Hurriedly she revolved the possibility of escape: but how, with the vindictive Ackoree and the subtle Kumshaka to watch their motions? How, too, when the superstition of the people would lead them to watch vigilantly the victim designed for the altars of their gods? Scarcely knowing what she did, she arose from her seat, and cast her mournful eyes about the assembly. She heard a low laugh, which she knew to be that of Ackoree. The Prophet spoke.

"Let not fear come to the heart of the Swaying Reed. The sun will long dance upon her pathway, and she will be as the voice of the Great Spirit to his red children."

Margaret felt as if a film were gathering over her eyes; the place whirled about her, and the faces of the multitude changed to fearful and grotesque images. Her throat was parched, and a strange ringing came to her ears. Pressing her hand heavily upon her brow, she at length found utterance.

"It is well. The white girl must die."

Kumshaka arose from his feet, and confronted her searchingly. "Let not the Swaying Reed hope that the white girl will escape. She is doomed!"

Pale as marble, heart-stricken as she was, a portion of her former spirit lent its fire to her eyes, and curl to her lip

"The Swaying Reed neither hopes nor desires escape. Whence comes the new sanctity of the weak chief? Whence his courage? It is that he may work the death of a lone girl. He will bring ruin upon his people to gratify his own hatred. The white girl must die Hath the Prophet listened to the stars? Hath the Great Spirit come to him in dreams, and called for one to bleed for the people? So be it. Let the victim be brought to the altar; but let her not be dragged thither with streaming eyes and tears. Let not shrieks and wailing be heard, when ye sacrifice to the Great Spirit. Ye ask a victim."

There was a death-like pause. Margaret left the circle of chiefs, and stood in the area in front. Her face was utterly bloodless: the small clasped hands were like cold white statuary, and her breath so light that it lent no motion to her chest. Fearful was the contrast where the curls of her long dark hair lay upon her bosom. Low exceedingly, and sweet, were the tones of her voice.

"Ye ask a victim. Lo, I come!" and she raised her eyes upward with an expression of holy patience. "Let me be laid upon your altars. Would you make a welcome sacrifice to the Great Spirit, it must be a willing one. Not with terror, and many tears; but one who would willingly die for the good of the tribes. Behold me. What is there in life to bind the Swaying Reed to earth? She longs for the spirit land. There is no light in her path. She has loved the red people, why should she not die for them? But the timid maiden must not die. No evil must come to her. She must be sheltered like the infant of few moons. Let me go with her to our people, and the Swaying Reed will return and die in her place."

There was a murmur of applause, interrupted by Kumshaka. "Think you the bird, escaped the snare, will return to it again? The pale maiden must not escape."

Margaret's lip curled with bitter pride. "There is no truth in the heart of the chief, and he cannot read it in the hearts of others. Before one moon I will return, unless the Great Spirit should sooner take me to himself." And she took the lighted calumet, laid her hand upon her heart, and blew the sacred smoke upward, and then cast a piece of the weed into the flames at her feet.

"It is enough," said the Prophet. "The Swaying Reed shall go with the timid maiden. She dare not break a vow made to the Great Spirit. In one moon she will be here."

"Should she fail," returned Kumshaka, "let her listen in every wind for the arrow of Kumshaka—see in every shadow the passage of his form—and lie down every night, sure that he is by, ready for the death."

Margaret listened with a faint smile, and with slow steps left the feast, for the food was upon the coals, and many and solemn were the rites still to be observed. She was now to prepare Alice for escape, and yet conceal from her the fearful pledge by which it had been procured. Her foot had lost its elastic spring, and she moved with that kind of retarded speed with which the dreamer attempts to struggle forward, and yet feels himself drawn to the earth. There was a strange bewilderment about her senses, and she found herself at every moment collecting the links of thought; turning her mind backward, to see what was the secret of that heaviness that grew upon her—whether it were a reality, or but the impression of a too vivid dream. 'The new moon, wi' the auld moon in her arms,' hung upon the verge of the horizon, but she scarcely beheld the thread of silver, so prepared was her mind to observe the shadow it embraced. Leaf and blossom were at rest; the stars looked down beholding themselves in the river, but their very tranquillity was oppressive, so much did the hopelessness of life speak to her heart. She leaned against the entrance of her cabin, scarcely conscious she did so, looking abstractedly into the dimness of the woods. The moon quivered for a moment upon the tops of the trees, gleamed faintly through the dense foliage, then left all to silence and gloom—yet she regarded not the change. Tongatou touched her hand.

"The feast will be long—Kumshaka has a false heart. The maidens must escape ere the chiefs shall call for blood. Tongatou will go with them."

Margaret entered the cabin. Alice was sleeping soundly; and as she held back the screen, the dim torch-light fell upon her sweet face, the round cheek resting upon her arm, and the brown hair scattered in profusion over her shoulders, the long lash sweeping its graceful curve. Margaret listened to the light breathing, half in wonder that aught human could look so much like blessedness.

"Alice," she said, and she started at the unearthly tones of her own voice. Alice arose, looking with surprise at the ashy paleness of her sister.

"We must away, Alice; I will go with thee to thy people."

Alice felt they were in deadly peril, for the voice and look of Margaret revealed it, but she staid for no questioning; she embraced her, and silently prepared for departure. When she laid her hand upon the Bible, Margaret's cold fingers were upon her own, and she whispered, "Let it remain."

Alice remembered long that deathly touch, and pale sorrowful face. They left the cabin in silence, for even Minaree lingered at the feast, unsuspecting the early departure of her foster-child. The

river, swollen by recent rains, rolled on with a deep, heavy swell; and the sound of the rapids above added to the gloom. At this moment a fish leapt upward, and fell back with a long, heavy plash. She grasped the arm of the chief, wild with terror.

Tongatou shook her off fiercely. "The pale girl has nothing to fear, while the Swaying Reed shelters her."

Margaret's native energy came to her assistance, for she saw that the generous youth in his heart despised the helpless timidity of Alice, natural as it was, and condemned her for being, though unconscious of the fact, the cause of her own destruction. She therefore put her arm about her waist, and placed the skins to shelter her with the tenderness of a mother; and then took one of the paddles to assist in propelling the boat. Alice shuddered to contemplate the gloom of the young chief, as the bright star light revealed his face; and there was something, too, appalling in the still pale face of Margaret. Hour after hour, Alice looked upon her, and she remained the same, with her passionless brow, and sad, sweet mouth, bending her slight form mechanically to the dip of the oar. At length, Tongatou took the paddle from her hands; she resigned it passively, and, as he motioned, she placed herself at the side of Alice. She seemed chilled to the heart, but spoke not, and scarcely breathed. Alice was certain she did not sleep, for when the morning blushed in the melody of light, and a response burst from bird and blossom, she remained the same—cold and motionless.

All day the canoe moved onward, now in the shadow of dense forests, and now by the side of the prairie, where vine and blossom bent over to the refreshing waters—a wilderness of beauty. Blossoms! beautiful—most beautiful creations of the Eternal! How the heart expands with delight at beholding ye, and the lips unconsciously utter the language of thankfulness. Surely—surely the Creator must delight in the beautiful, for everywhere, on earth, sea, and sky, hath He affixed its impress; and then, that man might share in his beatitude, he hath indued him with this most ennobling and joy-imparting faculty. They are the joy and the mystery of childhood; and blessed are they who, in their meekness and purity, suffer no 'glory to depart from the earth!' Blessed creatures! ye toil not, neither do ye spin; and yet who shall be like ye in glory? Ye minister not to the base wants of the body; your mission is to the soul—to the higher inward sense, to be expanded hereafter. Children of the desert! of else waste and desolate places, ye appear to glad the eyes of the invisibles; and, if perchance man goeth forth, how doth tears gush to his eyes at beholding thus the foot-prints of infinite benevolence! Meek dwellers of the rocks! ye cling confidingly to the rugged bosom, content with the tears of the morning, and its first blush of light. Ye are content whether the rain or the sunshine be upon ye, happy in the blessings of existence. The vale and the mountain, the pure water, and the dim forest, have each their beautiful dwellers; for by them do the angels record upon earth the presence of gentle and holy hearts, made manifest by the flowers upon its bosom.

Often as the canoe approached an opening in the forest, making way for the passage of a stream scarcely visible, except by its long trail of verdure, herds of startled deer appeared in the distance, retreating to the woods, or off over the prairie. The practised eye of the youth detected the nature of the country, and the doublings of the stream, and when to bear the canoe across portages of perhaps a half-mile, thus to avoid a circuit of many. It was a long, dreary route to one like Alice, to whom the grandeur, the silence, and wild solitudes of wood and mountain, brought only images of gloom and apprehension. Nothing relieved the native taciturnity of Tongatou, and a calm, settled melancholy rested upon the face of Margaret. She was gentle exceedingly; and more than once, when Alice looked up, she perceived the eyes of her sister fixed tearfully upon her; and when she would have spoken, and asked her why, Margaret smiled faintly, and motioned her to silence.

CHAPTER XXII.

Are we not exiles here?
Come there not o'er us memories of a clime
More genial and more dear,
Than this of time?—TUCKERMANN.

It was now the third night of their journey, and they had not as yet encountered a human being. More than once a thin column of smoke betokened the presence of the hunter or the pioneer; but at such times they moved on in silence, nor struck a fire, or shot an arrow, till the indication became lost in the distance. It was one of those quiet, beautiful nights, when the heart seems to feel the presence of the Eternal visible in his creations, and we are led unconsciously to speculate upon what we are, and what we may be, when we go out and claim our affinity with the unseen but all-pervading presence. Alice, faint and weary, had fallen asleep immediately upon the spreading of the skins for the night; Margaret, half reclining, was beholding the moon, over which thin clouds were spreading a veil of gossamer. Tongatou regarded her long in silence, and then he seated himself at her side, and addressed her.

"Will the Swaying Reed remain with her people? She will bring light to any cabin."

Margaret fixed her eyes sternly upon him.

"Does the chief think there is no truth in the heart of the white maiden? The Swaying Reed belongs now, neither to the white dor the red people. She is given to the great Spirit."

"Tongatou will not counsel the maiden, he knoweth her wisdom. When Tecumseh shall return, his cabin will be desolate. If it be the will of the swaying Reed, her red brother will bear her away to the valley of the great river, and build her wigwam where none shall find it but Tecumseh. No evil shall come upon her, for Tongatou will guard it night and day, and she shall dwell in peace. Why should blood drown the melody of the Swaying Reed? Let the blossoms gather about her nest, and the sunshine rest upon it."

Margaret listened, smiling faintly, and as her eye wandered over earth and sky, their beauty came again with a new love to her breast. The sylvan lodge with its rest and security, seemed a pleasant vision to her eye, and spoke in tones of appeal. Then came that strange clinging to life, which even age, with its withered hopes, is known to feel; how much stronger then the young and the trusting! But a deeper and holier principle reigned in the heart of the lone girl, teaching her that truth is holier, and more to be sought than repose or even life itself. When at length she replied to the youth, it was with a strong and holy purpose of heart.

"The Swaying Reed, has learned to look away from the sunshine of earth, and find her delight in thoughts of the spirit land. The sound of many voices cometh to her ear, and they tell of rest and blessedness where the storm or shadow cometh not. They tell of stars in their myriads and glory, and of skies unbounded reposing in blueness and beauty. I float away in a wilderness of blue; there is delight in motion, in existence, for the soul is unshackled in its flight. The same voice that spoke to Tecumseh of war and disaster, spoke also to the ear of the Swaying Reed. The spirit-bird that sang upon the roof, was sent to warn her of her fate. Why should she seek to shun it? She may not now, for her pledge is given to the Almighty. She is ready to depart. It will be death only, be the mode what it may, and why should she shrink therefrom? The Swaying Reed must die. She would not escape, and for the sake of a few longer draughts of air, carry herself about a living lie! No: it were daily death!"

She turned to the face of the sleeping Alice, and it may be, wished that hers had been a like nature to weep and smile, and slumber in forgetfulness; to hold out the hands for support from others, rather than rely upon herself; to yield to circumstances, rather than shape out her own destiny. But such had not been the character of her soul, and suffering and trial had been proportioned to the strength of her endurance.

"Tongatou," she resumed, "I feel upon me the shadows of another world. I feel its vastness, its infinite silence. While I listen with awe to that eternal hush, faint low music cometh to my ear, now heard, and now lost, like the far-off notes of the night bird. Alice talks of spirits in that land of shadows, of companionship, and love; but as for me, I have striven to penetrate its mysteries, almost in despair. I cannot believe because others believe. I must feel it in my own soul. The blossom appears and dies; another comes in its place, but the same one appears no more. Is it so with us? Others come where we have been, and shall we appear in another land? O, Tongatou, these are great mysteries: I am willing to die that I may understand them. Alice reads the Book of our faith, that tells us we may live for ever; and she never doubts. I have been away from its pages, and must find the assurance elsewhere. Our people all believe in a Great Spirit; in a life after death. Tongatou, it is the voice of the Great Spirit, speaking in the heart he has made. It is the calling of spirit to spirit. If there were nothing beyond death we would never have desired aught. We believe, because we have been made so to do; it is our nature. Tongatou, I fear not to die by thy people, and there may be virtue in it, since it will save Alice, and may bring good to the tribes. It is a small thing to die, and live again—to sleep and awake."

The youth looked in the face of the inspired girl, and though he

but dimly comprehended what she had said, yet the best impulses of his nature had been awakened, and the tears came to his eyes.

"Tongatou feels, that the Great Spirit hath talked with the Swaying Reed, and told her of the land of spirits. He will think more of it now, and when the Swaying Reed shall be there, will she not sometimes come and sit upon the the roof of Tongatou, and sing of the spirit land? He shall remember her voice for ever, and her music will sink into his heart. He will know even in the spirit-bird, the voice and the eyes of the Swaying Reed."

"Alas!" said Margaret, "I know not aught that shall be hereafter, but I can never cease to love all that is generous and good in the heart of my red brother. Methinks, I hear in my heart the utterance of the Great Spirit; let us commune with him!"

She folded her hands upon her bosom, and remained long in silent meditation. Tongatou sat with his eyes fixed, as if striving to penetrate those mysteries of which she had spoken.

Margaret fearlessly slept by the side of Alice, and the youth continued his watching till the young dawn awoke them to another day's journey. They had rested upon a point of land projecting deeply into the water, covered with birch, sycamore and other hard-wood trees, and the morning awakened the grove to one universal gush of melody. In the shoals of the river the patient heron waited motionless for its prey, and the wild duck trimmed its plumes and swam at ease upon its bosom. The air was warm and quiet, the shadows from beneath looking as distinct as objects above. It was a sweet secluded spot, and the waking of inanimate nature in this little dell, was like the unclosing of an infant's lid, while the smile of its angel dreams is yet lingering about its mouth.

Tongatou addressed a few words to the ear of Margaret, to which she seemed to assent, for he concealed the canoe in the thicket, and proceeded upon a route diverging somewhat from the direction of their course. Alice perceived it and demanded the cause.

"The red man must do honor to the graves of his fathers," replied Margaret.

She would have remonstrated, but the very looks of Margaret were of a kind to command, and acquieseence had become habitual to the timid sister. She walked on by the side of her companion, till weariness compelled her pause; while they took some refreshment, she observed the chief examinin the ground before them with great scrutiny. She became alarmed. "We have struck upon a trail," explained Margaret, "and Tongatou is trying to learn what has preceded us."

Tongatou returned, and informed them that the same path had been travelled by two upon horseback, and each led a horse.

"Are they red or white men?" asked Margaret.

"One is a white."

"How have you learned all this?" said Alice, surprised at the minuteness of the detail.

"I know that two of the horses are unbridled, for they have browsed upon the herbage in passing. One of the men is white; for, where he had alighted, [foot was turned outward: he is young; for his step is long and firmly set."

The color came to the cheek of Alice, as the possibility occurred to her, that Henry Mansfield might be on his way to restore them to their friends. Impressed with the idea, she followed her companions with a quicker pace, and with something of her former vivacity. Hope suggested a thousand pleasant images, and lent a new beauty to the objects around her. The green wood became greener, and the blossom brighter in her pathway.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I look around and f el the awe
Of one, who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In dismal ruin strown;
I start to hear the stirring sounds
From the leaves of withered trees;
For the voice of the departed
Seems borne upon the breeze.—PARK BENJAMIN.

ALL day they pursued their journey: sometimes in the direction of the trail, and then again divergent. As night approached, they left it nearly at right-angles. The moon was sending down her beams of silver beauty, lighting the shimmering woods, when their guide came to a halt in the vicinity of a mound of earth, raised in the midst of the forest. It was nearly circular in its form, and of considerable extent, and in many parts covered with trees of great size. An occasional projection indicated parts of a more recent construction, and suggested that these slight deviations from the designed figure, were but temporary, and in time to be removed. The turf was smooth and green, and the mound—standing in the midst of a wide level extent of country, with no other elevation for miles about, surrounded by a dense forest—suggested impressions of reverence and grandeur. The very spirit of silence seemed to brood over this venerable relic of a by-gone and forgotten age. The moon lay upon its summit, and dense, heavy masses of shadow lay at its base. If a straggling wind found itself in this solitary vale, it crept hushingly beneath the pendant leaf, and over the sighing grass, to free itself with its gay fellows, sporting by the river brink.

The three stood together, looking in mute awe upon this record of obscurity, when all at once a flood of melody broke forth from the branches above, so full and liquid, so like the gushing forth of all sweet and sorrowful harmonies, that it might have passed for the conjoined griefs and blessedness of all that slept beneath; who had once lived and sorrowed, rejoiced and wept, and passed away where tears are no more. Awhile, the melody ceased; silence rested as before upon them; the moon looked forth in her brightness, and then veiled her face in silvery clouds, and again burst forth that gush of strange sad music.

Alice clung to the arm of Margaret, for the stillness of the night, the solitude, and that wild gush of melody filled her with awe, amounting to terror.

"It is the spirit-bird," whispered Margaret, solemnly; "it singeth ever by the sepulchres of the tribes. It sang three nights upon our roof. I knew its voice of warning."

Alice shuddered; for the whites had imbibed the same superstition, and she knew it ominous of death.

At this moment, Tongatou threw his hands upward, and bending to the monument in an attitude of grief, began to chant in measured tones. Margaret placed herself by his side, keeping time to the dirge-like burden.

"The bones of the red man are on every side. They lie in the deep woods; they sleep to the sound of many waters. They that perish in battle, sleep together, forgetful of the strife. The grass is green upon them, and the trees of a thousand suns spring from their ashes. The land is rich with their blood; it heaveth with their bones. Where shall we go, and our fathers sleep not with us? The tree that shelters the warrior in battle, sheltered old men before him. The hunter in the chase treadeth in the trail of the hunter a thousand years ago.

"Alas, alas, for the dead!
Alas, for those that go to the spirit-land!
Do they know of the deeds of brave men?
Do they delight in the glory of their children?
Do they know when we weep over their bones?"

The last sentences were prolonged to a wail, that mingled with the music of the bird, and swelled low and sadly upon the night air. It died away, and was renewed in plaintive cadences:

"Alas, for them that go to the spirit-land!
They heed not the fame of their children:
Sorrow cometh to them, and they know it not:
We come to them, and they know it not;
We call upon them, and they answer not:
Come—come! we call upon ye, spirits of the dead."

Alice covered her face with her hands, for a long pause succeeded the invocation; and on the misty canopy above, in the midst of the dim trees, and hovering over that solitary mound, seemed to her excited fancy to assemble the warriors of other days, fierce in the panoply of war; wielding spear and battle-axe, guarded by corslet and shield, with towering plume and radiant crest. Dimly and mistily they thronged in the still night, and fought again the battles of heroes. Overcome with awe, she threw her arms about the neck of Margaret, and implored her to leave a place so awful.

"Behold, it is deep midnight!" said Margaret, huskily; "speak not, for we are in the midst of the dead!" and then, as if continuing the chant, she went on:

"Hark to the voices of the dead!
The tones from the spirit-land;
They come from the dim sepulchre,
From the old and shadowy wood;
They come from the pale stars:
On the cloudy cars of the wind
We behold the dead of a thousand years!
They come like the gathering mist of the storm.

Do ye behold how the glory hath departed from your children? How the stranger is here, even in the midst of your graves? How the youth have forgotten your sepulchres? We weep, and ye know of our sorrow. We weep, and ye point to the spirit-land. We

come—for rest is not for the red man—we come to the spirit-land."

As the chant proceeded, they began to slowly circle the mound, and Alice moved with them; for that unearthly bird—those sepulchral notes, uttered at the hour of night, in the midst of dimness and shadow, filled her with unspeakable fear. As the group moved onward, the barking of a dog at no great distance, thrilled her with delighted relief—it had a voice to remind her of human presence—of human sympathies; and the misty visions of the mind fled before it.

Tongatou laid his finger upon his lips, and crept silently forward; and so certain was Alice that relief was near at hand, that, notwithstanding her companion desired she should remain while the youth went forward to see from whence came the sound, she clung to the neck of Margaret, and insisted that they should follow. A slight turn revealed, at no great distance, a cloud of sparks rising in the midst of the branches, flashing and soaring upward, till they went out in the dense blackness above.

A rapid, continuous rattle, like the shaking of pebbles in a stiff parchment, caused them to recoil; for there, visible by the flame before them, lay coiled an immense rattlesnake; darting, and throwing itself forward with wonderful velocity, in search of its prey. At length, recovering itself, it remained poised, with neck towering from the midst of its burnished folds; its jaws distended, its glittering eyes like coals of flame, and its head oscillating from side to side. To the terrified eyes of Alice, the aspect of the creature changed with every vibration of its body. Now it was a heap of gems, sparkling and heaving in the moonbeams, and she felt an irresistible desire to behold them nearer, and would have done so, but that the arm of Margaret held her back. Then it was a rainbow, ceiling and trailing upon the earth; anon it was a train of fire, gleaming and quivering, and endowed with vitality.

Tongatou began to address it with great earnestness, assuring it that a Shawonee could never have designed to do it harm; that if evil had been threatened, it was unknown to them. They were full of reverence for the guardian manitou of the tribe, and were ready to do anything to appease his anger. As the adjuration proceeded, Alice beheld the huge reptile lay itself down, its gray hue returned, and she now saw that another of the same species lay dead beside it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

—The moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head:
But the pilgrim—where is he?—Pierpont.

Tongatou now crept with the stealthy tread of a panther, in the direction in which the fire appeared. Margaret would have remained, waiting his return, but so much did the terrors of their situation grow upon the mind of Alice, that she determined to follow him. They had accomplished nearly half their distance without alarm, when the snapping of a twig beneath the foot of Alice aroused the vigilance of the dog, and he rushed forward, barking furiously. A moment more and two men appeared, with arms presented, striving to penetrate the darkness around, to learn the cause of the alarm. Alice uttered a loud shriek, and fell fainting into the arms of Margaret.

The strangers approached, and Henry Mansfield folded the insensible Alice to his heart. Bearing her to the light, he marked with painful emotions the changes which care and sorrow had wrought on her sweet face. Mr. Mason sunk upon his knees and returned thanks with a gush of tears. Then turning to Margaret, he would have laid his hand upon her head in paternal benediction, but she shrank proudly back, and he only added,

"Bless the Lord, O maiden, that thou hast been taken from the horrible pit and the miry clay."

No sooner had Tongatou found the strangers were the friends of Alice, than he threw himself upon the earth, and was soon buried in profound slumber; the more welcome, that it was the first he had indulged since their escape from the village.

Many were the inquiries of Alice as to the welfare of the little family, and she listened to the recital of their fears and anxieties on her behalf, with smiles and tears. At every proof of tenderness, and every effort made to rescue her, the tears were in her eyes, and the most touching acknowledgments fell from her lips. For many hours after the rest of the group were buried in sleep, the quiet tones of her voice, disturbed, like a wandering note of music, the silence of the night; nor did she frown when Henry, gathering the thick robes to shelter her, placed his arm around her waist, and laid her cheek upon his shoulder. Though exhausted with travel, she felt too much of happiness while again listening to the language of affection and sympathy to admit of slumber. She wept as the youth recited his anxieties and efforts to relieve her, and the long months of suspense, amounting to agony, relieved only by the assurance from some passing Indian, that she was well. Then she wept again, as she related her own sorrows; and when the youth tenderly kissed them away, her tears were renewed, for suffering had converted her to a very child. When, at length, she lay down by the side of Margaret, it is no wonder if the youth stole a look at her pale face, and impressed a kiss upon the pure brow; for he was left to guard the sleep of the little party in that wild, solitary wood.

The arrow of Tongatou furnished the morning repast, and when it was over, Mr. Mason, in accordance with his invariable custom, uttered a fervent and heart-felt prayer. There was something touching in the performance of the duty in the midst of those old solitudes; the deep and reverential voice blending its homage of praise with that of the free bird; and the green earth waked from its period of repose.

It was resolved to remain through th day, and another night in the woods, for the sake of rest; and Tongatou no sooner learned the determination, than he again disposed himself to slumber—for the precarious life of the savage, subjecting him often to protracted watchings, likewise enables him to indulge in long intervals of sleep, thereby preserving the equilibrium.

Mr. Mason regarded the cold and haughty bearing of Margaret with sorrowful displeasure. Her demi-savage dress, too, shocked him as something heathenish, and allied to the children of Belial; to say nothing of its outrage upon his sense of propriety. The indolent grace of the beautiful girl, as she reclined, wrapt in her own meditations, taking no note of those about her, seemed but an ill requitance for the labor expended in her behalf. More than once he attempted to address her, but the awe she inspired made him at a loss how to begin. The more he regarded her, the more was he impressed with the urgency of his duty to enlighten her as to those doctrines of which he believed her ignorant. In his own mind he could not entirely exculpate Alice from blame, in suffering her to remain so; and he resolved, on their return, to place her offence strongly before her; for, though kind and cheerful to the last degree, in his daily life, he could not tolerate the least omission in religious observance; and here, if anywhere, rested a shadow of severity.

Seating himself beside her, he waited in vain for some token of consciousness on the part of Margaret, that he was present; but she, neither by look or motion, gave him leave to address her.

"Daughter," at length said Mr. Mason, "I perceive that thou art still in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity."

Margaret turned her penetrating eyes full upon him, and read searchingly his face. Mr. Mason was abashed, and colored slightly, but in the way of duty he was not easily daunted, and he went on, though his voice was certainly louder and more determined than the occasion would seem to require.

"Daughter, wo is thee, that thou hast sojourned in Meshak, that thou hast dwelt in the tents of Kedesh; thou hast burned incense under every green tree, and upon every high hill; and thou hast forgotten the heritage of Israel. Thou hast bowed down unto strange gods, and hast forgotten the Lord, the righteous. Thou hast forsaken the guide of thy youth, who would have led thee to green pastures and beside the still waters. Return, outcast daughter of Zion, for behold the Spirit and the bride say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him come and partake of the water of life freely."

While he thus addressed her in the inspired language of scripture, Margaret listened as to remembered music; but when he added, "I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thy heart, and that thou wilt rather eat chaff with the swine than return to thy father's house, where is wine and oil, and bread enough and to spare:" her eyes flashed, and she half arose from her seat; but impelled perhaps by awakened curiosity, she again sunk back upon the heaped up leaves. Mr. Mason went on.

"Let me hear thee cry, 'Lord, thou art the guide of my youth.' Let me see thee cast thy idols to the moles and the bats, and these garments, which are the filthy rags of heathenism, cast aside for the more seemly robes of a Christian maiden. Let me see thee clad in the garments of righteousness, and adorned with a weak and quiet spirit, and prostrate at the foot of the cross, cry mightily on the Lord, thy Saviour. Yea, cast thyself down, for I perceive thy spirit is full of all pride, and wrath and bitterness."

Margaret arose proudly from her seat, and motioning that none should follow, was soon lost in the thick woods. It was many

hours before she returned, and when she did so, her cheek was pale and her eyes swollen with weeping.

The next morning, when the first tinge of light broke upon the forest, ere the bird had lifted its wing or shook a drop of dew from its nest; Tongatou, who had watched through the night, awoke Margaret from her slumbers. She arose, and gazed long and earnestly in the face of Alice, with hands clasped and the tears streaming from her eyes. Long—long memories were awakened; their childhood, their cruel separation and last meeting, with dissevered sympathies, secret sorrows, hopes, fears and perils. Alice must never know the horrors of her death, never know what she herself had escaped. This reflection imparted a degree of firmness, and she turned away, denying herself a last embrace—a last farewell. She had proceeded but few paces, when she returned and gazed in mute tenderness upon the sweet face, which she should see no more on earth. Alice stirred slightly, and she stooped down and pressed her hand upon her side hushingly, as a mother would caress the restlessness of a child; she bent her lips to her cheek, and unconsciously whispered, "Dear, dear sister! may the Almighty comfort you." Alice felt a tear fall upon her cheek, and she started wildly up, and grasped the garment of Margaret—the whole truth flashed upon her mind. Wildly she clung to her neck, and implored her to remain.

"Alice, it cannot be. It had been better had we never met again on earth; but now we meet no more. The decree has gone forth, and we part for ever! Oh, Alice, when you think of me, let it not be with anger and reproach, as of one whose heart was cold and dead, and who loved a wild life better than she loved friend and sister; who went back to it for the sake of her Indian lover, to dwell in peace in a forest wigwam: but think of me as one who bore a great sorrow at her heart; and yet it was strong, fearing nothing however terrible; but think of me, Alice, as one who loved you better than life itself!"

The tenderness of this appeal was too much for the exhausted powers of Alice, and she fainted upon her bosom. Margaret gently laid her upon the turf; she kissed her lips, cheek, and brow, held back the long dark hair and looked into the pale inanimate face; gave her one long, last kiss, and rising mournfully to her feet, spread her hands one moment over her, as if in blessing; waved them toward the wondering group, and plunged into the dense woods Mr. Mason's first impulse was to follow in pursuit; but a warning arrow from Tongatou admonished him to forbear.

"The Lord be praised, that I warned her yesterday," he ejaculated; "had I not done so, I had been as a faithless watchman on the citadel of Zion, and verily the blood of her soul had been found upon the skirts of my garments. Like the Israelites of old she remembered the garlics and flesh-pots of Egypt, and loathed the spiritual manna."

By the aid of branches of the trees, covered with skins and suspended between the two led horses, a comfortable litter was prepared, on which was borne the almost lifeless body of Alice. It was a sad journey of tears and hopeless sorrow. She felt as if all her labor had been in vain, and it was not till busy recollection brought back the memory of the growing tenderness of Margaret, and the evident enlightenment of her religious views, that she could find one ray of consolation. Then she remembered her request that the Bible should remain, and wondered that she had not before suspected the reason. Then would come the conviction that Margaret was lost, lost to her for ever, and her tears flowed afresh. Now that she was gone, memory, as in the case of the dead, restored all the noble, the excellent and unselfish nature of her sister, casting upon them the bold and distinctive light of another world; and all that was unlovely, if such there were, retired into the shadow or totally disappeared. When she attempted to recall her features to her view, she could only bring back the beautiful face, beaming with that last look of tenderness, and the radiant eyes suffused with tears. Then, too, the presence of Mr. Mason had awakened many points of faith into vivid distinctness, which had become partially obscured by her long residence in the woods, where human creeds were undreamed of. Calling to Mr. Mason, she hinted her fears that she had not been at sufficient pains to ascertain the true state of her sister.

"I fear so too," said Mr. Mason, with a severity unusual to him, and which brought a frown upon the brow of Mansfield. "I fear so too; for I found in her little of the meekness that should become a believer in the meek and lowly Jesus. But if you have clearly pointed out the true way, and she refuses to follow it, the consequences of rejection must rest upon her own head; you are free from all blame in this matter. But if—"

"Alas!" said Alice, "she was so full of lofty thought, and a strange exalted religion, that I could never talk with her. She was the teacher, not I."

Mr. Mason scrutinized her countenance suspiciously—"I should be sorry to feel, Alice, that thou art straying from the flock. Thou art but a tender lamb, and must be carried in the bosom of the good shepherd. Remember, that he who putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven."

Mr. Mason persisted in completing his warning, notwithstanding many angry shakes of the head on the part of Mansfield; and Alice could only reply with her tears, for she was becoming bewildered in language that conveyed to her but little of definite meaning. From Margaret, she had learned to take a more elevated and comprehensive view of the great doctrines of human faith and duty; and in her present debility she feared, that what in the wilderness had appeared as freedom and truth, might after all have been nothing more than delusion.

When the little party wound around the rude road cut through the forest on their way home, Mrs. Mason was standing at the door, evidently in the vague hope of witnessing their return. Little Jimmy started upon a full run to meet his father, and Anna caught the baby from the old lady's arms, kissed it and hurried to the door; then in again, turning round and round in the bewilderment of her joy; put the child upon the floor, and then rushed from the house, and throwing her arms about the almost unconscious Alice, bore her like an infant into the inner room and laid her upon her own bed. The pale hands of Alice were clasped over her neck and they wept together. The old lady stood by wiping her eyes with her trembling hands, and then putting down her spectacles to gaze upon her altered face, and elevating them again to the border of her cap to wipe away her tears. Jimmy began to scream very loudly, and the baby joined in concert.

A refreshing draught was now prepared by Anna, and the poor girl was left to repose.

"Where is Margaret?" inquired both Anna and the old lady, at the first moment for observation.

Mr. Mason went on to relate the whole of their adventure in the woods, together with what he had otherwise learned, concerning Margaret, from the lips of her sister. Upon which the old lady repeated in full the history of Sam Shaw, with suitable comments, to which all listened with the utmost kindness and apparent interest, notwithstanding they had heard the same story, and the same conclusions, from the same lips at least fifty times before. But when is ever a story wearisome to benevolent ears, if coming from the lips of a child in the budding of its existence, or from the child of fourscore upon whom has fallen the sear and the yellow leaf of human life. She turned her eyes from one to the other in assurance of approval, and when her subject had become exhausted, and the vanity of earthly expectations pressed home to her heart, she laid her head against the high back of her chair, and closing her eyes began to sing,

"How vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

Many were the weeks of severe illness that followed upon the return of Alice. At times she was delirious, and her sweet and tender appeals to Margaret, in which she implored her not to forsake her, and return again to the solitude of the wild woods, brought tears into the eyes of all present. Then she renewed the terrors and perils of their flight from the village, and that long wearisome journey. She would deplore her own want of strength and resolution, and wish that like Margaret she were undaunted, and persevering. At length her disease yielded to the faithful nursing of Mrs. Mason, and great was the rejoicing, when she was able to be seated in the common room, bolstered up in the old lady's great arm-chair. But the subject of Margaret was one to call up the most painful emotions, and it became tacitly interdicted by the family.

CHAPTER XXV.

And oh, when death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past;
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, "Look aloft," and depart.

J. LAWRENCE.

MARGARET, accompanied by Tongatou, travelled on in silence; her hands folded and drooping before her, and her tall, slender figure realizing painfully her Indian cognomen of the Swaying Reed;

for her footsteps were languid and vascillating, and she moved mechanically forward, without noticing the impediments in her pathway. Once, when they had come to a small brook, that babbled over its rocky bed, its pure waters sparkling and flashing in the sunshine that peered through the dense branches, she stopped and laved her cheek and brow, and partook of its refreshing drops. As her own colorless cheek, thin and worn, met her eye, she said mournfully to her companion—

"The Swaying Reed is very weary. Would that she might lie down in the great woods, and pass to the world of spirits. Her heart is sad. There is no light upon her path."

Tongatou wept. "Shall Tongatou paddle his canoe down to the white settlements? He will wear the moccasons from his feet, he will follow the sun behind the mountains of the west, and forget to eat and to sleep, if he may bring joy to the heart of the Swaying Reed."

Margaret looked in his face, and tears were in her eyes.

"Tongatou has a kind heart; and the Great Spirit loves it. But the sunshine will be no more in the path of the Swaying Reed. Would she were at rest; for she is very—very weary."

Tongatou prepared their repast, but Margaret was too ill to eat. She lay down upon the earth, and a heavy sleep gathered upon her. He spread the skins upon the heaped leaves, and wove together the branches of the trees for a shelter; and then he lifted her in his arms, and placed her in the lodge. Margaret opened her eyes, and smiled faintly; but she had no power of utterance.

It was an affecting sight, to witness that rude son of the woods nursing the sick girl in that dreary solitude with the tenderness of a brother. He poured water upon her burning temples, and held the birchen cup to her parched lips. When she mourned in her uneasy slumber, he soothed her as a mother would a sick child. The many roots and shrubs, which the experience of rude life had ascertained to be salutary, were compounded into beverages for her use. Charms were wrought with care and skill, and poured out upon the earth at the hour of night, under the influence of the full moon; that, as they were absorbed into the dry earth, the disease might disappear from the suffering girl.

The third day she lay motionless, breathing short and heavily, with half open eyes and face pale as marble. Tongatou thought her hour of death had indeed arrived, and he sunk down upon his knees beside her, and wept freely.

"Very beautiful wert thou, O maiden of the sunny brow," he murmured, "but the shadow of the Great Spirit is upon thee." Impelled by an impulse he could not control, his tongue burst forth in prayer to the God of the white maiden. Margaret opened her eyes and beheld him kneeling at her side. Touched by the simplicity and fervency of his appeal, she also wept; and when he ceased, she laid her thin hand in his and said—

"Tongatou is very kind. The Great Spirit has heard his prayer But O, the damp heavy pressure that has been upon me. I feel as if I had been through the dark valley of the shadow of death."

Tongatou wept at the tones of her voice; with a delicacy and refinement that a more cultivated mind might have envied, he prepared all things for her comfort. Combed out the long tangles of her beautiful hair, smoothed the skins beneath her head, and laid fresh blossoms upon her pillow. When the night came on, he laid himself at the door of her lodge and watched while she slept. In the tenderness of her gratitude, Margaret called him "Brother." Tongatou was more than rewarded, for Tecumseh had called him by the same name.

One night Margaret was awakened from slumber by a loud crash, that seemed to shake the very earth with terror. The elements were warring fearfully, and the red bolt had shivered a tree beside her. The rain was pouring in torrents, and the murky darkness of the night lay like a dense pall upon the earth, relieved only by the fierce glare of the lightning, that revealed the wild swaying of the branches and disrupted trees, reeling in the darkness. The lone girl, exhausted by sickness, felt a strange terror overcome her, and she called loudly upon Tongatou.

"Brother, I will sit by thee, for this darkness and storm are terrible."

Tongatou gathered the skins about her, and seated himself at her side. "Is fear known to the Swaying Reed? Tongatou thought she had never known it."

"Brother, I am like a leaf that shivers in the autumn blast—I shall soon be carried away."

"Tongatou will seat himself away," said the youth in a trembling voice, "for the words of the Swaying Reed sink too deeply into his heart." A flash of lightning revealed the ghastly face of her companion, and Margaret, mistaking its cause, gently detained him.

"Tell me, brother, what it is that you mean. Is sorrow in the heart of Tongatou?"

He sighed heavily and was long silent. A terrible suspicion flashed upon the mind of the lone girl, and she dropped the hand she had seized.

"Tongatou is very sorrowful. He loves the Swaying Reed, but she loves him only as a brother. Tecumseh and the Swaying Reed have both called him brother. He is worthy of their love; but let not the voice of the Swaying Reed be so like the wind through the pine trees, for it goeth to the heart of Tongatou."

Margaret felt no terror at this frank avowal from the lips of the young savage, for her own innocence and purity were shield and buckler, and she knew too well the honor and generosity of the man with whom her lot had been cast, to feel aught of fear. She gently desired the youth to remain at her side till the perilous storm should be past. Tongatou obeyed, and more than an hour they remained silently watching the progress of the tempest.

"The white girl is as one from the spirit land, to her red brother; will she not talk of that place of shadows?"

Fervently did Margaret dwell upon the glory and beatitude of that state, whose happiness the human heart has failed to conceive. She told of the blossoms by the tree of life, that fade not nor decay; she told of the pure waters, and the melodies that shall never cease; of that diffused and ineffable light, that could dim the brightness of sun and moon and resplendent star; of the Power that should reign for ever and ever, undisturbed by storm and tempest or the fierceness of human passion. As she went on, her voice became deep and musical in the earnestness of her description, and the youth remarked:

"The voice of the Swaying Reed is as that of the spirit-bird. When Tongatou shall be away in the lone woods, he will be filled with joy. He may behold the Swaying Reed, in that heaven of which she has told him, for the heart of Tongatou is very sad."

"Brother," said Margaret, "the Great Spirit hath laid his hand upon the Swaying Reed, and she will pass away as the mist from the hills. But Tongatou will remember that she pitied and deplored his love."

The next morning, the sun glittered upon the drops depending heavily from the trees; the birds that had been all night rudely tossed in their frail tenements, shook the spray from their wings, and rejoicing that the peril were past, burst forth into a new and wilder strain of melody; the squirrel sprung chattering from branch to branch, and the rabbit poised its ears, cast around its wild brilliant eyes, and leaped in the very gladness of its heart. The trees, that had been so rudely shaken, swayed lightly as if trying the firmness of their roots, while those that had been torn from the earth leaned heavily against their companions as if in quest of sympathy.

Margaret was so much recovered as to be able to follow Tongatou a considerable distance in the direction of the river, but her steps were slow, and ere night she was obliged to repose and sleep again in the shadow of the old woods. When at length they had reached the river, the fresh winds rippling its surface, and the heaving of its waters, filled her with a portion of her former vivacity, and she plied the light paddle with a beaming eye, and the bright hue upon her cheek; but she was soon obliged to lie down in the bottom of the canoe and trust to the guidance of Tongatou.

They had been gliding on under the shadow of the trees, whose dense foliage limited the view to a vista of the river above and below them, and a bright gleaming of the sky, when the opening of the prairie permitted a more extensive prospect. Tongatou balanced his paddle and arose hastily, for a dense cloud of smoke, in the direction of the village, hung heavily in the atmosphere. Again bending to his task, and assisted by Margaret, they rapidly made their way in the direction. Slowly, in immense volumes, arose the black vapor, rolling and swelling along, bearing itself upward like a vast pyramid, till it reached the higher regions of the air, when it sailed off like a floating banner in the blue sky. As they approached, straggling bands of savages were seen encamped in the marshes and on the banks of the creeks, feeble and worn, the children crying for food, and the women making loud lamentations for the dead and dying.

At another time Margaret would have approached them, but now she was aware that a battle had been fought between her own people and the red man, and her own doom so near its accomplishment demanded speed.

When the canoe stopped in the little cove beside the grape-vine arbor, Margaret beheld the flames just kindling upon the cabin of

Minaree. The brand had been applied by a soldier who lingered after the departure of his comrades, whom the insulated dwelling had escaped. She rushed forward in time to secure the Bible of Alice, and then stood to witness the destruction of her last place of refuge. In the distance, she could behold the retreating party, and hear their war-notes of triumph, as they marched onward, leaving a thousand women and children, starving and defenceless, to perish amid the ashes of their wigwams. The wounded and the dead were heaped together, and the red glare of the flames rested fearfully upon their livid faces

The battle of Tippecanoe had been fought, and she stood amid the ruins of its homes. The flames spread to the adjoining groves, and in the darkness of the night the towering flame, as it embraced some monarch of the woods, sent forth a thousand tongues of light, darting and writhing like fiery dragons. Slowly as the sounds of the retreating army died away, came in the dispersed inhabitants, and crouched themselves in groups about the smouldering ashes. Each family selected the hearth-stone that had once been its own, and a wild song of lamentation broke from every lip. Here might be seen a wife stanching the blood from the wounds of her wounded companion, while the filmed eye and laboring chest showed it must be in vain. Children were clinging to the mother, who had dragged herself hither to die—a new-born infant partaking of its first and last tribute of life, for the dying groan of her who had given it life mingled with the shrieks of her children. Here might be seen a young mother clasping the dead body of her first-born, pierced by a wandering bullet, refusing to believe life were indeed extinct, and she alone in her sorrow, though hunger, and cold, and death were in reserve for herself.

Margaret moved onward to where a heap of ashes alone remained of all that was once hers. A shrivelled and half-naked figure was crouched amid the ruins, holding her bony hands over a heap of coals that remained upon the hearth. She had placed a few kernels of corn to parch, and as Margaret approached, she clutched at them eagerly, with a laugh of savage triumph, like the growl of a wild animal. It was Minaree. Margaret looked in her face, but a bewildered, idiotic stare was her only token of recognition.

Tongatou had prepared the bower by the river for the repose of Margaret, and she divided her skins with Minaree. As she led her into it, the poor creature seemed in part to recollect her foster-child, for she smoothed down her hair many times, as if the operation gave her pleasure, smiling and weeping at the same time. Then she laid herself down for a moment, to rest; but she arose again and looked at Margaret, caressing her thin hands, and gazing piteously in her face. It was shocking to behold the ravages of disease and famine, for she was wasted to a skeleton.

The next morning, when Tongatou laid a piece of venison at the door, Margaret prepared it quietly, lest Minaree should awake. When all was ready, she gently shook her by the arm. It was stiff and cold. Poor Minaree was dead! Margaret laid the venison aside, contenting herself with a draught of cold water; for so nearly were the threads of life spun out, that their wants were scarcely felt. She took a fearful pleasure in looking at the cold still face of the dead, as prefiguring what she should soon be; and the sight of its mortality helped to give palpability to her meditations. Her thoughts followed in pursuit of the disembodied spirit, so recently gone forth on its eternal flight. She shed no tears for herself or others; for what had she to do with human emotions, to whom the mysteries of the unknown world were so soon to be revealed. She rolled the skins about her foster-parent with her own hands, and bound the kerchief over her gray locks. She shuddered not at the cold, rigid, marble touch: for there was relief in knowing that poor Minaree would be spared the agony of witnessing her own death. She helped Tongatou to prepare the grave in the midst of the arbor which Minaree had helped to adorn; she rounded the green turf above it, and then wearily laid her head upon it, as her last place of repose.

CHAPTER XXVI.

And the blue wave upon the beach dissolves,
Like woman's hopes and manhood's high resolves.
AMELIA B. WELBY.

ALL day Margaret remained motionless, wrapt in deep and awful meditation. The shadows of the eternal world pressed heavily upon her, dense, vast, and almost rayless. "When man dieth, shall he live again?" she repeated again and again, and an echo from her inward self responded, "Death is but the rending of the veil—to desire is to realize, to hope is to enjoy. It is the going forth of the occupant only that leaves the tenement to decay." The Bible of Alice was beside her, and yet she did not open it, for unacquainted with the evidences for its authority, she distrusted at this time, so fraught with fearful interest, all evidence, except that which she gathered from the world about her, and the great evidence founded on the character of her own inward nature. She believed, because it is a part of the constitution of the human soul to believe, and the belief is the argument for its immortality. A holy calm grew upon her, and she closed her eyes, humbly resigning her spirit to the Infinite 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the spirit.' She closed its pages in thought. No more can we tell whence cometh or whither goeth the soul. But we feel that when it shall be born into its spiritual life, more will be revealed. She read again, 'The kingdom of God is within you,' and mused, it is an everlasting kingdom. Again, 'The flesh profiteth nothing; it is the spirit that giveth life.' "Holy Father," she exclaimed, "I believe in what thou hast said; for it is in harmony with the desires and necessities of the human soul. Surely thou wast a teacher sent from God."

The shadows of evening gathered upon the earth, and low, fitful gusts stirred the branches. She raised her eyes upward, and again the new moon hung its silver barque upon the verge of the horizon. She arose and left the arbor. Tongatou met her at the entrance, and addressed her.

"The glory of the Shawanee has departed. Why should the Swaying Reed die for a dead people? Let her depart in peace."

"The pledge of the white maiden must be redeemed," she replied, solemnly.

An immense fire had been kindled in the centre of the ruined village, and groups were dispersed about it of men, women, and warriors escaped from the perils of defeat. When the pale girl appeared in their midst, murmurs of surprise at first, and then of triumph, mingled in the crowd. Here was a victim; one of the very race that had brought such suffering upon them, whose death might appease the dead, and upon whom they might wreak their revenge. Margaret paused not till she reached a group, in the midst of whom she beheld Kumshaka and the Prophet. Standing before them, she pointed her pale hand to where the moon lingered with its slender beam.

"The moon has filled its horn and disappeared, behold it is here again. The white girl has redeemed her pledge." She stood with folded arms and eyes bent upon the ground.

At any other time such generosity would have won applause, even here in the midst of untutored nature; for the sentiments of virtue are universal. But now they were stung by recent defeat, and by loss and suffering; and to their superstitious vision the period demanded more than ever a victim. Slowly uprose the cry of death, gathering volume till one fearful appalling yell awoke a thousand echoes. Margaret stood unmoved; her meek hands folded, and her face still and colorless. The Prophet led her to the midst, bound her unresisting hands to the stake, and commenced the preparatory rites.

There was a motion amid the outer crowd, a swaying and confused voices. A warrior leapt into the midst, and with a blow severed the cords of the victim. A faint cry burst from the lips of Margaret, and she fell into the arms of Tecumseh. It was but one moment of weakness, and she arose and stood up.

Fiercely did the chief eye the group of dispirited and traitorous warriors. Even the Prophet quailed before it, and Kumshaka withdrew deeper into the crowd. Tecumseh perceived it, and shaking his finger at the craven chief, he commanded him to remain. After a pause, in which the crackling of the flame and the rustling of the leaf alone were audible, in that hushed assemblage he spoke.

"I have been told all. Ye have severed the belt that should have bound our people together. Ye have provoked the rage of a people stronger than we, and with your own hands have dug the graves of your children. But tell me here with your own lips who hath counselled this? Who is the traitor to his people?"

"Kumshaka!" whispered the pale lips of Margaret.

"Kumshaka!" burst from the whole assemblage.

Scarcely had the words passed the lips, ere the tomahawk of Tecumseh flashed above his head, and the traitorous brother lay dead at his feet.

Margaret's eyes followed the gleam of the instrument, and she remained in the very attitude she had assumed, her eyes fixed in mute horror upon the body of him upon whom justice had been so

summarily administered: her cheek ashy pale, and her figure like a statue endowed with life and breath, but denied the power of motion.

Tecumseh cast his eyes mournfully over the ruined village, the blackened woods, and the feeble remnant of his tribe. Where were now those great hopes that were to elevate his people? that far-seeing policy that was to place them among the nations of the earth? that union and peace that were to ensure their strength and perpetuity? Where were his own dreams of future glory and happiness? All—all were lost. As he looked abroad, the spirit of prophecy sprang to his lips.

"The doom of the red men has gone forth. The hunter shall cease from the chase, and the warrior from the field of battle. The mounds of the dead shall be levelled to the earth, and the graves of our fathers forgotten. The wigwam shall become a den for the fox, and the vine creep over the ruined canoe. The path to the spirit land is thronged with our people. They come from the great lakes, the valleys of the east and the west, and the sunlight of the south. They move their heads sadly as they move onward, and point to the land that is lost to their children. The Indian has no home upon the earth. Lo he has passed away, and his name is forgotten."

He folded his robe over his bosom, and stood lost in thought. At length he turned to Margaret, and took her cold hand in his. She moved not. He laid his hand upon her brow, it was like the touch of marble. The strong man groaned heavily. One moment he pressed the slight figure to his bosom, and then laid it upon the grass. He severed one lock of the long, beautiful hair, and turned away to the solitude of the forest.

Ackoree held back the powers of life, while the last fearful tragedy had been enacted, and she now stooped down and laid her hand upon the heart of the insensible Margaret. It beat faintly, and a savage joy lit up her fierce eye.

"Ackoree is glad that the white girl lives. She would have her suffer long."

She gazed into the open, unwinking eye, and held her cheek to catch the light breath.

"The white girl has been as wretched as Ackoree, and it does her heart good," she whispered, in husky tones.

With the battle of Tippecanoe, perished the great scheme of Indian confederation, which had so long been the forlorn hope of Tecumseh. But the scheme, conceived and upheld only by his own personal influence, was doomed to failure ere it was well completed. Had he been the foe to any other people, Americans would have been ready to do justice to his memory; but time will remove the prejudices that must always cloud the fame of a reformer, and when the name of the last Indian shall have been inscribed upon the scroll of eternity, monuments will be reared to his memory. Reflecting that Metacom, Pontiac, and Tecumseh struggled for the very boon, for which our fathers bled and died, liberty for their wives and children, their names will be inscribed with the great and good of all ages, who have sought to do good for their country. The circumstance of failure will not detract from the ability with which their plans were conceived, or the devotion with which they yielded themselves to a great mission. They will cease to be enemies, and become patriots.

CONCLUSION.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone;
That they who near the church-yard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that passed away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again [Bryant.

Four years elapsed after the incidents of our story. The battle of the Thames had destroyed the strength of the northern tribes, and the death of Tecumseh annihilated the bands of confederation. After the battle of Tippecanoe, he had made one more last effort at peace and union; but that had been its death-blow. His own marvellous eloquence, bravery, and great personal influence, for a while promised success, but they were unavailing. His people lacked hearts to feel as he felt, eyes to see as he beheld, and wisdom to understand the connection of events, and the promise and revealings of the future. He had stood, a solitary watcher in the strong tower of Indian safety; and when he fell, the beacon-light was extinguished, and for ever.

The characters of our story remained the same, allowing for the slight changes, which may have been already anticipated. Mrs. Jones abandoned the spinning-wheel, except at long intervals, when a day of bright sunshine, a brisk fire, and a peculiar harmony between atmospheric and nervous influences, awakened a sense of juvenility, when its brisk buzz might again be heard, and her trembling hand seen guiding the irregular thread, which afterward was duly exhibited to every visiter that might make his appearance. In general, however, she was seated in her large chair, on the warmest side of the hearth, her fingers slowly and mechanically busied with her knitting-needles, a work of the hands only, in which sight was unnecessary; and its monotony suited the quietness of decay. Occasionally, her lips moved, but whether in sympathy with her hands, or in the involuntary utterance of thought, as the child thinks aloud, is uncertain. When roused by the kindly voice of Anna, she would lift up her dim eyes, smile, and move her hands hurriedly, like a child taken by surprise. She now talked but little, and took small note of what passed about her; yet she always called Mrs. Mason, Anny; or when some buried memory arose from its sepulchre, awakening emotions of tenderness, she called her "Darter," which never failed to fill the eyes of both with tears.

Mrs Mason's family had somewhat increased, but as her husband's worldly goods had also kept steady progress, nothing had impaired the hearty cheerfulness of her temper. She was wont to exhibit occasionally her wedding-dress, as a miracle of diminutiveness, compared with the ample size of those that now enveloped her goodly person; for Mrs. Mason had increased materially in size, as all hearty, good-natured women will, who are well to do in the world, and have little mental effort, except that which is prompted by ready sympathy, and active, confiding benevolence. She now employed 'help' constantly; and her children were always the tidiest, the smartest, the healthiest, and most daring to be found anywhere. Her notability, too, found ample employment in helping Alice, now Mrs. Mansfield, in the management of household matters. Were she ill, it did one's heart good to see with what alacrity Mrs. Mason donned her best cap and apron, and repaired thither to nurse her like a child, and absolve her from all care of the household. She never had a baking without a portion being kept in reserve for Alice, who reciprocated her kindness by presents of smart caps, and collars, and tunics for the little Masons.

The home of Alice was a pleasant cottage on the banks of the Wabash, and, just as she desired, close to her excellent friend, Mrs. Mason. Her cheek had resumed its hue of health, though a slight expression of sadness lingered about the pure temples and the gentle lips, blending with that quietude of air that betokened a heart at rest. She was happy, as a wife, gratified in all her affections, needs must be. She was gentle and loving, trusting and meek; and the lot of such is always that of blessedness. She was still uncertain as to the fate of Margaret, and the thought of her often brought a pang to her heart. It was the one thorn to remind her that the blossoms of earth are thus armed.

It was the musing hour of twilight, when the repose stealing upon the earth predisposes the soul to reflection, and we feel, if ever, the beautiful propriety of scripture, that represents the patriarch going forth at even-tide to meditate. Alice was seated thus; and a beautiful child, of perhaps two years, weary with the busy sports of the day, stood at her knee, robed in its loose night-dress. Presently, it folded its chubby hands together, and lisped forth an evening prayer, while the roguish eyes were winking all the time, in vain efforts to keep them closed.

Little Margaret, for such was her name, wore the compact spiritual features of her aunt, and the dark, abundant curls looked the same that had waved over her shoulders in childhood. Even the turn of the head, the curve of the lip, were the same; and there, too, breathed her stateliness of air.

The door opened, and a moccasoned foot appeared upon the threshold. Alice put by the child, and hastened forward. It was Tongatou! He was much changed, but his noble and generous bearing remained the same; and she welcomed him as a friend, and preserver. The child began to play with the plumes of his helmet, and she looked on, longing, and yet fearing to ask of Margaret. The chief took the fearless child in his arms, and gazed long and earestly in its face.

"It is the spirit of the Swaying Reed," he at length said, and he turned away to conceal the tears, that sprang to his eyes.

Alice wept, but it may be they were tears of relief, as well as of sorrow. She seated herself by his side, and begged he would tell her all. Little Margaret hid her face upon her mother's bosom, and

wept likewise; for a sorrowful tone, and a sad countenance awaken sympathy, even in the heart of a child.

When he revealed the secret of their escape from the village, and the devoted truth that impelled the return of Margaret, she sobbed aloud.

"Noble and generous girl, how could I so much have mistaken her! But tell me, Tongatou, had it been otherwise, would she have returned to our people!"

The chief evaded the question, and went on to tell of the ruin that met them on their return, the appearance of Tecumseh, and the strange long sleep of the Swaying Reed.

"Thank God, she escaped that death of torture. And it was for me that she suffered all this—nor asked for reward, nor sympathy. Mysterious, and beautiful spirit! how unlike thy unworthy sister!"

The chief went on. "For many, many days the Swaying Reed neither moved nor spoke, but their was warmth about her heart, and we knew the spirit had not gone forth. Strange fear came upon us, for she had been as one from the spirit-land. At length all was cold and still. Tongatou knew not till now, that her spirit was preparing to enter the body of the white child," and he stooped down over the sleeping babe, to read anew the evidence, and then went on.

"Our people will never believe she is dead, and they tell of her as one that is suffered to remain out of love to the poor Indian. Tongatou has heard her song at night, and heard her voice speaking to his heart. Tecumseh slept all night upon the grave of the Swaying Reed, and he felt that she came to comfort him. But he never smiled. His heart had long been dead. The sorrows of his people, and the death of the Swaying Reed broke the strength of the strong man. Tongatou bore him from the field of battle, and laid his body by the side of the Swaying Reed. Tongatou will dig his own grave at the will of the Great Spirit, and rest by his side. He has built his lodge there, and all night the spirit-bird sings upon the roof."

Opening his mantle he produced a small box, which Alice instantly recognized as having once been Margaret's. From this he took a long glossy curl, and held it to the light. "This I found in the bosom of Tecumseh; a part is buried with him, and this must sleep with Tongatou. The book of the white girl is here; he has no need of it:" and he presented the relic to Mrs. Mansfield. She clasped it to her bosom and wept freely, for the simple memorial and the recital of the chief, had restored at once the look and very tones of her sister, and the whole of her sad, suffering destiny.

When she lifted up her head, she was alone.

END OF THE WESTERN CAPTIVE.

THE CHRISTIAN SISTERS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

TOWARD the close of a summer day, in the year 1552, a period of gloom and distrust throughout the British realm, occasioned by the sanguinary and cruel persecutions suffered by the believers in the reformed religion, a neat but humble mansion, in what might, during a more cheerful reign, have been one of the fashionable streets of London, contained two sisters, who had evidently been educated in the higher ranks of society, though nothing like luxury was at present visible; nothing but the simple, tasteful arrangements common to women of superior refinement and elegance of taste. There were no costly vases, no splendid silken hangings, no rich carpetings that hushed the echo of the foot, no bells to gratify the indolence of ease, and to obey the bidding without the exertion of motion; but the ample fireplace, with its antique tiles, contained two vases of earthen-ware, filled with flowers that scented the air with their fragrance; the polished oaken floor was partially covered with a kind of mat, constructed of rushes, somewhat similar to the straw carpets of modern use; the chairs were of oak, richly carved, and so massive as almost to defy the strength of the gentle girls, who made this room their sanctum. The high oaken bedstead, with its linen drapery, though in purity and comfort befitting the pale sufferer who rested upon it, notwithstanding, was as uncouth and clumsy as modern imagination can well depict. Beside it stood a young girl, who might have been fourteen years, judging from her form, which was tall, even to womanhood, graceful, and symmetrical without the flowing development of more mature years. Her foot and hand were small and delicate, and might have seemed made to match the face rather than the form of the maiden, which certainly, in their child-like juvenility might have become a girl of twelve. She bent, with her lips half-parted, and looked anxiously upon the face of her sleeping sister. Her arms were bare to the elbows, round and taper, and of a dazzling whiteness. Her clear young brow was slightly contracted with anxiety, and she placed her small hand upon the forehead of her sister, and then, with the thoughtlessness of girlhood, rolled one of the glossy curls, that had escaped from its confinement over her fingers, and placed it upon the cheek of the sick girl, where it formed a fearful contrast with its marble hue.

It was evident, likewise, that anxiety for her companion had not entirely abstracted attention from her own personal appearance, for her dark hair was parted smoothly from her brow, and fastened in long braids to the back of the head by means of a silver bodkin. There was likewise an attempt at what is, I believe, technically termed water-curls upon her temple, but they had been abandoned, probably from some compunctions of conscience, as the heartlessness of such employment, in the midst of a period of such suffering to her companion, crossed her mind. Then, too, the plaits of her dress were arranged over her snowy shoulder and chest, with a dash of girlish vanity, that watching and anxiety had not been able entirely to suppress.

She turned from the bed, terrified at the short and labored breathing of the sufferer, and drawing the white curtain aside from the window, looked anxiously out. "What a laggard that physician is," she muttered impatiently to herself, after looking up and down the street, hoping in vain to detect the desired object. But her search was unavailing—no one was to be seen, except a young cavalier, who was leisurely sauntering along, and who seemed attracted by the snowy shoulders, that were half-protruded from the window. So she did not immediately withdraw, till, in spite of the pleasure of being admired, her face and neck became covered with blushes, and she only observed his noble bearing and brilliant eye at the moment, when the faint voice of her sister recalled her to the bedside.

"Ann, love," said the sufferer, "I am cold; spread the covering upon me, and sit where I can see you."

"Oh, Alice—dear Alice, you are dying!" cried the poor girl, clasping her hands, and bursting into tears.

Alice stretched her thin hands toward her, and pressed her to her bosom.

"Do not weep, sister, dear: it is our Father's will;" and she raised her eyes fervently upward.

Ann started from her bosom, and, with the impetuosity of girlhood, rushed to the window, exclaiming—

"Why don't he come? He has left you to die, because he thinks you a heretic!"

"Sister Ann," said Alice, in a voice even firmer than it had been for many days, "calm yourself, love, and let us spend the short time I have to live, in comforting each other."

Ann kneeled by the bedside, and sobbed aloud. Alice laid her hand upon her head, closed her eyes, and her lips moved in devotion.

"Alice," said Ann, raising her head with a strong effort at composure, and with a face in whose expression every other feeling had given place to the absorbing one of anxiety for her sister. "Dear sister, do you feel quite sure you are right? Sister, love, I fear you may be wrong; and if you should be—Oh, Alice! let me call the priest—confess, and receive absolution, sister, and in either case you will be safe."

"Has only the terror of parting with me, Ann, shaken your religious faith? Thy spirit is ill prepared to drink of the cup of adversity—poor lamb!" and she pressed her sister's cheek compassionately, and raising her eyes, ejaculated—"Oh, thou Shepherd of the sheep, take this lamb of thy flock and shelter it from harm; carry it in thy bosom, and temper the wind to its weakness. Shelter it now, and strengthen it for all that may await it."

"Alice," said Ann, "my spirit was never strong, like thine; thou couldst bear the rack without a groan, and go to the stake with as much composure as to die here in peace and quietness. But, Oh, sister, pray for me—this bright, this beautiful earth—I love it, sister, I hardly know why, but sometimes I dream of a home such as our mother had when we were happy and innocent children; and I fear that, in the hour of trial, I might abjure my faith—might deny my Saviour on earth—and then he will deny me before his holy angels. When I look to the green earth, the bright blue sky, and see

pleasant, loving faces—Oh, the earth seems so lovely—I fear I should abjure my faith rather than leave it."

Alice looked sorrowfully upon her sister's face.

"Thou must pray for strength, Ann. Thou wilt never ask in vain—thou art but a child now—should the hour of trial come, I doubt not strength will be given thee. Thou mayest never be called to give that fearful evidence of thy constancy and faith, that the blessed martyrs of the cross are daily called upon to yield, but 'as thy day is, so will thy strength be.'"

"Alice, dear," continued Ann, "had Heaven granted thee length of days, thinkest thou, thou wouldst have abjured all human love? Dost thou regard it as sinful, sister?"

Alice scanned the face of her sister inquiringly, till the ready blood rushed to the very temples of the maiden, and was spread over her young neck.

"Thou art young, Ann, too young to be entangled with the snares that beset our sex. Tell me, dearest," and she drew her sister affectionately to her bosom, "hast thou thus early begun to know aught of the love of womanhood? There should be no reserve between us—let me die knowing all that regards thee, for the counsel of a dying sister may be profitable to thee."

Ann buried her face in her sister's bosom, and struggled for words, At length she replied:

"It is but lately that I dreamed of aught like this, but I will not disguise it. I have seen a noble youth and I shall for ever remember his gallant bearing, and new reflections crowd upon my mind. Can they be sinful sister?"

"Heaven shield thee," cried Alice, clasping her sister still more closely. "Thou art but too susceptible, Ann, and I pray thee to dwell no more upon the vision thou hast seen. It may lead thee to harm—pray fervently, lest thou fall into temptation."

"But, Alice, is it sinful to love?"

"Only so far as it may lead the heart from the Creator—only so far as it abstracts those high and holy affections, that in their greatest strength should be consecrated to God, and places them upon one of his creatures. Ann, remember our mother, how fervently she blessed and prayed for us, and act as if her blessed spirit were ever near thee. It may be, too, when I have cast aside this earthly tabernacle, I may be permitted to be near thee, to whisper in thy ear words of counsel and sympathy—may breathe into thy spirit a part of that fortitude and constancy that is necessary in order that thy faith may be unwavering, and thy steps secure in the path of wisdom."

"But tell me, Alice, wouldst thou have me cast aside all earthly love?"

Alice, in her saint-like purity, half shrunk from her sister's eager inquiry.

"I cannot tell, Ann—such things were not designed for me When our blessed mother left thee, a lisping child, and I child in years, I felt myself suddenly transformed into a woman. Childish sports delighted me no longer. I watched every thought and feeling of thine, and prayed day and night for blessings upon thee. I prayed for life, only that I might rear thee to virtue and goodness—might assist in making thee what our mother so fervently desired. Thou wert the idol of my affections. My sister, sister, (and the tears gushed to her eyes) even now I sometimes shrink from the grave because thou wilt not go with me. Often do I feel willing to relinquish for a time that eternity of glory and happiness that is perpetually urging me away, that I may wait to see thee firmer grounded in the faith, and thy principles more clearly and distinctly formed."

"Alice, I sometimes fear we may be in an error—that the doctrine we have embraced may be one that will lead, not only to sorrow on earth, but eternal misery hereafter."

"Dearest Ann," said Alice, clasping her thin fingers together, "thou must watch and pray, that the great source and Author of all truth will enlighten thy understanding, and lead thee into all truth. It is only by watching and prayer that thy faith will be strengthened."

"But Alice, love, thou dost reverence our mother, and she taught thee to kneel before the blessed Mary, and to obey all the requirements of the Holy Church."

"Oh speak not so, Ann—call not that holy, that is full of all impurity. Can that be a just interpretation of the doctrines of the meek and the Holy Jesus, the founder of the Gospel of peace, that warrants the persecution, the torturing and death of his suffering fellowers?"

"But if we really have embraced a false doctrine, we are lost for ever; whereas, according to the Romish faith, by obedience to its requirements, eternal felicity is assured us. Would it not be safer, sister, to adhere to it?"

"Our Heavenly Father is not to be cheated by hypocritical pretences; we cannot be smuggled into Heaven, sister," said Alice, with a faint smile; "there can be no true religion only as it springs warmly and unhesitatingly from the heart. It is not in the name, but in the inward feeling. Oh, Ann, do not rest in doubt, but search the Scriptures, and pray that thy faith may be strengthened."

She turned her face upon her pillow, and panted with exhaustion.

"Oh, Alice," cried Ann, "you are dying! Let me summon a priest to grant thee the last rites of the church."

Alice shook her head sorrowfully. "Oh, Father, thy will be done: spare me this trial. Let her not reject thy blessed Gospel But thine is the work, and I leave all with thee."

The aged nurse, who had first led the orphan sisters to the contemplation of the doctrines of the reformers now drew nigh, and knelt by the bed side. The tears streamed down her aged cheeks, and she poured forth in the simple fervent language of a pious heart, those sublime truths, and holy aspirations, calculated to calm and elevate the mind in the last fearful hour of trial. Blessed Gospel! equal to the powers of the most exalted intellect, and yet adapting itself to the wants and comprehension of the humblest capacity. Old Sarah could boast of little worldly knowledge, but that wisdom which is from above had occupied the waste places of her really vigorous mind, and the budding of those flowers whose perfection is in the Paradise of God, had in the language of the Scriptures, made 'the desert to blossom as the rose.' The deep, tremulous, heart-felt tones of that prayer ascended from the hushed room, and the Angel of death still delayed his mission. The voice of the speaker ceased—she moistened the parched lips of the sufferer—and stood motionless by. Even the sobbing of Ann was hushed, as she stood looking on the placid face of the dying girl. Her eyes were slightly raised—her breathing thick and labored.

She turned to her sister, "Ann, watch and pray I beseech thee—never till this moment did I realize the force of that response, 'Lord, when saw we thee naked and athirst, a stranger, sick, or in prison, and ministered unto thee?' O! Ann, Ann I see myself with new eyes—every thought, every motion, every action, from childhood up, is stamped in burning characters upon my soul, and make it what it is. I look into my very soul—things long since forgotten, for years obliterated from the memory, rise up with more than the freshness of yesterday. Awful, mysterious power of thought that seem'st to flit tracelessly over the mind, but is still noiselessly and carefully garnering everything into its treasury, there to remain indestructable—eternal—at some period, as now—all—all, is to be spread out before us, to teach us our weakness and frailty, or to appal us with the contemplation of the character we have inscribed upon the undying soul. Ann—beware of thy thoughts, they will finally decide the character of the soul—we shall not be judged by isolated deeds, only so far as they indicate the cast of that part which is truly ourselves."

She paused—and her face assumed a saint-like radiance, as she exclaim d—"Blessed Saviour—when I look at myself, how imperfect—how unholy do I appear—but I look away to thee, and I feel that I am washed in thy sacred blood. And now I pass through the dark valley, and I fear no evil, for thou art with me."

Her eyes closed—there was a slight shiver—a faint gasp, and a saint had passed to her eternal rest!

CHAPTER II.

The body of Alice had been prayerfully consigned to its kindred dust, and the simple household arrangements of the small family resumed the usual monotonous regularity, common to neatness and good order.

The sickness of Alice as well as the peculiar doctrines the sisters had embraced, combined with pecuniary embarrassments, had all tended to consign them to obscurity, and poor Ann in the very springtime of life, was overwhelmed with an affliction that left her friendless in her solitude, save the kind-hearted nurse. She would spread her sister's garments before her, take from their depository the little mementos that most forcibly brought her to her recollection, and then abandon herself to the uncontrollable grief of a young and susceptible heart. She dwelt upon her last words, her last look—and knelt and prayed in the anguish of a stricken spirit. She would throw herself upon the bed, in the hope that her sister might visit her in dreams. She even sometimes thought the fervency of her prayers might work a miracle in her behalf, and her sister appear visibly before herself, to speak the words of consolation. She remembered her former vanity, her former dislike of their retired mode of life, to detest her heartlessness and folly. She thought now she could never

feel as she once felt. If occasionally the image of the young cavalier crossed her imagination, it was banished with a chastened sigh, and a wonder at her former susceptibility. Every day beheld her at her sister's grave, and she passed to it, through the crowded thoroughfares of the city, unconscious that her extreme grief and listless step were attracting all observers. She did not so much as raise her eyes from the ground. She passed silently along, and when arrived, rested her head on her sister's grave, and wept as one would weep who felt there was none on earth to love. There she sat till old Sarah came, and placed her arms about her, and as tenderly as one would lead a sick child, bore her to their dwelling.

It cannot be supposed that such grief would fail to work fearfully upon the health of the young girl. She bent like the reed that in clinss its slender stem to the gliding waters, and the blue veins became too beautifully distinct upon the clear cheek and brow, and the small hand and foot assumed a child-like diminutiveness. And those deep, dark and loving eyes were half veiled by the drooping lid, as if they would shut out the external world.

Once, when she had gone to rest by the grave of all she had known how to love on earth, the shadows of twilight began to gather around her, and her hair fell in damp heavy masses about her head and shoulders—still she rose not to depart, for an apathy had crept over her soul, and her young spirit was crushed by the blighting of early hopes, and her powerless limbs seemed incapable of voluntary motion. Where was Sarah? Had she forgotten the heart-broken girl, and left her to struggle alone with a grief that had nearly deprived her of reason? Ann observed not the omission—and when a gentle hand raised her from the ground and supported her feeble steps, she did not at first observe that the arm that supported her trembled violently, and that old Sarah had uttered no word of endearment—but the poor girl so sensitively alive to every emotion connected with this last friend and comforter, instantly felt the necessity of restraining her own grief where it affected so strongly her aged attendant. She raised her slight form from its support, saying, "I have done wrong, Sarah, in that I have selfishly indulged in my own grief while you are sick with fatigue and anxiety. I will do so no more. But can I live in this dreary—dreary world?"

"Pardon, gentle lady," said a deep, manly voice. Ann paused, drew herself up to her full height, and all her helplessness gave way to the necessity for instant exertion. It may be, that a sense of loneliness of her situation at the dim hour in the partially-deserted streets, might have impelled her to accept with courtesy the only protection afforded, or, the respectful attitude of the young stranger might naturally have inspired confidence, or that she detected a resemblance between her elegant companion and the young cavalier she had before seen; which of these decided the conduct of the maiden I will not take upon myself to determine. She presented her hand, frankly; "I cannot believe any unworthy motive could induce a stranger to shield a helpless and suffering maiden, and I thankfully accept thy protection."

The youth pressed her hand respectfully. "The Holy Mother bless thee for thy charity, gentle maiden," said the youth. Ann, grateful for his proffered support, soon reached her home, where she found old Sarah, exhausted with fatigue, and weary with constant watching, had fallen asleep on the threshold, where she had stationed herself to wait the return of Ann. Bitterly did the poor girl reproach herself with the sin of heartlessly sorrowing for the dead, while the living called for her kindness and sympathy. The stranger bent one knee, according to the etiquette of the day, pressed the damsel's hand to his lips, and departed.

That night a thousand strange fancies made it impossible for poor Ann to sleep. The memory of her sister, that had hitherto been uppermost in her thoughts, she found constantly displaced by the recollection of the young stranger who had so kindly befriended her in her loneliness and sorrow. She would summon her thoughts from their long wandering in this too agreeable track, and strive to recall the memory of the kind, faithful friendof her early life; the good sister, who had sacrificed all the joyousness of childhood, and the flush of youthfulness and health to devote all her energies, all her affections, to the little orphan sister thrown upon her charge. And now that she had gone to her early grave, it were treason to her memory to allow a stranger thus to crowd her from her thoughts. Poor Ann had never endured such a contest in her young heart, and much did she feel the need of a friend to whom she might commit this intricate subject of casuistry. As night deepened, and the pale rays of the waning moon stole through the windows, investing everything with a wan, flickering light, an awe almost amounting to terror crept over the lone girl, and the dark superstition of the age conjured up a thousand fearful fantasies. Bewildered with her own reflections and watching, she began to fear the handsome stranger, who had so mysteriously befriend her, might be none other than the Prince of darkness, come on purpose to mislead her, for she well knew he had the power to assume the appearance of an Angel of light. She had heard the old men of their persuasion tell how often he had made his appearance bodily to the saints, in consequence of their neglect of fasting and prayer, or because they had dared to embrace doctrines which he had good reason for hating; then, too, she remembered how the intrepid Luther endured the buffettings of Satan, how he appeared visibly before him to confound him with subtle reasonings, or to hinder his glorious plan of reform by engaging him in useless and dangerous discussions, or striving to withdraw him from his purpose, by exhibiting before him all the fantastic grandeur of diabolical representations; how he would not leave him, but kept by his side in his hours of meditation, study, and rest, till the good man declared his face to be as familiar to him as that of his own wife. No wonder that a lone girl, in memory of all these things, should tremble like an aspen with excess of terror. When the heavy bell tolled the hour of midnight, she covered her head and lay panting, fearful that the least motion might develope some frightful vision or appalling sound, or her limbs be seized by invisible hands. Even the slight motion of the bedding caused by her quick short breath, seemed to her excited imagination the play of mysterious fingers; and she could scarcely suppress a scream, so utterly had she become bewildered by superstitious fears. In this age of enlightened reason, and sober common sense, we can scarcely realize the preponderance of such superstitions among men, who were at the same time entering the stronghold of bigotry and error, tearing up the very foundation of priestly influence and church supremacy, and freeing the world from the shackles which had been for ages binding the consciences and opinions of men. But so it is—man demolishes one stronghold of error only to defend another with the more pertinacity.

At length, like a holy spell, returned the memory of Alice—the memory of her sanctity and innocence became an antidote to her gloomy fears. She remembered her sister's dying counsel, and felt as if her presence would shield her from harm. Clasping her hands, she poured out the simple prayer of a young and trusting heart, and ere the close died upon her lips, the quiet breathing, and child-like placidity of countenance announced, thatt he anxieties of the maiden had found oblivion in sleep.

Day by day old Sarah marvelled at the rapid improvement of her young mistress's health. Her grief, which had hitherto been so absorbing, as to unfit her for the simplest arrangements of her person or household, seemed now a quiet melancholy, according well with her fine features, and elegant stature. And even once, when Ann sat by the window conning one of those antique tomes in which she delighted, she observed a stranger pass and respectfully raise his beaver to her young mistress, whom she instantly recognized as the one who had so kindly assisted her from the grave of Alice. She observed, too, the young girl colored deeply, and returned his salute with a smile, and then glancing at her reflection in the mirror, flung back her abundant hair with a gratified manner. "There now," cried Sarah, "you looked then just as you used to look, when you used to braid your hair, and be merry all day."

Ann instantly felt the vanity she had betrayed, and replied with a desponding air, "Ah, Sarah, I shall never be like Alice, she was always so discreet, so noble, and womanly;" but as she looked round for her domestic she had disappeared. What was her consternation when, a moment after, Sarah entered in breathless eagerness, exclaiming, "Oh, Ann, he will be here in a moment: he said he would."

"Who—what?" cried Ann, sinking back into her chair, as the truth flashed upon her mind.

"I only told him," cried Sarah, eager to exculpate herself, "that he had been like an angel of mercy to my young mistress, and I begged—

"And what did he say?" gasped Ann.

"He asked if my lady sent me—"

Ann's lip curled in scorn.

"There, now you *don't* look like yourself, Ann," said the nurse, in a sorrowful voice, which was interrupted by the arrival of the stranger. Sarah ushered him in with a discontented air, like that of one who has a self-inflicted and somewhat disagreeable task to perform.

Ann threw back her pretty head with some degree of hauteur, and with a flushed cheek, and trembling hand, motioned him to a seat.

For a moment both were too much embarrassed to speak, but the stranger was evidently too much a man of the world, to be long at a loss in the presence of a maiden of scarcely fifteen. Some gracefully-turned remarks relative to her health, and its apparent improvement, caused the blood to rush to the temples of the maiden, and she rose and flung open the lattice to relieve the momentary sense of suffocation, uttering, almost indistinctly, a hope that the freedom of the nurse might not be interpreted to the disadvantage of the mistress.

"I owe her many thanks," replied the stranger, warmly, "she has severed the Gordian knot I had in vain essayed to untie. *How* else should I have been admitted to your gentle presence?"

"I told you so," cried Sarah, starting from her seat, like many a one besides, forgetting that till that moment the evidence of such a conviction had never passed her lips.

Ann shook her head gravely, and the good creature shrunk back astonished at the unforeseen dignity of the young girl.

"I pray thee," said the stranger, "for my sake pardon the good woman, she must not suffer reproach for what I would fain return so many thanks."

Ann repressed the expression of pleasure that almost stole over her face at the flattering remarks of the stranger, for they struck her as being somewhat familiar, and she replied, calmly, "It is ill to complain at what cannot be remedied, we must only be careful that our own demeanor justify not any imputation caused by the thoughtlessness of others."

"Nay, by my troth, thou wrongest thyself and me, lady, and I pray thee to believe no sentiment unworthy a true knight, hath for a moment entered my breast."

The earnestness and sincerity of the stranger's manner carried their full conviction to the judgment of the lady, aided no doubt by the ease of his address and the beauty of his person. She secretly absolved him from every imputation of blame, and in her heart thought, after all, the offence of Sarah was not so very heinous, though, for her womanhood she would not have confessed so much If our readers should any of them accuse the maiden of levity or insincerity, we beg them to look into their own hearts, if about fifteen, or if older, endeavor to turn back the pages of the past, and see if at that age of truth and hope, and girlish vanity, their feelings might not have been somewhat similar.

The more Ann listened to the agreeable conversation of the stranger, the more natural it appeared to her that he should desire to be personally known to her, and how could it ever have been brought about without the straight-forward simplicity of kind old Sarah. Still the idea was monstrous, and she would not dwell upon it.

CHPTER III.

We may not tell how rapidly time glided away with the now hoping, trusting, and loving Ann. The grave of poor Alice became nearly deserted, so surely does the intervention of one strong passion weaken the vehemence of another. In the gentleness of her nature, she would sometimes upbraid herself with heartlessness, and ingratitude, in permitting a stranger to usurp that place in her heart that had hitherto been sacred only to sisterly love. She scarcely dared seek to know the state of her young heart. The present was so delicious, so full of hope and happiness and love, that she feared to penetrate the future lest it should prove all an illusion. All was so new—seemed so like that ideal world that had been sometimes spread out to the fancy of the young girl in her lonely musings, or like the ancient legends in which she delighted, that she feared to unclose her eyes lest, like the visions of her own brain or the story of romance, the reality should slowly recede and leave her to loneliness and sorrow. True, her path was shrouded in doubt and mystery, but to the simple-hearted girl everything seemed so easy, and obstacles so trifling compared with the fervency of that love which glowed so warmly in her own bosom, that a happy termination seemed not only possible, but easily practicable. It is possible she infused a part of her young hopefulness into the spirit of her lover, who shrunk from the task of repelling a love so dangerous, and yet so gratifying to the human heart, ere the world has taught it to be callous and calculating. Then, could he throw the shadows of gloomy doubt over a spirit so fresh, so trusting, so all his own?

True, he had gently hinted of the pain of a monarch's displeasure, the renunciation of wealth and rank—but to the unsophisticated girl, what were these? That anger might be appeased—and what were the trappings of wealth, the gewgaws of titles, compared with the quietude of domestic bliss, the welling up of a perpetual fountain of love to gladden the waste places of solitude?. To her they were less than the dust of the balance; and she half sighed that she had not been born a noble maiden, that she might glory in laying all at the feet of her lover, and like some errant damsel, go out into the pathless woods and build up a lodge there, sacred to love and quietude. Could the youth silence the guileless and eloquent girl, as she dwelt on themes so gratifying to a lover's ear, by infusing into her young and trusting mind the sordid and calculating policy of the heartless world?

Ann reasoned as a girl of fifteen would be pretty likely to reason, where the judgment asked counsel of the heart rather than the head. Sometimes in her lover's absence, her woman's pride would spurn the degradation of blending her destiny with those who might consider her an interloper, might insinuate that ambition, rather than love, had been the motive with the young girl. With a flushed cheek, her lip would curl, and her form dilate with the dignity and indignation of girlhood; but the deep, kind tones of her lover's voice, his manly beauty, his protecting tenderness dispelled all—the tears would gush to her eyes, and she was again the same gentle, loving, trusting Ann of other days.

If the beauty, the accomplishments and grace of Edward Courtney, the young Earl of Devonshire, had found their way to the heart of the callous Mary of England, and stirred for the first time that ever-abiding fountain of woman's love, that so scantily swelled up in her cruel and bigoted nature; and even passed over the fancy of the young and high-minded Elizabeth, like the faint stirring of the lapwing's pinions over the deep still waters of the wilderness; can it be wondered, that when he turned in disgust from the glittering crown proffered by age, bigotry and weakness, and crushed the aspiring of hope and love where it dared to look upon the heiress of a crown; and with all the fascinations of manner, the graces of exalted station, and the romance of a chivalrous mind, bent in the guise of love before a young and solitary maiden, that he should succeed in binding her young heart to his with all the devotion of woman's first love?

Courtney knew the malice of Mary would pursue him even to the ends of the earth—he knew a woman scorned as she had been, would not lightly forego her revenge. Though the proud blood of the ancient house of York might have urged him to foster aspiring dreams and engage in ambitious projects, he turned a deaf ear to suggestions so dangerous: a life of captivity had taught him to lightly esteem hereditary honors and adventitious distinctions, and he left the competitors in the great race-ground of ambition to hurry on in their eager career, undisturbed by any competition from himself. From motives like these, he had turned from the beauties of the court of Mary, for there he well knew the malignity of his sovereign would be sure to infuse the dregs of bitterness into the sweet cup of domestic happiness. But the gentle, the unoffending Ann, he thought, might surely escape the envy and jealousy of the Queen. He could not calculate the consequences of pride, exasperated to find itself superseded by one so young and comparatively humble. The beauty, too, of the lone girl served to aggravate the offence, for how could age pardon youth and beauty which had, inadvertently indeed, but not the less dashed the bowl of love from the palsied hands of age.

The emissaries of Mary had watched every motion of the lovers, and the haughty and intolerant woman resolved to suspend the blow till it should fall surely and fatally—till its stroke should not only destroy, but torture the victim. When the Earl ceased to be the object of tenderness to the Queen, he became the victim of her stern unrelenting vengeance. * * * * *

The wax tapers shed a pale flickering light through the long aisles and high arches of the church, and the gothic tracery of the large windows, with the small stained glass, the clustered columns, high and massive, half shadowed by the dim lights; above all, the hollow echo of the Earl's footsteps as they advanced up the aisle and knelt at the foot of the altar, all tended to bewilder and terrify the timid Ann, so that she clung almost breathless and fainting to the arm of her companion. For the first time the conviction crossed her mind, that the ceremony of their bridal was to be performed according to the rites of the Catholic Church—the last words of Alice—the fearful language of Scripture, "He that denieth me before man, him will I also deny before my Father and his holy angels," rushed to her mind; she sunk down at the foot of the altar, utterly overcome by the power of her own reflections. Courtney raised her in his arms, whispered words of tenderness in her ears, but she replied only by sighs, deep and rending. He dashed water from the font upon her face, and threw back the masses of hair, that in her agony had slipped from their confinement. He started at the utter misery depicted upon her countenance—"I am an apostate," she murmured—the Earl started as if a dagger had pierced his heart—he saw a

suspicious smile flit over the face of the priest, and glancing at the groups whom curiosity had assembled, besides his own few attendants, he observed a tall, thin, muffled figure, whose air, however her dress might be, could not be disguised. He felt it to be the Queen.

In a few hurried words he conjured Ann to summon all her energy for the ceremony. The poor girl raised her head, pale, and throbbing with anguish, and obedient to that voice which from henceforth was to be to her like that of the lone bird of night to the still stars, bowed herself before the altar, and responded to those mystic words that bound her destiny for ever to him who had her whole heart. The rich tones of the organ swelled through the high vault, and one by one the spectators followed the bridal group down the long aisles of the church. Who, that had witnessed that ceremony, would have deemed that a relic of a proud and regal house was uniting his destiny with that fair but obscure maiden, surrounded by none of the gorgeous trappings of princely wealth, with no more ostentation than the simplest lovers of humble life. It may be that such thoughts crossed the mind of the Earl as he passed down the aisle, for his brow was observed to contract, and Ann felt him raise his proud form to even its full height, and as she timidly raised her eyes to his face, she half shrunk from his haughty glance. Courtney perceived it, and he sustained her shrinking form with more tenderness, and gently pressed the small hand that rested on his arm. "Alice would have been just the bride for him, so noble, so discreet," thought poor Ann, as the consciousness of her own weakness and tenderness crossed her mind.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the intention of Courtney to seek an asylum with his young bride among the exiled Christians of his country, who had found a refuge in Frankfort, protected by that artful policy of the Emperor, that induced him to countenance, or to persecute the reformers, just as self-interest swayed the balance. Here Ann might indulge her predilections in comparative security, while he himself would be beyond the reach of the Queen's malice. Then too they would visit the classic shores of southern Europe, that beautiful and glorious land, where were colonades and fountains, and the graceful matron reared her sons to manliness and virtue, ere the rude barbarian had trod upon her hills, desecrated her altars, and laid her glory in the dust—ere the pall of superstition had been spread over the beautiful, the 'Eternal City.' But Ann dreaded to desert a home where sorrow had been exchanged for so much bliss. Then the grave of poor Alice was another tie that bound her to her paternal land; if she forsook it, there would be none on earth to cherish her memory, or drop a tear sacred to the gentle sleeper beneath. That home, where her young heart had drank in the 'bird-like' melody of love, had become a very Paradise to her; the household gods had there found so sweet a Penatralia, and love had so softly folded his downy pinions, she could not lightly bid it all adieu, and go out into a foreign land. She felt that home, even if beset by dangers, was the dearest spot to a woman's heart.

Meanwhile Courtney received a summons from the Queen. He felt it portended death to his earthly happiness. As Ann, in the gaiety of her inmost heart tossed her beautiful babe in his face, brushed back the dark curls from his pale brow and tried to rally him from his temporary gloom, he felt the sight of her beauty and vivacity almost maddening; threatened, as he too well knew them to be, with danger and a fearful death.

"Ann," cried the Earl, impatiently disentangling the child's grasp from his hair, "Why will you not hasten our departure? you jeopardize our lives by this delay."

Every vestige of a smile faded from the glad features of Ann, and the tear started to her eyes at the unwonted tone of her husband's voice. She pressed her quivering lips to the baby's cheek to conceal her tears, and one beautiful arm with its jewelled clasps fell unconsciously on the Earl's knee.

"Nay, nay, love, I did not mean to chide—but let us go, Ann, beyond the reach of malice, secure from these awful forebodings."

"Anywhere," said Ann, raising her face in which the grace of womanhood, with the simplicity of childhood were beautifully blended, "if thou wilt never speak so harshly again."

The Earl folded her to his bosom with unutterable tenderness, superadded to a weight of anxiety in her behalf, that brought the distant and possible danger palpably before him, and made him half feel as if the demons of superstition and the minions of power, were even now ready to tear his trusting bride from his protecting bosom. But time admonished him that the summons of the Queen must be obeyed. Telling Ann not to wait his return, without informing her as to the motive of his absence, he departed.

When he had gone, Ann sat long musing, in the position he had left her. One hand had dropped beside her, and its whiteness was finely contrasted with the dark crimson robe, that hung in rich folds about her. One foot lightly pressed a stool, and her babe weary with playing, had sunk to sleep upon her lap with one dimpled hand pressed in its mother's jewelled fingers. Her robe was unclasped nearly to the girdle, as if the lips of the child had been nestling there, and the head thrown back, and the slightly-inclined position of the body, exhibited in beautiful relief the delicate curve of the finely chiselled neck, and the noble contour of the elegantly moulded bust. Her countenance was for a moment sad, the touching sadness of early maternity, as though the shadow of a cloud had fallen upon clustering roses, scattering the brilliancy of their beauty, without removing their loveliness. But her native hopefulness returned, and gradually the smile played about her lips, and the sparkles, clustered to a deep holy look of unutterable, and almost oppressive sense of happiness, beamed from her deep intellectual eye. She raised the babe to her bosom, and gazed fondly in its face; her rich curls fell upon its dimpled cheek and disturbed its slumbers—the little hand impatiently played about its face, and it half uttered a sleeping cry. In an instant, the ready smile lightened every feature of the young mother, and she half smothered it with kisses—its dark, laughing eye unclosed, ready to participate in the frolicksome mood of the mother. An attendant came forward to relieve her of her beautiful charge, and clasping her hands, and uttering a thousand tender epithets in which young mothers so delight to indulge, and which accord so well with their girlish features, she retired from the apartment.

It is unnecessary to detail the particulars of Courtney's interview with the Queen. Suffice it to say, the beautiful and gentle-hearted Ann, had been more than suspected of entertaining heretical opinions, and had therefore become obnoxious to the penalties daily inflicted by the zealous commissioners of the Queen, whose duty it was to purge the land from heresies. Inheriting from her mother the haughty spirit of the Spaniard, and the memory of her past wrongs perpetually rankling in her breast; imbibing, likewise, a portion of the same spirit from her husband, Philip II. of Spain, and feeling herself a neglected and forsaken wife, with affection unrequited, and tenderness spurned and trampled upon; is it to be wondered that Mary of England should behold with envy amounting to hatred, the happiness of one who had enraptured a heart callous only to herself? A more gentle and womanly being would have looked with admiration and wonder upon an earthly Paradise like this, and while she felt the canker gnawing at her own heart, would for a moment forget its pain in view of this one blossom of Eden, this side the Paradise of God.

With a heart bleeding with anxiety, the Earl entered the chambe of Ann. She was sleeping. He drew back the heavy drapery, and gazed upon her features. How beautiful is the sleep of an innocent and lovely woman! The dark lash shading the cheek, the calm brow with a stray tress half veiling its loveliness, the slightly parted lips, that seemed ready to utter a kind word, or in that dewy freshness to call the dimples about them. Ann had laid the cheek of her child beside her own, one arm encircled it, while the other shaded by its snowy lawn, rested on the rich counterpane. He paced the chamber with hurried footsteps, and pressed his hand to his throbbing head. Already to his perturbed imagination, the rack was prepared, and the delicate limbs of his beautiful bride were wrenched from their sockets; the faggot was kindled, and he saw her lovely features blackened, and distorted with agony. Unable to master his emotions, the cold sweat started on his brow, and a gush of tears, wrung out by the agony of his spirit, came to his relief. He had thrown himself into a chair and rested his head upon the pillow of Ann. She started from her slumber, alarmed at his unwonted mood.

"Tell me the worst Edward," she cried, twining her arms about his neck.

"We must fly this moment, Ann; or the blood-hounds of the Queen will be upon our track. Or stay—he uttered, a new hope starting to his mind. Ann, love, the Commissioners of the Queen will be here, and thou wilt subscribe to the articles of faith prescribed by the Court, and all will yet be well."

The young wife sunk back upon the pillow utterly prostrated, as the conviction of her danger and the dreadful alternative broke upon her mind. The color faded from her cheek and lips, and she might have passed for a chiselled Niobe, prostrate in the first unutterable agony of wo. But soon returned her woman's fortitude; that holy treasure, reserved in the hidden mysteries of the female mind, unknown amid softness, luxury and quietude, but ever ready

in periods of danger and suffering. She softly drew her babe to her bosom, and with one hand pressed that of her husband. The Earl attempted to speak, but she raised her dark tearful eyes to his face, and shook her head sorrowfully, as if she would say, let me indulge this last moment of weakness. She threw her arms about her husband and child, and sobbed aloud. The indulgence of grief weakens its intensity. When Ann raised her head from her husband's bosom, her pale face was beautiful in its expression of the high and holy strength of womanhood. Her slumbering energies were awakened, and she, who had hitherto been almost childlike in her tenderness and dependence, was now to stand forth in the beautiful panoply of female courage and devotion.

"Edward," she said, in a calm sweet voice, tremulous with recent emotion, "I may not fly—God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb. I will wait the result."

"Nay, Ann, let us seek an asylum abroad, till this blood-thirsty tigress has finished her career. I saw her to-night, and every pang she is inflicting upon her defenceless subjects, recoils like a sting to her own bosom. Philip will soon be rid of his shrivelled bride."

But the clear, passionless perception of Ann saw the impossibility of flight.

"It is useless to think of flight, Edward, even were it lawful for the children of the faith to flee persecution. The coast is everywhere guarded—Mary is careful that the doomed shall not escape her."

"True—too true, cried the Earl; but, Ann, thou hast said little respecting thy faith; thou canst sign the articles."

Ann turned deadly pale—"True, Edward love, I have said little, and it may be, that therefore this evil has come upon me. But do not, I conjure thee, Edward, tempt me to apostatize. Do not tempt me to barter an eternity of happiness, for a few uncertain years. I know thou scornest the mummeries of the Romish Church, and I would thou wouldst openly embrace the true Gospel. I, Edward," she added solemnly, "must never be a traitor to the truth. Now that my faith is likely to be tested, I feel that strength which Alice said God would impart in the hour of trial, gathering about my feeble spirit; and I, even I, by the Lord's help, may be endowed with the fortitude of a martyr."

The Earl pressed her cold hands in his, and looked with agony upon the spiritual expression of her countenance. It was fearful to hear that young and innocent creature speak thus calmly of resigning herself to the tortures of martyrdom—of turning from the strong ties of domestic love, to the fiery faggot, and the silent grave, in the vigor of early youth, when the spirit clings so tenaciously to life.

Ann felt in her inmost soul the felicity of which she had partaken in this life, but her strong spirit saw, likewise, in that land where there is no more sorrowing, a mansion prepared by the great Head of the Church for those who should follow in his footsteps. For those, who like himself should lay down their lives for the truth's sake, she saw an eternity of glory, a crown of immortality, and white robes, washed in his sacred blood, and golden harps, to which the faithful shall sing day and night, with joy unutterable, holy, holy, is the Lord God Almighty. *Her* spirit rose to a holy enthusiasm, and sinking on her knees, she raised her eyes to Heaven, saying, "Lord, let me not ask why some of thy children pass through the fiery ordeal of trial and suffering, to reach the crown of glory that awaits them—let me not ask why the blood of the saints is the seed of the Church; enough, that thou art able so to endow the spirit with strength and faith, that the tortures, from which the flesh in its weakness recoils with horror, become as nothing before it; even less than the pang of dissolution upon the bed of quietness.

"Let me not, O our Father, be elated with pride, thus to be accounted worthy to suffer in thy holy cause, neither let me shrink from the trial; but do thou, O thou strengthener of the spirit thou hast made, be my help and my supporter; and whatever awaits me, let me receive it as from thy hand, humbly saying, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight.'"

Her voice ceased, but she still retained the attitude of prayer. The Earl laid her babe in her arms—"Ann, if not for my sake, at least for thy daughter's consider, thy safety."

"The great Shepherd of the sheep will never forget this lamb of his flock," said the strong-minded mother, pressing it to her bosom. Then looking upon the pallid brow of the Earl, on which the cold sweat stood in drops, and the contraction of the muscles told of the powerful struggle within, she arose calmly from her knees, wiped his brow, and tenderly kissing it, in the most gentle and thrilling tones conjured him to summon his fortitude for the trial that awaited him. "Why shouldst thou, Edward, who for so many years was an inhabitant of that gloomy Tower, and rose in the morning, and slept at night, with the axe of the executioner suspended over thee, why shouldst thou now be so bereft of thy manliness?"

The Earl started—"Ann, thou hast well judged of the potency of that word. The prospect of torture upon my own limbs would never so unman me. I have been accustomed to the contemplation of a violent death for myself, and could lay my head upon the block, or submit to the stake without emotion; it is but a momentary pang and all is over. But for *thee*, Ann; to see thee burnt and tortured, just to gratify the blood-thirsty malice of that she-tiger—I tell thee, they shall find their way over my lifeless body—sooner will I penetrate the recesses of the Palace, and with the steel of the assassin rid the world of a monster, and the voice of every true-hearted Englishman will laud me with praises. Nay, Ann," he continued, forcing the little hand of his wife from his lips, "if there is a traitor about me, I will tear his unworthy heart from his bosom. I tell thee, Ann, the free-born Englishman has been compelled to bow to the haughty and bigoted Spaniard till endurance has become intolerable, and England must be freed from the nuisance."

Ann listened with horror at the rash words of the Earl; and glancing at the half-opened door of the apartment, she was appalled to behold the dark cowl of a priest peering upon their privacy, and another, and another appeared, till she sank lifeless upon the floor. Her husband followed the motion of her eyes, and sprung like a lion bearded in his den, upon the intruders. Driven to desperation, he struck down assailant after assailant, and stood himself firm and unyielding, as the rock before the fury of the elements. But what was the courage and strength of one before so many? He was overpowered by the numbers that crowded upon him; and the gallant and elegant Courtney became once more a prisoner in that tower, where so many of his early years had been spent.

CHAPTER V.

When Ann revived to consciousness, the first sight that met her eyes was her maidens weeping about her, and old Sarah essaying to sooth the cries of the terrified child. In a recess of the apartment were collected the Commissioners of the Queen, thus early at their pious work of detecting heretics. Ann half relapsed again into unconsciousness; but she missed the gentle voice of Courtney, and, starting from her recumbent position, she glanced wildly about the apartment, and turned to her maidens, who shrunk from her agonized glance.

"Have they dragged him to death?" she cried wildly.

"To prison," whispered a fair girl, who knelt beside her.

Ann arose from her bed, and throwing her ample robe about her, while the young girl eased her feet in her slippers, she turned to the Commissioners—

"I am unused, Sir Priests, to having my toilet thus attended; but I am ready to follow my husband."

She leaned her hand upon the table for support, and turned her dark glorious eyes full upon them.

A shade of pity mingled with admiration in the countenance of the chief Commissioner, as he addressed her—

"Gentle Lady, pardon our intrusion; but these perilous times demand activity."

Ann's lip curled with scorn; and then observing the too admiring gaze of his attendants, an indignant blush spread over her pale face.

"Stay not for ceremony, Sir Priest, but do thy bidding."

While the Commissioner busied himself in spreading out a long roll of parchment upon the table, Ann seated herself at the further part of the room, while an attendant bound up her long beautiful hair, that had fallen over her shoulders.

"By my troth," she muttered impatiently, "it vexes me that a face that has been commended by Courtney, should be even looked upon by these burley priests."

"Fair Lady," said the priest, presenting the parchment, "as the faithful but unworthy servant of her most gracious Majesty, the Queen, I present these Articles for thy consideration, humbly craving thy signature thereunto."

Ann hastily glanced at the prominent articles of the Catholic faith, by which the intolerant despot tested the orthodoxy of the adherence of her subjects to the Romish Church; and as one tenet after another appeared to her view, from which her principles and education revolted, her lips compressed, and her whole countenance assumed an ashy paleness. She motioned for some water, and Lucy Danvers, the young girl before spoken of, presented the silver cup to her lips; and kneeling at her feet, raised her cold hand affectionately to her lips.

Ann was melted at this token of tenderness, and she leaned her head upon the young girl's shoulder, to conceal a tear that started to her eyes. Then rising with dignity from her chair, she returned the instrument to the Commissioner.

"I am unworthy of so much notice from our gracious Queen. I must first be assured of the safety of my husband, before I consider upon any proposals made to myself. I must first know upon what grounds he is dragged from his home, and immured within the walls of a prison."

"It is unnecessary to shock thee, gentle Lady, by detailing the suspicions under which he has fallen, and which the words I have this morning heard, but too plainly justify. My duty was with yourself, Lady," he added, bowing.

"Nevertheless, Priest," returned Ann, firmly, "I shall give you no satisfaction till I know the grounds of my husband's apprehension. Answer me quickly, or I will seek information elsewhere."

"Be it as thou wilt, Lady," returned the priest. "Has not thy husband been in correspondence with the traitor Wyat, and concerting measures to aid him in his insurrectionary movements?"

Ann grew dizzy at the contemplation of her husband's danger, and the memory of his rashness.

"Never, never!" she faintly gasped. "His only offence has been in loving me too well."

"Yet such things have been alleged against him: the Earl of Devonshire is suspected of treason."

"It is false," cried Ann, warmly. "A truer heart never beat in an English bosom. The words thou hast heard, were forced from him in the excess of anxiety for me. The Queen has not a more loyal subject in the realm, than Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire. And the time may come, when such as thou, who lurk about our dwellings to betray the language uttered in the security of our own hearth-stones, and then rend it to the furtherance of your unholy projects—who drag the innocent to the stake, and the loyal to the block—will meet the retribution laid up in reserve for you. I tell you, proud priest, the time will come, when your own groans and cries will be as little heeded as those of the victims daily perishing by your malignity."

The eyes of the Commissioner fell under her indignant glance, and his face grew pale at the fearful contingency she depicted.

"I came not, Lady, to contend with thee; I merely ask thy signature to these Articles, that her gracious Majesty may not only be assured of thy loyalty, but of the soundness of thy faith."

Ann shrunk from the cold sarcastic malignity of his tone, and when he again urged her to subscribe to the Articles prepared by the Court Commissioners, she laid her hands solemnly upon the instrument—"I can never purchase temporal safety by compromising my duty, or my conscience—I take God to witness, that I consider the doctrines herein expressed as false and heretical; contrary to the spirit of the word of God, and, therefore, not binding upon his creatures"

The face of the Commissioner grew black with the fierceness of suppressd rage: "Dost thou know, lady, to what thou exposest thyself, by the utterance of sentiments like these?"

"I do: but I remember, too, the eternity of glory reserved for those who endure persecution for the truth's sake."

The Commissioner laid his hand fiercely upon the shoulder of the lady. She stepped back with dignity—"Bethink thyself, priest; this brutality forms no part of thy office."

The Commissioner slightly bowed. "Dost thou know that what thou hast uttered is sufficient to convict thee? To those who refuse to sign the Articles, trial is unnecessary; they stand condemned by the laws of our Holy Church."

"Yes; I know it. I know that these limbs may be tortured and wasted at the stake; but I know, also, that with the ashes of the martyrs there goeth forth a spirit that calleth to the four winds of heaven for retribution; a spirit that, ere long, shall shake the proud temple of Rome to its foundation, and wo to those who shall be resting under its shadow."

"Thy own obstinacy be thy destruction; the guilt be upon thy own head;" said the Commissioner, motioning to an officer to step forward. He produced a warrant by virtue of which, Anna Courtney, wife of the Earl of Devonshire, for so was the instrument worded, was arrested for heresy.

Taking her child in her arms, and motioning Lucy Danvers to follow her, Ann prepared to go out, never more to return to the domestic hearth. The officer at first objected to her taking the child with her, but her speechless look of agony, when they attempted to take it from her arms, prevailed, and they suffered it to remain. Giving her hand, and uttering a kind word to the attendants, who affectionately gathered round her, and who could only reply by sobs and tears, Ann, with a tearless eye, but faltering step, departed.

But few days intervened between her arrest, and the period appointed for execution. In the mean while, she spent the time allotted her in writing letters of consolation to her few surviving friends; but mostly, in addressing notes to her imprisoned husband, whom she was not permitted to see, in which, in the most affectionate and touching manner, she conjured him to constancy in the trials that awaited him. "And do not, I beseech thee, my beloved," she one day wrote, "suffer yourself to sink into despondency, but call to your aid that great and manly spirit which has hitherto sustained you in so many conflicts, and through so many sufferings; remembering that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I will not urge you to renounce your allegiance to the Romish faith, believing, as I do, that your piety, your virtue, and long-suffering, will meet with a just and ample reward; still I would that you believed the truth as it is in Jesus.

"And now, my own, my beloved husband, do not dwell upon the sufferings I am called to endure; do not picture me to yourself, writhing in torture, and dying with agony at the stake—it is but death, my love, in what shape soever it may come. I assure you solemnly, that God has so endowed me with his marvellous strength, that I have never once shrunk from the contemplation of the fearful mode. The poor wretch, whose feeble spirit recoils from the terrors of drowning, or the ordinary pangs of dissolution, endures more of real suffering than the undaunted Martyr, who, relying on an Almighty arm, fearlessly submits his body to the flames, and quenches the fiery stake with his own heart's blood."

The morning of her execution, she severed a glossy curl from her infant's head, and placing it with one long beautiful tress from her own hair, enclosed them both with a note to her husband.

"I need not ask thee, dearest," she wrote, "to preserve this last token of my remembrance—I know thou wilt wear it next thy heart. I would it might do the will of her who sends it thee, and comfort thee in thy widowhood and sorrow. I know, whenever our infant smiles in thy face it will mind thee of me, and thou wilt weep; but I conjure thee to moderate thy grief. Be comforted, for the sake of thine own Ann, who thinks less of herself than of thee, in the prospect of dying. Farewell, dearest, most beloved, I would I could once more embrace thee—but perhaps it is best otherwise. Be comforted, for the sake of our helpless child, and because your own beloved and dying Ann desires it."

She had scarcely finished this last epistle, when the warden came to remind her that the hour appointed for her execution had arrived. "I shall soon be ready," she said, with a placid smile. Her face was deadly pale, but there was no other evidence of emotion. She proceeded, with the utmost composure, to habit herself in a full black velvet robe, made snug to the throat, which she had reserved for this fearful occasion. Lucy Danvers ventured to suggest, whether she might not suffer more in a dress of such heavy material. "Perhaps so," said the lady, "but this will retain its position." She clasped her hands over her bosom, and a slight flush passed over her cheek, as she softly added, "I dread exposure more than death." As Lucy proceeded to arrange her hair, she reserved a tress, which she presented, with a golden brooch, to this faithful and affectionate girl, who had continued with unwearied diligence to attend her, and with a fortitude beyond her years.

When all was ready, she clasped her babe, for the last time, to the maternal breast. As its innocent lips murmured at the accustomed fountain, a tear fell upon its cheek. It looked up—it had been accustomed to its mother's saddened look, and, in the beautiful language of Wordsworth, it had even now begun 'to sigh among its playthings;' its little bosom heaved with a sigh, and it raised its head to her lips, and then resumed its employment. The mother's eyes closed, and a prayer, silent but fervent, ascended on high.

When the unconscious babe had nursed itself to slumber, the mother laid it softly upon the rude bed, and imprinted a last, long kiss of maternal love upon its brow and cheek. She then knelt beside it, and continued long in fervent and wrapt devotion. It would almost seem, from the glowing language that burst from her lips, as if the glory and happiness into which she was soon to enter, were even now revealed to her spiritually discerning eyes; as if an angel's hand had swept aside the veil of earth and revealed the beatitude, and glory, and magnificence of eternal spirituality and holiness. When she arose, she presented her hand to the fair girl who knelt for her blessing, and then laid it upon her head, and, for a moment, her lips

moved; she then stooped down and kissed the pale young cheek of her who had been as a friend and companion, in happiness and sorrow. Then, leaning on the arm of the officer, she calmly left the prison.

We will not detail the horrors of the last fearful scene. Suffice it to say, when the appalling preparations were all completed, the last faggot laid, and the flaming torch ready, the Bishop of London, richly habited, rode to the pile, and reined in his powerful charger in front of the lady, who remained with her eyes closed, her face calm, but as marble. It was evident, she suffered more from the gaze of the upturned eyes of the thousands that had come to witness the tragical scene, than from the prospect of personal torture.

The Bishop urged her, in the most impressive manner, to renounce her heresies, and be received once more to the bosom of the Holy Church.

She moved her hand in token that he should cease to importune her, and the Bishop, doubtless fearing the impression which her youth, her beauty, and constancy were likely to make upon the assembled multitude, ordered the faggots to be lighted.

Not a word escaped from that monumental pyre, when the soul of the pure and strong-minded Anna of Devonshire, departed to the blessed company of saints and worthies, who, through much tribulation have entered into glory and immortality.

It is doubtful whether the Queen really suspected the Earl of treasonable practices; be that as it may, he was fully acquitted by Wyat and his associates, and the feeble and broken-hearted man obtained permission to travel for the benefit of his own and infant's health. He finally closed a short and eventful life, embittered by the jealousy and ambition of others, and weighed down by sorrows deep and rending, beneath the sunny skies of Italy; and the lone child was soon placed, by the hands of strangers, beside him.

THE END OF THE CHRISTIAN SISTERS.

GEMS AND REPTILES.

AN OLD STORY IN A NEW DRESS.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"O dear! what a naughty girl I am—I must be naughty, for nobody loves me, and nobody speaks kindly to me. My aunt and cousin tell me every day I live, I am the worst girl in the world. It must be so—and yet I don't know what it is that I do so very bad." Little Blanch looked round, for she thought somebody was close to her ear, and whispered "Nothing—nothing." But she must have been mistaken. There was no one in sight, and now she could only hear the wind kissing the little daisies, and laughing in the willows, and teazing the long slender branches, that stooped down to play in the fountain.

Blanch set the pitcher upon the green bank, and bent over to look down, down into the clear waters, as they bubbled up in the shadow of the hill, and then trickled away over the pebbles, eddying round the roots of the old trees, and then sparkling away off in the sunshine, flashing and dimpling in the light, like some living, beautiful thing sporting in the meadow grass and the overshadowing trees.

Blanch began to feel quite happy, though she couldn't tell why; and then she looked down into the fountain, and saw her own eyes peeping up, and she laughed—and the girl in the water laughed—and both laughed together, 'till the old hills and rocks sent it back again.

"O dear, what a noise I am making! and my aunt will be angry with me for staying so long."

Blanch looked once more into the water, but the little girl from beneath did not laugh this time; on the contrary, her face was quite pale and sad, and Blanch looked into her melancholy eyes 'till the tears gushed to her own, and fell into the water. The drops circled away in dimpling lines, growing larger and larger, and completely hiding the face of the little girl in the water.

Blanch rubbed her eyes and looked again, for she saw something exceedingly beautiful stirring the pebbles at the bottom of the fountain. She held back her hair, and looked down close and still; for there, right beside her own face, she saw a most lovely being, smiling, and holding up her small pale hands.

Blanch let her hair fall, 'till it almost blinded her eyes, and even dipped into the fountain, while she held out both her hands to the little lady of the water.

"Thank you," said the beautiful creature, springing lightly to the bank, and smoothing her long curls, and smiling in the eyes of the little girl.

"You are a good girl, Blanch, and I mean to be your friend; that is if you are always good—for should you become sinful you couldn't look upon me, or I speak to you."

She said this in a low, sad voice, and the little girl thought she was then even prettier than when she smiled.

The lady sat still a while, plaiting the pretty flowers that grew around into a coronal; for it is likely she knew the child was so curious to mark her strange dress, that she could hardly hear a word that might be said.

Blanch had heard of water-nymphs, but she had been told they had sea-green skin and eyes, and hair hanging like the sea-grass all about their shoulders. She thought they must be very ugly, and was quite certain the beautiful creature beside her could not be one of these.

The lady's cheek and neck were of the pure color of the inner lip of the ocean shell, growing of a brighter, and brighter hue, till just below the eye, it became of that rich beautiful tint, we find upon the shell as we look in, in, to its very heart. Then her hair was soft and bright, like long threads of amber, waving and glittering in the light. Her eyes were of the deep, deep blue, seen upon the surface of the muscle-shell, but so soft, so liquid in their lovingness and beauty, that Blanch thought she could never tire in looking at them. Her voice was like breathed melody; soft and murmuring, like the sound of the shell when held to a human ear.

She had a coronal of pearls about her head, and bracelets of the same upon her arms. Her robe was curiously wrought of exceedingly small shells, like gold and silver, all strung together. It was fastened at the shoulder with a large emerald, and her girdle was of amethysts and diamonds. Her sandles were of pearly shells, streaked with pink, the tellina I think, and were fastened with a fillet of the sea-weed.

"You may call me Fontana, Blanch," said the lady, placing the chaplet of flowers upon the brow of the child.

Blanch smiled, and pulled the little daisies, for she couldn't just think what to say.

"Would you like some of these pearls, and diamonds, Blanch?"

"Oh, they are very beautiful," said the child, "but I should have no time to play with them. Dear, dear, how long I have staid! Oh, my aunt *will* scold." She took up the pitcher and was hurrying away, in great trouble, but Fontana detained her.

"You must not go yet, Blanch. I will see that your aunt doesn't scold you; so sit down and let us talk awhile."

Blanch was very loath to stay, but Fontana was so gentle, and promised so earnestly that all should be well, that at last she sat down again by the fountain.

"If you don't want pearls and diamonds, Blanch, what do you wish for? What shall I do for you? Shall I punish your aunt and cousin for treating you so ill?"

"Oh no, no," said the little girl very earnestly, "they treat me so because I am so very naughty. How could you think of such a thing? I'm sure *I* never did."

Fontana smiled, and kissed the cheeks, and eyes, and lips of the child.

"I love you dearly, Blanch, and do wish you could think of something I could do for you."

Blanch dropped her eyes, as if thinking earnestly; and then her face dimpled all over with smiles, as she said,

"I wish you could help me to be *good*, so that my aunt, and cousin, and every body will love me—I should be quite happy then."

"What, don't you want to be rich, and ride in a coach, and have servants, and dress grandly—and then let your aunt and cousin be poor, and go with bare feet, just as you do?"

"Oh dear, no," said Blanch, turning quite pale; "how could you think of such a thing?"

"Well, let your aunt and cousin be rich, too, then wouldn't you like to dress grandly, Blanch?"

"Oh dear, I only want to be good, and be loved," said the poor girl, turning her head away quite sorrowfully.

Fontana took her in her arms, and kissed her many times, and Blanch felt the tears upon her cheek; she heard sweet far-off melody; the sky seemed brighter than ever, and she thought she must be dreaming, she felt so happy. Then the lady placed her upon the green bank, and when the child looked round, there was nothing to be seen or heard, but the birds singing in the trees, and the water leaping over the white pebbles.

"Oh dear, dear, my aunt will scold me," and she filled the pitcher and ran home just as fast as she could go.

Her aunt met her at the door, and had opened her mouth to utter hard words, and raised her hand to give her a blow on the ear, when the sight of the coronal upon the girl's head arrested her.

"Blanch, where did you get this? Was there ever anything so beautiful!" and she tore it from the child's head, and held it to the light where it did look truly exquisite, for every little leaf, and bud, and flower, was made up of innumerable small gems of the pure water.

"Come in, child, and tell me all about it."

Blanch did tell every word, for there was something within that told her she ought to tell the truth, and the whole truth. Sometimes her aunt laughed, and sometimes she frowned, but when she came to that part, where the lady would have given her fine clothes, and a coach to ride in, her cousin called her "a poor, mean-spirited fool—so then you only asked to be good, you precious little fool, did you?" she said scornfully.

The tears came into Blanch's eyes, and fell upon her lap.

"What is that rolling about in your lap?" said Adeline. "I never saw such tears before; they don't soak in;" and the heartless girl shook them upon the floor. Sure enough, they rolled away, clear, brilliant diamonds, large as peas.

Adeline laughed and scrabbled after them, and told Blanch to "cry away;" she liked such tears But the little girl laughed as well as her cousin, and scrabbled too for the diamonds, it made her feel so happy to see smiling faces.

"I will go down too the well, too," said Adeline, "and see if I cannot get something handsome."

She soon came back, flushed and angry; she declared there was nobody to be seen at the well, and Blanch must have found the gems, and then have invented the story as an excuse for staying so long. She struck Blanch upon the shoulder, and shook her rudely.

"Don't be angry, cousin, you shall have all the pretty stones," cried the child, offering those she had picked up.

But she had no sooner opened her mouth to speak, than pearls and diamonds, and all precious stones, fell therefrom, and rolled upon the floor, and flashed and sparkled in the sunlight, till the room seemed all paved with jewels.

For many days Adeline said nothing further about going to the well, for both she and her mother were so occupied in fastening the gems upon their dresses, that they had no time even to scold poor little Blanch; and she was now the happiest child in the world—she smiled and sang all day, and was so attentive to all the wants of her aunt and cousin, that she seemed to know what was desired even before they spake. She wished, in the guilelessness of her young heart, that she only had a whole mine of jewels to give them, so thankful did she feel for gentle words and kind looks.

It was soon found that jewels came from the mouth of Blanch only when *she returned a gentle reply to the harshness of others—her tears were gems only when they were the tears of compassion or of sorrow.*

Adeline was making a lily, all of pearls—she hadn't quite enough to finish it. Half in earnest, half in sport, she gave Blanch a blow, saying, "Cry, child; I want some more pearls."

Blanch had never felt just so before; her face reddened, and she was about to make an angry reply, when she felt a dash of water all over her face. She stopped short, and looked about, but no one was near but Adeline. Then she thought of the sinful feeling within, and knew it must have been Fontana that sprinkled the drops in her face. Blanch knew she had done wrong, and she shed tears of *penitence—they were pearls.*

"Come, Blanch," said Adeline, "take the pitcher, and I will go down to the well with you. I like the lady's gifts vastly, and shall know better what to ask for than you did."

The child did as she was bid, stepping, with her little bare feet, lightly over the stones and brambles; and prattling all the way about the beauty and dress of the lady, and wondering she had never seen her but once.

When they came to the fountain, all was still. The waters looked clear and cool, and they peered down, down, but nothing was to be seen but white stones, rounded by the water flowing over them, and the small fish darting about in the sunshine. They sat down upon the bank, hoping the lady might appear. But she did not; no one approached but a little old woman, with a lean wrinkled face, who came from the woods, leaning heavily upon a staff, for she was bent nearly double with age.

Both girls looked earnestly at her, till she drew near, and sank down upon the grass beside them.

"I am faint and weary, ladies—will you give me to drink from the fountain?" said the old woman, in a low, trembling voice.

Little Blanch descended the bank instantly, to do as she was desired; but Adeline cruelly spurned her with her foot, saying, "Get up, you old hag, I would'nt give you a drink, not I."

The old woman glanced at the hard-hearted girl with a severe and searching look; and slowly rose from the ground. The old staff became a wand of ivory—the lean face became soft and round; the bent form erect and graceful, and the beautiful lady of the fountain stood before them. She was even more splendidly attired than before, and her look more sweet and tender.

"Dear, dear, Fontana," said Blanch, springing toward her. The lady took her to her bosom, and again, and again kissed her cheek; then the child heard yet again that low, sweet melody, as if the very air, and everything about were full of it—again all was still—and now the two girls stood alone by the fountain.

"How strange," said little Blanch, "when she is gone, I can hardly think I have seen any thing in reality—it seems so like a dream, or the pleasant thoughts I have when I am alone."

"Pretty well, too," said Adeline; "she could only frown upon me"—she stopped short, for just then a small green lizard hopped from her mouth, and the terrified girls ran home as fast as they could go.

Adeline struck Blanch, and said she had bewitched her; and every time she spoke small snakes and toads darted from her mouth—then she would cry with horror and vexation, when bugs and spiders fell from her eyes.

Poor Blanch stood by, weeping and wringing her hands, and the pearls and precious stones rolled all about the room, for no one heeded them. She thought of a thousand things, but not one that had any prospect of relieving her cousin.

"Oh dear, dear, I wish Fontana was only here!" cried Blanch. She felt a slight sprinkle upon her face, and then she knew the lady must be near. Then she began to think Fontana very cruel to punish her cousin so. All at once some one whispered close to her ear, and said,

"Are not pride, and anger, and cruelty, like lizards, and toads, and serpents?"

"Oh dear, dear, try to feel gentle, cousin Adeline; perhaps they come because you are angry."

"Angry," cried Adeline, stamping with her feet, "isn't this enough to make anybody angry? I wish I had hold of that old woman, and I would tear her all to pieces."

Just then a large serpent sprang from her mouth, and both her mother and Blanch ran out of the house.

[illegible] some maiden, with a skin like the embrace of the rose and lilly, and eyes clear, soft and blue. She was still gentle and loving, like a little child, with a smile always ready for a cheerful look, and a tear for a sad one. Some thought it goodness alone, that made her so beautiful; others thought it the kisses of the lady of the fountain, for she still sometimes appeared, when Blanch was sad or unhappy, and spoke words of hope and consolation.

Adeline too had grown a tall, proud girl, with large black eyes of glittering brightness, and a step like a queen. There were yet times when the reptiles sprang from the mouth of the violent girl, in her moments of pride or irritation. Sometimes amid the splendor and triumph of a ball, she would be obliged to retire in the greatest confusion, for pride, and envy, and malice, would bring the reptiles to her throat.

Blanch still wept her pearls, and spoke all sorts of precious things, and the fame of the two girls spread far and wide. Many came to see them, hoping they might witness things so very strange. But the girls didn't speak gems or reptiles just to please strangers; they came unbidden, indicating always the exact state of their hearts.

In spite of the reptiles, Adeline had many suitors, for her beauty was of the noblest kind. She contrived to keep Blanch out of sight, and so obscured in old uncouth garments, that her beauty was only noted by those who observed her closely, or saw her often.

So Adeline had all the lovers, and all the company to herself; and poor Blanch wore old clothes, and worked all day for her aunt and cousin. She gave them all her jewels, and tried to make them look beautiful whenever they went to the grand balls or parties, to which they were invited; while she staid at home, and did all the work, and then got nothing in return but blows and harsh words.

In this way, though Blanch was much talked of, very few had seen her.

At last, a gentleman commenced building a delightful little cottage close to the dwelling of the two girls. The gardens were arranged with the greatest taste, and bowers with vines and shrubbery of every

kind, and ponds filled with fish, and brooks with rustic bridges thrown over them, made all seem the work of enchantment.

Adeline did nothing but arrange her dress and jewels, and play upon her harp close to the window where the stranger directed the laborers; and when he would look up and smile, or present her flowers, she was good-natured all day.

Blanch was delighted, and tried very hard to make her cousin look beautiful; and did just as she was bid, which was to keep out of sight of the strange gentleman. Blanch thought it an easy matter to do this, for she didn't much like his looks, and thought him not half so elegant as a young servant she sometimes saw in the garden attempting to arrange the flowers, and to transplant them; but he was so awkward, spilling the earth and breaking the pots, that she couldn't keep from laughing to see him work—then the master would appear, and scold and rave, and Blanch would find her eyes filling with tears in spite of all she could do.

She one day told Adeline she thought the servant much handsomer than the master, and there was that about him, that appeared much more noble.

Adeline was indignant, and said she was no judge, and many other things that proud, love-sick girls are apt to utter—but her mother seemed much pleased with the idea; thought it might be so, and winking to her daughter declared Blanch was quite in love, and it would make an excellent match.

Blanch hadn't thought of this, and she blushed and hung down her head.

Every day now her aunt and cousin tried to throw her in the way of the young servant, and even were at some pains to dress her and arrange her hair, that she might look becoming. Adeline, it is true, was too much occupied with the master to pay much attention to the affairs of the servant, only so far as to encourage his advances, for she thought this a fine way to dispose of her poor cousin, by degrading her into a marriage with a menial.

Poor Blanch was greatly distressed at all this manœuvring, and grew every day more pale and gentle, and a great deal more beautiful too; for love always softens, as well as exalts the style of beauty.

She sometimes wished she had never seen him, for she couldn't help looking through the lattice where the vines grew thickly, to see him at his work among the flowers, and he would sometimes look up, too, and she was certain he was growing pale and melancholy; and she thought it not unlikely that he might be in love with her cousin Adeline, and growing sad because there could be no hope for him. And Blanch wept in holy compassion for the poor, young servant.

So she took her pitcher in her hand, and went down to the fountain. She wept a long time, she could hardly tell why. Fontana came and kissed her cheek, and wiped her tears with gossamer muslin. Fontana saw that she smiled faintly, and looked quite sad, so she tried to talk of pleasant things.

"How I love you, Blanch," said Fontana; "you must have all you desire. What shall I do for you?"

"Smile upon me, dear Fontana; there is no one else to love me—and when you smile I am quite happy."

There was a rustling in the bushes—Fontana had disappeared, and the young servant stood beside her.

Blanch, hardly knowing what she did, darted away, but the stranger seized her hand, and begged she would stay, just stay for a moment.

"I know you are unhappy, Blanch; I have often seen you weep, and even now, I heard you say there was no one to love you. I love you, Blanch, more than I can express—"

His voice trembled, and he pressed her fingers to his lips Blanch looked up, and the kind, earnest look of the stranger, and the gentle tones of his voice, so wrought upon her young heart, all unused as it had been to kindness and sympathy, that she covered her eyes with her hand, and burst into tears.

They were not pearls; they were the natural tears of a young and trusting heart.

All at once she remembered that her cousin was waiting for the water; and disengaging her hand she ran home, leaving, in her agitation, the pitcher at the fountain.

When she reached the house, both aunt and cousin were at the door, angry at her long absence—for the stranger of the cottage had that very morning made proposals of marriage, and Adeline was impatient to arrange her toilet in the most captivating style.

"Where is the pitcher, you idling hussy?" they both cried in a breath.

"I left it at the well," replied Blanch, trembling and blushing.

"Left it at the well!" said Adeline, striking her on the face.

Blanch hesitated, but she felt the drops upon her face, and knew she ought to confess the truth. So she told all.

Adeline's anger gave way to the triumph of malice, for she was delighted to think Blanch would marry the servant of her own husband. So while she talked, the toads and snakes sprang from her mouth, but the family were so used to them, that they took no notice of them.

Poor Blanch only covered her face with her hands, while the pearls fell from between her fingers, and dropped among the grass at the threshold.

At this moment the young servant appeared at the door, bearing the pitcher of water; and he looked as if he knew just what it meant when he saw the pearls and reptiles all about.

For many days nothing was seen of the young stranger, and poor Blanch grew quite pale and dispirited. Adeline was in high spirits, she ridiculed Blanch, teased and scolded her alll in a breath, and then when she wept, she laughed, and said she should have the more jewels for her bridal. Blanch disliked Adeline's lover more and more every day; for though she thought he might be rich, he seemed low-bred and vulgar, and as ignorant as any dolt about. And then he was so loaded with finery he must at the very best be a conceited coxcomb. But as long as her cousin was pleased she had no right to say a word.

The day for Adeline's marriage arrived, and after Blanch had dressed her cousin, and done all the work she could do, before the arrival of the guests, her aunt took her and thrust her down into an old cellar, half filled with mire and water, that she might not be seen by any of the company.

Adeline looked splendidly, with her proud beauty, and magnificent attire. The ceremony was just over, when they all heard the sound of carriage wheels and the trampling of horses. The bridegroom looked from the window, and was the first to go out and kneeled to the stranger. All was awe and amazement. The guests had just time to observe the splendor of the carriage, and the rich livery of the servants, and the six snow-white steeds, when a gentleman richly dressed in velvet and cloth of gold, entered the room.

"Where is Blanch?" he inquired, looking sternly round.

"Blanch is dead," replied the aunt solemnly.

"Dead?" repeated the stranger, turning pale, while the bridegroom stared with astonishment.

"Dead!" he again repeated, "it cannot be; ho, here, search the house," he cried to his servants.

The bridegroom would have gone too, but Adeline haughtily detained him.

The aunt rose in great rage. "I demand, sir, by what right you order my house to be searched."

"The right that the king has over the lives and property of his subjects," replied the stranger with great majesty. Then removing the plumed cap, and velvet cloak, the young servant of the new cottage stood before them. Every head was uncovered, and every knee bent in the presence of the king. Adeline and her mother turned pale. The king went on.

"The fame of the goodness and beauty of Blanch had reached even to our palace, and I came here diguised as a servant, that I might learn the truth. I find the half has not been told me, and I have now come to claim her for my bride."

The servants returned, but could find nothing of Blanch. Aunt and daughter tried to suppress their exultation.

At this moment the door sofily opened, and Fontana appeared leading in Blanch, pale and trembling, but more beautiful than ever. She was dressed in robes of the most magnificent material, and diamonds glittered upon her brow and girdle, and pearls encircled her arms and neck.

Fontana laid the hand of Blanch within that of the king, who knelt to receive it, while the fair girl blushed and cast down her eyes.

"Thus," said the lady, "are the good sometimes rewarded even in this life."

Then turning to Adeline and her mother, she said, "I leave you to the punishment prepared in your own hearts—to the envy, and malice, and hatred, that torture more than the fiends of darkness."

The same priest, who had married Adeline to the servant of the king, performed the ceremony for Blanch, and her royal lover.

Fontana pressed the bride to her bosom, and Blanch heard again that sweet, low melody, as the beautiful lady of the fountain disappeared.

We need not say that Blanch was gentle, and loving, and good, when she became a queen. Her subjects almost adored her, and the king used playfully to say, "They were dutiful subjects to him, only from love to his wife."

Blanch did all in her power to make her aunt and cousin happy, and even sent for them to court; but their evil dispositions produced so much disorder that the king banished them to the cottage he had built beside their old dwelling. Blanch often wept for them, and sent them many proofs of her kindness and remembrance.

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